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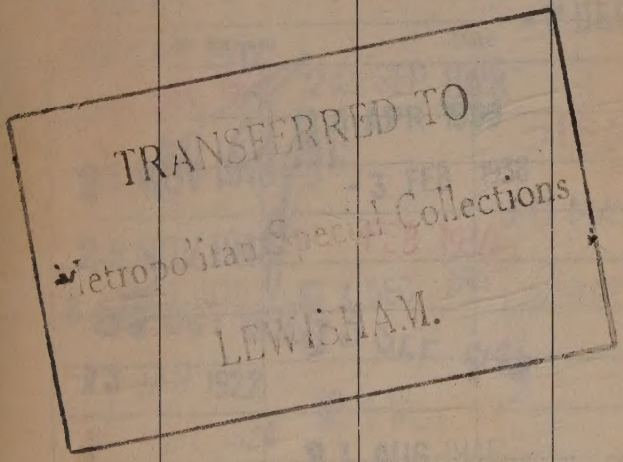

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Painted by A. Cooper, R.A.

Colonel Maxwell's last charge at Assye.

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THE

VICTORIES

OF

WELLINGTON

AND

THE BRITISH ARMIES

BY THE AUTHOR OF
'STORIES OF WATERLOO," "THE BIVOUAC," "THE LIFE OF WELLINGTON," ETC., ETC.

W. H. Maxwell.
William Hamilton

New Edition.

LONDON: GEORGE BELL & SONS, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

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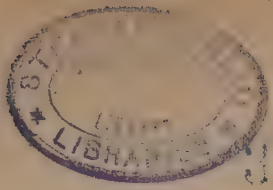


THE

VICTORIES AND CONQUESTS

OF THE

BRITISH ARMY.

Introduction.—State of England, military and political.—India.—Critical situation of British interests.—Marquis Wellesley appointed to the Government.—His measures.—War declared.—Tippoo attacks the army of Cannanore.—Seringapatam invested.—Stormed by General Baird.—Death, character, and anecdotes of the Sultaun of Mysore.—Military observations.—Acts of cruelty.—Tippoo killed by an Irish soldier.

The history of military nations exhibits periods of disaster and success, when good and evil fortune, as if ruled by a fatality, prevail. With some, in every essay, conquest crowns their arms; while the bravest efforts of others terminate invariably in defeat. Again, the best measures fail to obtain success,—mischances follow thick upon each other,—possessions are lost,—power declines,—and a name, before which a world once trembled, becomes a by-word, and is rarely used but to mark the mutability of national prosperity.

In looking back on past events, perhaps the gloomiest period of British history will be found between the outbreak of the war of independence, in 1775, and that of the French revolution at the close of the last century. Conquest deserted those banners which for ages she had crowned with victory,—the days of England's glory seemed departed,—and her military dispositions were rendered nugatory by a thousand accidental occurrences, which no human prudence could foresee. Disciplined valour was defeated by the raw levies of her own colonists, and her continental influence was placed in

abeyance for a time, by those splendid victories achieved by the armies of the French Republic over the best organized and best commanded troops in Europe.

Had the pride alone of Britain been lowered by the failure of her arms, that circumstance would have been sufficiently humiliating; but far more disastrous consequences resulted from these continued defeats. The North American colonies were wrested from the parent country, never to be recovered; and a retention of her Indian possessions became a doubtful question. French influence, too successfully employed with almost every European cabinet, had already reached the East; and the native princes, ripe for revolt, were only awaiting a fitting moment to throw off the mask, and, by an appeal to arms, free themselves from the thrall of a power which in secret they both dreaded and detested. This state of things was pregnant indeed with danger to Great Britain; but bold and well-digested measures saved her in this her political extremity; and when every thing was most heavily overcast, the first promise of returning prosperity dawned, and a future tide of conquest flowed from her earlier successes in the East.

In 1797, the Marquis of Wellesley was nominated to the Government of India; and on his ariving at the Presidency, he found the British interests environed by a thousand perils. Most of the native powers were avowedly inimical, or secretly ill-disposed. It was known that the Sultaun of Mysore was in active communication with the French Directory; that he had tendered his alliance; that in return, he had received an assurance of co-operation, and the assistance of European officers to train his troops, accompanied by a liberal supply of warlike stores. Tippoo Sultaun was also endeavouring to influence Zemaun Schah to make a diversion on the northern frontier of the English territory, pressing the Mahratta powers to join the league, and make common cause against the British by a simultaneous revolt. Scindia was notoriously devoted to the French—and of course the Court of Deccan was unfriendly. The Rajah of Berar was more than suspected of disaffection; and Holkar, if not a declared enemy, could not be regarded as a friend.

In this ominous aspect of Eastern affairs, nothing could

have preserved India to Great Britain but prompt and daring measures—and Lord Wellesley at once perceived that war was inevitable—while the proclamation of the governor of the Isle of France, and the landing on the coast of Malabar of officers and men for Tippoo's service, hurried the crisis. A premature declaration would, however, have been impolitic. The British armies were not ready for the field,—their *matériel* was incomplete—their organization imperfect,—and, until these deficiencies were remedied, Lord Wellesley determined to delay the hour of hostile movements; and this, with admirable tact, he managed to accomplish.

It was an object of paramount importance to interrupt the native relations, if possible, and detach the Nizam from the Sultaun of Mysore. The army of the former amounted to fourteen thousand men, officered and disciplined by French mercenaries. The Marquis applied himself to effect a new treaty, by which the force at Hyderabad should be augmented, and the French officers dismissed from the service of the prince. These objects were happily effected. A moveable column was despatched from Fort William—reached Hyderabad by forced marches—and, assisted by the Nizam's cavalry, surrounded the infantry, arrested the officers, and disarmed the sepoys. The Governor-General, finding himself now in an attitude to commence hostilities, addressed a remonstrance to Tippoo, which was unnoticed for some time. The advance of the British army produced an unsatisfactory reply; and, on the 22nd of February, war was formally declared.

The British force, with which this short and brilliant campaign was opened and completed, consisted of the army of the Carnatic, under General Harris, and that of Cannanore, commanded by Colonel Stuart. Including the corps at Hyderabad, and the infantry of the Nizam, the former amounted to thirty thousand men, to which a cavalry corps of six thousand sabres was united. These were a contingent of the Nizam, and commanded by an officer of his own—his son, Meer Allum. The Western, or Cannanore corps, numbered about six thousand five hundred.

On the 5th of March, the army of the Carnatic crossed the frontier and carried some hill forts with trifling opposition,

while the corps under Stuart marched direct on Seringapatam. Ascertaining that his capital was threatened, Tippoo broke up from his cantonments, intending to attack the army of the Carnatic; but suddenly changing his plans, he hurried with the *élite* of his infantry to meet the division from Cannanore.

Never was the field taken with deadlier animosity to an enemy than that with which Tippoo regarded his antagonists. Like Hannibal's to Rome, the hatred of the Sultaun to Britain was hereditary and implacable. In the infancy of English glory, a foe like him was reckoned truly formidable. His military talents were considerable; and, with excellent judgment, and untrammelled by Eastern presumption, he saw the defects of native discipline, and laboured to remove them. He had striven, and with success, through the agency of Europeans, to introduce into his camp the improved systems of modern warfare; and the army of the Mysore had, within a few years, undergone a mighty change. Many confidential communications that passed between the Sultaun and his chief officers, found after the fall of the capital, prove with what assiduity he had devoted his whole attention to the establishment of a force that, by physical and numerical superiority, should crush a power he detested, and overthrow England's dominion in the East. Tippoo's infantry were tolerably drilled—his artillery were respectable—and though his numerous horse were quite unequal to meet and repel the combined charge of British cavalry, still, as irregulars, they were excellent; alike dangerous to an enemy from their rapid movement, the audacity with which their sudden assault was made, and the celerity, when repulsed, with which their retreat was effected.

On the 5th, the Sultaun's camp was indistinctly seen from the British outposts. Four native battalions, commanded by Colonel Montressor, were in advance at Seedaseer, and the remainder of the division cantoned at a distance of from eight to twelve miles in the rear. The country was difficult and wooded; and to troops who were acquainted with its localities, extremely favourable for taking an enemy by surprise. From the detached position of the different brigades, Tippoo could attack them in detail, and press with an overwhelm-

ing force the leading regiments under Montressor, and probably cut them off before they could be supported from the rear. So favourable an opportunity was not to be neglected —and the Sultaun made his dispositions to attack the British division the next morning.

A deep jungle lay between him and his enemy—and at nine o'clock he passed through the brushwood undiscovered, and threw himself furiously on the front and flanks of Montressor's brigade. Though surprised, and assailed under very discouraging circumstances by a force immensely superior in point of numbers, the sepoys behaved with veteran steadiness, and fought most gallantly. Every effort made by Tippoo to shake their formation failed. For five hours, these native regiments sustained furious and repeated attacks unsupported; and not until Stuart, after considerable opposition from the Sultaun's troops, who had gained the rear of Montressor, came up and relieved this hard-pressed brigade, did the fiery Sultaun desist from the assault. Unable longer to withstand the united force opposed to him, Tippoo retired in disorder, leaving fifteen hundred of his best troops upon the field, while the British loss scarcely amounted to one hundred and fifty.

Completely repulsed by the division of Cannanore, the Sultaun did not renew the attack, but moved again to Bangalore, and came up with the army of the Carnatic. After a cavalry demonstration, which a few cannon-shot checked, Tippoo fell back upon his capital—and General Harris continued his march with all the despatch his defective means of transport would permit.

The army of the Carnatic, taking the southern road to Seringapatam, passed Karkunhully unopposed, crossed the Madoor, and on the 27th reached Malavelly, where Tippoo was drawn up in order of battle. Anxious to bring on an action, Colonel Wellesley, with the Nizam's troops, the 33rd European regiment, and Floyd's cavalry, advanced against the left, while General Harris attacked the right. For a time, Tippoo, by a rocket discharge and brisk cannonade strove to arrest these forward movements—but the British advanced steadily, and no effort which the Sultaun could make would check them. A fine body of the Sultaun's best troops

amounting to two thousand, came boldly forward and attacked the 33rd. Their reserved fire was received by the British at some sixty yards, and answered by a bayonet-rush. The Sultaun's infantry broke, — the British cavalry charged home,—no quarter was given,—and an immense number of the bravest of the native troops were bayoneted or cut down.

Following up his success, Harris crossed the Cauvery, Tippoo contenting himself with making a close reconnaissance on the 2nd and 4th, as the British defiled along the heights. On the 5th, the whole army took up its ground in front of the city, and made preparations for immediately commencing the siege.

Seringapatam stands on an island of bare and desolate appearance, formed by the river Cauvery, which here divides itself into separate streams—the waters creeping sluggishly along for nearly three miles, when they again become united. This insulated surface is in no place above a mile across—and on its upper extremity the city is built, both channels of the river flowing immediately beneath its walls.*

The fortifications are in the Eastern style, the works irregular, and the defences rather numerous than well-constructed. Several walls, one within the other, connect bastions of different forms; some being the ancient Hindu tower, while others are of regular proportions, and formed after the designs of European engineers. The point of attack chosen by the British commander was the north-west angle of the fort; and on the arrival of the Bombay army, which joined on the evening of the 14th, the siege was vigorously pressed.

The besiegers' camp was judiciously selected, and distant from the west face of the works about three thousand five hundred paces. The right occupied a height, while the left was protected by the Cauvery and an aqueduct. The rear

* At the commencement of the siege the garrison numbered twenty thousand men of all arms, and more than two hundred and fifty pieces of cannon were mounted on the works. Indeed, Tippoo's arsenal was amply stocked with artillery—for more than six hundred pieces, in all the variety of Indian calibre, fell into the hands of the English after the capture of the place.

also, was effectually secured by steep ravines, and the water-course that supplied the greater canal. There were several topes* within the lines, thickly planted with cocoa-trees and bamboos, thus affording ample means for constructing ladders and fascines. The place was healthy, the water pure and abundant, and it possessed all the security of an intrenched camp.

A part of the position however, in front of Tippoo's advanced posts, was within range of musketry and rockets, and it was necessary that from these the enemy should be dislodged. A night attack, under the command of Colonels Wellesley and Shaw, was unsuccessful, and attended with considerable loss. On the following day the whole line was stormed; the right and left flanks and centre being simultaneously assaulted under a heavy cannonade. On every point the attacks succeeded—and a line of posts was gained, reaching from Sultaunpet to the Cauvery, and advanced within eighteen hundred yards of the fortress. On the west front, the Bombay army were securely established within a thousand paces of that angle of the fort; while a watercourse was seized on the south, which allowed that face of the works to be invested within less than nine hundred yards.

The siege was vigorously pressed—an intrenchment was stormed on the evening of the 20th; and a parallel opened within seven hundred and eighty paces of the works. On the 22nd the garrison made a grand sortie, and fell in considerable force upon the Bengal army; but their sustained efforts were repulsed, and they were driven into the town

* After a night attack on one of these in front of the position, from which the besiegers had been greatly annoyed by a constant discharge of musketry, a curious incident occurred while returning in the dark to the lines. Lieutenant Lambton came up, and assured the general to whose staff he was attached, that the troops, instead of marching *from*, were marching *on* the enemy. The guide, on being referred to, was obstinate in asserting that he was right, while Lambton declared that in the starlight he had clearly ascertained that instead of moving to the southward, the troops were marching directly *north*. Baird procured a pocket-compass—and, putting a fire-fly on the glass, ascertained that his march was erroneous, and his guide entirely astray. Fortunately, he had time to remedy the mistake—jocularly observing, that "in future he should put more faith in the stars than he had done formerly"—*Hook*.

with a loss of six hundred men. On the 26th, the enemy having intrenched themselves behind a watercourse only three hundred and eighty yards from the place, it was deemed advisable to obtain its possession. It was accordingly assaulted in gallant style, and carried, after an obstinate defence, that cost both the victors and the vanquished a serious loss of life.

On the 30th a battery was unmasked, and commenced breaching the bastion; on the 2nd of May, another was completed, and opened a heavy fire on the curtain to the right—while several guns of large calibre were gradually got to work. The old masonry, unable to support this well-served and well-sustained cannonade, began to yield—masses of the wall came down into the ditch—a breach in the fausse-braye was reported practicable—and on the 3rd of May, the face of the bastion was in such a state of ruin, that preparations were made for an immediate assault. In a brief letter,* orders to that effect were given next morning to Major-General Baird, who had volunteered to command the storming party.

That the capture of Seringapatam should, to a certain extent, have been achieved by the agency of Baird, appears a striking act of retributive providence. He, who was to lead on that resistless soldiery, by whose bayonets the life and throne of Tippoo should be extinguished, had pined in hopeless captivity, the tenant of a dungeon, in that capital which he was to enter in a few hours a conqueror. In the melancholy slaughter of Colonel Bailey and his troops by Hyder Aly, on the 10th of September 1780,† Baird, then a captain,

* Sir,—The breach being reported practicable, the Commander-in-Chief desires that the assault may be made this day, at one P.M.

I have the honour, &c. &c.

(Signed) Barry Close, Adjt.-Gen. &c. &c.

Head Quarters, Camp, 4th May, 1799.

† On the 24th July, 1780, the cavalry of Hyder Aly, being within nine miles of Madras, a despatch was sent off to Colonel Bailey, who was in the Northern Circar, with a force of about three or four thousand men, to join Sir Hector Munro's army at the mount at Madras. Most unfortunately, however, this order was subsequently changed, and Colonel Bailey was directed to proceed direct to Conjeverone. On his way to join Sir Hector Munro, he fell in with a detachment of Hyder's army, under the command of his son Tippoo, consisting of thirty thousand cavalry, eight thousand foot, and twelve pieces of cannon. Notwithstanding the

was desperately wounded, made prisoner, hurried to Seringapatam, and there subjected to treatment that, even at a period remote from the event, cannot be heard without producing in the reader a thrill of horror and disgust. Of the many who

vast numerical superiority of this force over that of Colonel Bailey, considerably weakened by a mutiny in the first regiment of cavalry, which it had been found necessary to march prisoners to Madras, they were most decisively repulsed. This victory, splendid as was the achievement, was dearly bought; since, by again diminishing the effective strength of this little army, he considerably added to the dangers and difficulties of his situation. At this juncture Colonel Bailey sent off a messenger to Sir Hector Munro, informing him of the precarious state in which he found himself. In consequence, a detachment was sent to Bailey's assistance, under the command of Colonel Fletcher, consisting of the flank companies of the 73rd, two of European grenadiers, and eleven of sepoys, making altogether about a thousand men. Dreading an attack, Colonel Fletcher avoided it by altering his line of march, and making a wide detour, which, although it added to their fatigue, insured their safety, and enabled them to join Colonel Bailey on the morning of the 9th, having, nevertheless, fallen in with Hyder's pickets close to his position at Perambaukum. The troops of this detachment, wearied as they were, were permitted to halt only till the evening, when the whole force marched under the command of Colonel Bailey to join Sir Hector Munro. Hyder had again obtained the most correct intelligence of their movements, and taking advantage of the necessary delay in the return of this gallant body of troops, enfiladed every part of the road by which they were to march with artillery, and placed his best infantry in ambuscade at every available point. The English troops had not proceeded more than four miles, when an alarm was given that the enemy was on their flank. They immediately formed, but finding the attack was not serious, continued their march. The road lay through an avenue of banyan trees, with a jungle on either side, and upon their entrance into this road they were again attacked on their flanks by the enemy's opening two or three guns, and commencing a fire of some musketry from the thick part of the jungle. They instantly halted, and immediately afterwards endeavoured to take the guns, but the darkness frustrated their efforts. And then it was that Colonel Bailey determined to halt till daylight; a determination at first sight incompatible with the admitted necessity of making the march by night, and which, while it not only afforded an opportunity to the enemy to draw off his cannon to another and stronger point, which the English had inevitably to pass in the morning, practically announced to Tippoo the exact position in which he had checked them, and moreover suggested to Hyder the importance of advancing, in order to take advantage of their unexpected halt. Colonel Bailey's words, explanatory of his decision, which he addressed to Captain Baird, were, "I am determined to halt till daylight, that I may have an opportunity of seeing about me." At daylight they accordingly recommenced their march, and as the column moved out of the avenue into the

shared his captivity, few remained to narrate their sufferings. Disease, starvation, poison, and the bowstring ended their miserable lives: but a providential ordinance willed it that Baird should survive—and, after disease failed to rob him of

plain, a battery of eight guns opened upon it, supported by a strong body of cavalry and infantry. Bailey immediately ordered Captains Kennedy and Gowdie, with the native grenadiers, to attack them; they did so, and succeeded in taking most of the guns, and in driving back the troops who supported them. But at this moment the heads of the different columns of Hyder's army appeared—Hyder having passed Sir Hector Munro in the night—moving down upon the line, which induced Kennedy and Gowdie immediately to call off their detachment from the captured guns to join the main body. At this juncture Bailey formed his force, consisting of little more than three thousand men, in line upon the bank of an old nullah, or watercourse, and opened his guns upon the enemy; but Hyder, too powerful an antagonist for a mere handful of men, so disposed his immense army as completely to surround him, and commenced a destructive fire upon him from his artillery in every direction. The various descriptions of this memorable and most unequal contest all agree in confirming the belief, that vast as was the disparity between the contending armies, and although Hyder had upwards of seventy pieces of cannon in the field, the day would have been won by the English if the fortune of war had not been so decidedly against them. The enemy were repeatedly and continually repulsed, their infantry gave way, while their cavalry were falling in all directions, and it is said, Hyder was only prevented from retreating by the persuasions of Colonel Lally, who represented to him that retiring would bring him in contact with Sir Hector Munro, who was in his rear; and at this moment, and while the English were actually sustaining the combined attack of Hyder and his son Tippoo, two of their tumbrils exploded, and in an instant the brave men, who were on the eve of gaining one of the most splendid victories ever achieved, were deprived of their ammunition and the services of all their artillery. In this helpless and dreadful state, under a heavy and tremendous fire of cannon and rockets, these gallant, but unfortunate soldiers, remained from half-past seven until nine o'clock. The slaughter of the British began to be tremendous, as the enemy closed in upon them on every side. Colonel Fletcher had carried off the grenadier company of the 73rd to support the rear-guard, and was never heard of more. Hyder Aly came with his whole army on their right flank, charging them with columns of horse, while the infantry kept up a heavy fire of musketry. These were followed by the elephants and Mysore cavalry, which completed the overthrow of the gallant band of heroes. In the midst of this, Colonel Bailey, wounded as he was, formed his men into a square, and without ammunition received and repulsed thirteen different attacks of the enemy's squadrons At length the case became evidently hopeless, and the sepoys, under Captain Lucas, having been broken and dispersed, Colonel Bailey, seeing that further resistance was vain, tied his handkerchief on his sword as a flag of truce,

life, or temptation* deprive him of his honour, he was destined to lead that band to vengeance, by whom a tyrant was exterminated, and the power of Mysore prostrated to the dust!

The arrangements for the assault were completed on the evening of the 3rd—and two thousand five hundred Europeans, and one thousand nine hundred native troops were selected to carry it into execution. After sunset, ladders, fascines, &c. were conveyed into the trenches unnoticed by the enemy; and before daybreak, the storming parties, evading the observation of the garrison, marched quietly in, and lay down until the order to assault was given.

One o'clock came—the city at that hour was perfectly quiet,—while the trenches, to all appearance, contained nothing but their ordinary guards. This tranquillity was suddenly interrupted. Baird appeared, ordered the assault to be given—and that word, "Forward!" annihilated an empire, and changed a dynasty over an immense territory, with a population almost countless, an army of three hundred thousand men, and a revenue of five millions sterling. The forlorn hope rushed on, followed closely by the columns under Dunlop and Sherbroke—both plunging into the river under a tremendous fire of rockets and musketry. The ford across the Cauvery had been staked the preceding night, to mark the passage the troops should take; but, in the hurry, they swerved to the right, and getting into deeper water, the progress of the column was retarded. Baird, observing the difficulty, rushed on to the forlorn hope,—cheered the men

and ordered Captain Baird, who was now second in command, to cease firing. Hyder's officers refused to attend to Colonel Bailey's signal, pointing to the sepoys, who in their confusion were still continuing to fire; this, however, being explained, they agreed to give quarter, and Colonel Bailey directed Captain Baird to order his men to ground their arms The order was of course obeyed, and the instant it was so, the enemy's cavalry, commanded by Tippoo Saib in person, rushed upon the unarmed troops before they could recover themselves, cutting down every man within their reach.—*Abridged from Hook's "Life of Baird."*

* "During this period, Hyder sent some of his principal officers to induce the English to enter his service. He offered them three times as much pay as they received in our army, and as many horses, palanquins, and *wives* as they chose."—*Life of Sir David Baird.*

forward,—and in six minutes the British colours were flying above the breach!

Filing off right and left, the storming parties pressed on. The north-west bastion was carried—all went prosperously —although the discovery of an inner ditch, filled with water, was at first alarming. But the scaffolding used by Tippoo's workmen, and most fortunately left there undisturbed, enabled the British to surmount every obstacle, and enter the body of the place.

The right column halted on the east cavalier to give the men breathing-time after violent exertion under a burning sun. They awaited there a reinforcement of fresh troops to proceed and assail the palace, where it was believed Tippoo had retired. The report was untrue,—that palace he was fated never to revisit,—for the tyrant of Mysore was then gone to his account!

The left column, in the mean time, had overcome every opposition, and continued their course along the ramparts, as directed in the general order for the assault. Part of the 12th regiment, however, either mistaking or disobeying orders, rushed into the body of the town, and finding the sally-port crowded with the Sultaun's troops, commenced firing from the inside on the archway, while the remainder of their own column were keeping up a sharp fusilade upon it from the other side. No wonder, thus enfiladed, that the passage was choked with dead; and it was afterwards ascertained, on the removal of the bodies, that above three hundred of the soldiers of Mysore had fallen in this narrow space.

It is said, that to the moment of the assault, Tippoo never supposed that an attempt would be made to storm the fortress; and when the marching of the columns to the breach was reported, he received the intelligence with incredulity. The increasing uproar undeceived him, and rising from table, where dinner had been laid under a thatched shed on the northern face of the works, he performed his ablutions coolly, and called for his horse and arms.* At that moment the death of his

* He ordered his personal servants to load the carbines which they carried for his own use, and hastened along the ramparts towards the breach. He repeatedly fired; and one of his servants saw him bring down several Europeans near the top of the breach.

best officer was announced. The Sultaun paid a tribute to the bravery of his favourite, named his successor, and rode forth never to return.

On the left, Tippoo commanded in person; and here, the traverses, erected to protect the breach, were so furiously defended, that the assailants were completely checked. The Sultaun fought among his meanest soldiers—and, if his attendants can be trusted, several of the most daring of the assailants were shot by the prince himself. Fortunately for the British, by some unaccountable neglect, a passage from the ditch to the rampart, by which the Sultaun's working parties passed from one place to the other, had been forgotten. By this way, the 12th regiment reached the rampart, and pressing quickly forward, turned the traverses, and poured in a flanking fire that rendered them untenable. The troops that had held them hitherto were now obliged to retire—the posts were abandoned — and the Sultaun joined reluctantly his retreating soldiery.*

Fatigued, suffering from the intense heat, and pained by an old wound, Tippoo mounted his horse, and retired slowly along the northern rampart. The British were momentarily gaining ground—the garrison in every direction flying—while a spattering fusilade, and occasionally a wild huzza, told that the victors were everywhere advancing. Instead of quitting the city, as he might have done, the Sultaun crossed the bridge over the inner ditch and entered the town. The covered gateway was now crowded with fugitives vainly endeavouring to escape from the bayonets of their conquerors, who were heard approaching at either side. A random shot struck the Sultaun: he pressed his horse forward, but his passage was impeded by a mob of runaways, who literally choked the gloomy arch. Presently a cross fire opened, and filled the passage with the dead and wounded. Tippoo's horse was killed, but his followers managed to disengage him, dragged him exhausted from beneath the fallen steed, and placed him in his palanquin. But escape was impossible; the British were

* A number of the garrison escaped by uniting their turbans, and lowering themselves from the bastions. This precarious means of escape occasionally failed, and many were found at the base of the walls, maimed or killed from the attempt.

already in the gateway,—the bayonet was unsparingly at work —for quarter at this moment was neither given nor expected. Dazzled by the glittering of his jewelled turban, a soldier dashed forward and caught the Sultaun's sword-belt. With failing strength, Tippoo cut boldly at his assailant and inflicted a trifling wound. The soldier, irritated by pain, drew back, laid his musket to his shoulder, and shot the Sultaun dead. His companions, perceiving the struggle, rushed up; the palanquin was overturned, the bearers cut down, the body of the departed tyrant thrown upon a heap of the dead and dying, and the corpse—despoiled of every thing valuable—left among the fallen Mussulmans—naked, unknown, and unregarded.

The capital of Mysore was now at the mercy of the conquerors—and the general's first care was to seek out the dishonoured body of its once haughty master. As it was suspected that Tippoo had fallen in the northern gateway, the bodies that lay heaped within it were hastily removed. For a time the search was unsuccessful, and torches were obtained, as the archway was low and gloomy. At last, beneath a heap of slain Mussulmans, their ruler's body was discovered. The heat had not yet left the corpse; and though despoiled of sword and belt, sash and turban,* the well-known talisman that encircled his right arm was soon recognised by the conquerors. The amulet, formed of some metallic substance of silvery hue, was surrounded by magic scrolls in Arabic and Persian characters, and sewed carefully in several pieces of richly-flowered silk. The eyes were unclosed; the countenance wore that appearance of stern composure, which induced the lookers-on for a time to fancy that the proud spirit of the haughty Sultaun was still lingering in its tenement of clay.† The pulse was examined—its throbs were ended—and life was totally extinct.

* When the Sultaun left the palace he was dressed in a light-coloured jacket, wide trousers of fine flowered silk, a sash of dark-red silky stuff, and a turban with one or two distinguishing ornaments. He wore his sword in a rich belt slung over his shoulder, and a small cartridge-box hung to another embroidered belt thrown over his left shoulder; the talisman was fastened under his jacket on his right arm.

† It is a curious circumstance, that the expression of the features after death, when inspected on a field of battle, will generally tell the means by

The body was directly removed to the palace, and there respectfully deposited until the necessary preparations for an honourable interment were completed—the funeral being conducted with all the ceremonies which Eastern forms require. As the procession moved slowly through the city, a "keeraut" of five thousand rupees was distributed to the fakirs—and verses from the Koran were repeated by the chief of the priests, and responded by the assistants. Minute-guns were fired from the batteries; and a guard of honour, composed of European flank companies, followed the remains of the late ruler of Mysore to the sepulchre of his once haughty father.

Tippoo, notwithstanding his cruelty and despotism, was highly regarded by his Mussulman subjects. His was no common character,—brave, munificent, and a bigot to his faith, he was just the sovereign to excite Eastern admiration. A rigid observer of the Prophet's ordinances, he attended strictly to the formulæ of his religion—wine was strictly inhibited—and every unbeliever, not excepting his favourite *employées*, were treated with scorn and distrust. His establishment and household were formed on a scale of regal splendour; and when, by accident or age, their services were no longer efficient, Tippoo never permitted a servant to be discharged, although their numbers became incredible.

With all the sternness of character and high-souled energy for which the departed Sultaun was remarkable, it would appear that he was prone to superstition, and not endued with that blind reliance upon Providence which, among Mussulmans, distinguishes the true believer. It is said, that the day doomed to be fatal to his empire and himself had been announced; and that, forewarned of impending calamity, he had vainly endeavoured to avert misfortune by resorting to magic ceremonies, and obtaining the interference of the Brahmins with their gods. Though a devoted follower of Mahomet, he offered these priests an oblation of money, buffaloes, an elephant, black she-goat, and dresses of cloth—beseeching them to use their influence with Heaven for his prosperity. A presentiment of coming danger had evidently cast its shadows

which life was extinguished. From sword and bayonet wounds, the features present a calm appearance; while those of persons who have perished by musketry or cannon-shot are always distorted and convulsed.

before, and those immediately around the Sultaun's person* remarked that he was heavily depressed. Yet his confidence in the strength of the city and the *matériel* of its garrison was unbounded. He believed that Seringapatam was impregnable, and laughed to scorn the idea that the British would ever dream of carrying it by assault.

His funeral was marked by natural occurrences, that seemed in happy keeping with the obsequies of him who had left an empire for a tomb. On the evening when Tippoo was committed to his kindred dust, the sky became overcast, and a storm broke suddenly in a torrent of rain, while heaven seemed in a blaze,† and peal after peal of thunder appeared to shake the city to its very foundations, and added to the fearful uproar. A tempest of more violence was hardly recollected; and it seemed as if an elemental convulsion had been decreed, to announce that the once haughty tyrant of Mysore was nothing now but dust and ashes.

The storming of Seringapatam was certainly a bold and hazardous attempt—it was nobly executed, and deserved the success it gained. The moment for action was happily selected. An Indian sun, when in meridian power, obliges man to avoid its exhausting influence, and hence, that period of the day is habitually made in Hindoostan an hour of repose and sleep. Never supposing that at this season of relaxation any attempt upon the fortress would be made, with the exception of the guards alone, the Sultaun's troops were sleeping in their respective barracks. When the alarm was given, a panic spread; and profiting by the confusion, the assailants increased it, and prevented any attempt being made for an efficient rally and defence.

* The ruler of Mysore was of low stature, corpulent, with high shoulders, and a short thick neck; but his feet and hands were remarkably small. His complexion was rather dark, his eyes large and prominent, with small arched eyebrows, and an aquiline nose. He had an appearance of dignity, or rather sternness, in his countenance, which distinguished him above the common order of his people. When examined after death, he had four wounds—three in the body, and one in the temple; the ball having entered a little above the right ear, and lodging in the cheek.—*Narrative by Major Allen.*

† Two British officers, attached to the Bombay army, were killed in camp that evening by lightning.

To other circumstances, however, the fortunate result of the attack may in a great measure be attributed. By an unpardonable oversight the breach was unprovided with a retrenchment, and the workmen's passage, between the ditch and rampart, left undefended. Had the breach been properly retrenched, it could not have been surmounted in the face of such a garrison; and traverses, that could have been, and were, most obstinately defended, were lost to the besieged by their stupid neglect in having left a means of escalade from the ditch, which the labour of a dozen men would have rendered impracticable. How frequently in war do great results arise from trifling causes.

Every care was taken to prevent plunder and violence in the night. The inhabitants were assured of protection; and the Sultaun's children kindly received by General Baird, and for better security sent from the fortress to the camp. Even before Tippoo's death was ascertained, great delicacy was observed in searching the palace, where it was supposed he had concealed himself. The zenana, which contained his women, was scrupulously respected—and a guard was merely drawn around it to prevent the Sultaun's escape, in the event of his having made that his place of refuge.

Though eight thousand of Tippoo's garrison fell in the assault, very few of the inhabitants suffered. The British loss during the siege and storm was, of course, severe; twenty-five officers were killed or wounded in the assault; and the total casualties were, of Europeans, twenty-two officers killed, forty-five wounded, eighty-one rank and file killed, six hundred and twenty-two wounded, and twenty-two missing; of the native army, one hundred and nineteen were killed, four hundred and twenty wounded, and one hundred missing, making a general total of one thousand five hundred and thirty-one *hors de combat*.

Having made necessary arrangements for the protection of the town, Baird marched the 33rd and 74th regiments to the palace, and in one of its magnificent courts the soldiers piled arms, and established their bivouac.* Sentries were placed

* Sleep after a battle is most welcome; but Baird and his staff were speedily disturbed, and it was communicated to the general that the city was on fire, and outrages were being committed, which he took immediate

around the zenana for its security; and the general slept on a carpet spread for his accommodation under the verandah. There lay the conqueror of Seringapatam, surrounded by his victorious soldiers, and dispensing protection to the helpless family of the fallen Sultaun. There he lay, on whose breath hung life and death—yet but a few years back, and within three hundred yards of the spot he rested on, that man had occupied a dungeon, dragging on a cheerless captivity, and waiting until the poisoned cup should be presented by "the bondsman of a slave," or the order delivered for his midnight murder.

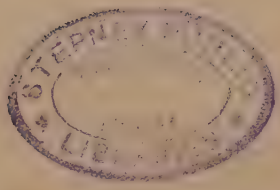
Is not the romance of real life oftentimes wilder far than any creation of the imagination?

The tyrant of Mysore was gone to his account, and "how his audit stood none knew save Heaven;" but assuredly a more tiger-hearted monster never disgraced the musnud. His conduct to the European prisoners after Hyder's death was atrocious. Of those taken with Bailey, the greater proportion perished from starvation and disease; while Matthews and his officers, who had surrendered under the usual conditions granted in honourable warfare, and guaranteed by Tippoo himself, were savagely murdered. Some of them were led out at night, taken to a retired spot, and hewn in pieces —while seventeen were poisoned with the milk of the cocoa-nut tree. The death of the unhappy general was probably the most horrible of all. Apprised by some means of the fate that was impending, he refused the food sent by the keeladar, and obtained, from the compassion of the guard and servants, as much of theirs as merely sustained existence—the havildar who had him in charge humanely conniving at the proceeding. But when Tippoo learned that his victim still lived, the havildar was sent for, and it was intimated that if his

means to remedy. Having again composed himself to rest, a new alarm disturbed him. "The treasury of Tippoo had been forced, and the soldiers were actually loading themselves with gold."

It was true. The door generally used was securely guarded; but another had been discovered, and by that the plunderers had obtained access to the treasure. Colonel Wallace found the place crowded with soldiers and *one officer*, all busily employed in pocketing gold and jewels. The individual who disgraced his rank is dead; and Baird, as it is supposed, out of respect to his family, kept his name a secret.

D. Baird



prisoner existed beyond a certain time, his own life should pay the penalty of his humanity. The wretched instrument of tyranny communicated what had passed to the devoted general, and gave him the alternative of death from poison or starvation. "For a few days the love of life maintained a struggle with the importunate calls of hunger. These, however, prevailed in the issue of the contest—he ate of the poisoned food, and drank too—whether to quench the rage of inflamed thirst, or to drown the torments of his soul in utter insensibility—of the poisoned cup; and in six hours after the fatal repast he was found dead."*

The last acts of Tippoo's life were in fit keeping with a career marked throughout by perfidy and bloodshed. In the confusion of the night of the 5th, when Colonel Wellesley's attack on Sultaunpet failed from darkness and the intricacy of the betel tope, twelve grenadiers of the 33rd were made prisoners, and brought into Seringapatam. At midnight they were murdered by threes—"the mode of killing them was by twisting their heads, while their bodies were held fast, and thus breaking their necks."† The fact was ascertained beyond doubt, for a peon pointed out the place where these ill-fated soldiers were interred, and they were examined and identified by their own officers. Other English soldiers who had been taken in assaulting outposts during the siege, had also been put to death, "having nails driven through their skulls."‡

In alluding to the Sultaun's death, the regretted biographer of Sir David Baird says, "One cannot but regret, for the honour of human nature, and even for the sake of England, the end of such a man as Tippoo, shot in cold blood by a man endeavouring to rob him. Let us hope the man was a sepoy." The man was an Irish soldier, who many years afterwards stated the fact in confession, and when *in articulo mortis*. "Cold blood!" Could blood be cold during the storm of a defended city, and under an Indian sun almost at noon?

The tyrant only met the doom he merited. For his talents we give him credit—his courage obtains our admiration—his munificence we admit—but for the murderer of the brave we feel neither sympathy nor regret.

* Macleod. † Official statement of Captain Macleod.
‡ Baird's despatch to Harris.

ASSAYE.

Effect of Tippoo's death upon the Native Princes.—Dhoondia's rise and fall.—War between Scindia and Holkar.—Their differences accommodated.—Hostilities commence again.—Operations.—Camp at Assaye.—Battle.—Death of Colonel Maxwell.—Results of the Victory at Assaye.—Honours conferred on General Wellesley.—He returns to England.

The death of Tippoo Saib, and the fall of Seringapatam, were astounding tidings for the native chiefs. Their delusory notions regarding their individual importance were ended—and a striking proof had been given of what little reliance could be placed on Indian mercenaries and places of strength, when England went forth in wrath and sent her armies to the field.

As the fear of Britain became confirmed, so did the hatred of the native princes to every thing connected with her name. A power that had proved herself so formidable was to be dreaded, fixed as she was in the very heart of India: and, as the difficulty increased, so did the desire of freeing themselves from that thrall, which daily appeared to press upon them more heavily.

With political history we have no business, farther than regards the military operations we detail; but, as warfare originates in state policy, the elucidation of the one will occasionally require that brief allusions should be made to the other.

Among the prisoners delivered by the British from their dungeons after the reduction of the capital of Mysore, was a Mahratta trooper, who had commenced his predatory career in the cavalry of Hyder Aly, and, after his death, continued in the service of his son. For some cause he deserted, headed

a band of marauders, was enticed back by the false promises of Tippoo, flung into a dungeon, and there made a Mussulman, greatly against his own will, and much to the glory of the Prophet. "No sooner were his fetters off, than his feet were again in the stirrup; and many of Tippoo's horsemen, men of desperate fortunes, without a country, a service, or a master, became his willing followers." His predatory band became so numerous that he overran the district of Biddenore—and at last he became so formidable, that a strong British force was sent to crush him and his robber horde. It was effected —six hundred and fifty of his followers were cut to pieces, and himself driven across the Toombudra into the country of the Peishwah. But here he was not permitted to rest. Ghokla surprised him, and routed him totally, taking his cannon, elephants, tents, and baggage. With difficulty the freebooter escaped, fled none knew where, and in a short time, Dhoondia was almost forgotten.

Suddenly, however, the daring freebooter appeared again; and moving south at the head of five thousand horse, threatened the frontier of the Mysore, and naturally occasioned immense alarm over a country so open to his predatory visits. No time was lost in despatching a sufficient force to crush him altogether, or compel him to retire, and Colonel Wellesley was intrusted with the command. Another force was directed to co-operate with that of the colonel; but fearing the marauder would escape unless promptly encountered, Wellesley pushed on alone, and by forced marches succeeded in coming up with him, while Dhoondia was encamped, as he imagined, in perfect security. The fellow, naturally daring, took up a strong position, and boldly waited for the British assault. Colonel Wellesley led the charge—it was admirably made, and the marauder's fate was decided. His cavalry were cut to pieces or dispersed, Dhoondia himself sabred, and his body, secured upon a gun, was brought in triumph to the camp. Thus perished the king of "the two worlds,"—for such was the unassuming title by which the freebooter was pleased to have himself designated by his banditti.

An intended expedition against Batavia, in which Colonel Wellesley was promised a command, was for some reasons abandoned. Baird, with a division, was despatched to Egypt

by the Desert rout; and Wellesley reappointed to the government of the Mysore.

Affairs again began to assume a threatening look. The Mahratta chiefs exhibited an unfriendly attitude; and to cement an alliance with the Peishwah, and thus tranquillize the country, a portion of Tippoo's territory was offered and rejected. Scindia, with his army, was at Poona—and his influence directed every act of that dependent court.

A misunderstanding between Scindia and Holkar brought on a war between those chiefs. Holkar advanced on Poona, compelling Scindia to accept battle, in which he was defeated —the Peishwah deserting his ally in the hour of need, and concluding a treaty with the British. To effectuate this, Wellesley, now a major-general, took the field, with orders to drive Holkar from Poona, and secure the Peishwah's return to his capital—and learning that the Mahrattas intended to plunder Poona, the general saved it by an extraordinary forced march, accomplishing sixty miles in thirty hours—a marvellous exertion indeed to be made under an Indian sun.

All for a short time was quiet; but those restless chiefs again assumed a hostile position. Scindia and the Rajah of Berar moved towards the Nizam's frontier; while the former was negotiating with Holkar, his late enemy, to arrange their differences, and make common cause against the English.

To prepare for the threatened attack, the Marquis Wellesley invested the officers commanding the armies of Hindoostan and the Deccan with full powers; and to General Wellesley a special authority was given to make peace, or commence hostilities, as his own judgment should determine. In accordance with this power, a demand was made on Scindia that he should separate from the Rajah of Berar, and re-cross the Nerbuddah. To this demand an evasive reply was returned —and Eastern cunning was employed to obtain such delay as should permit the chieftains' plans to be matured, and enable them to take the field in force. This shuffling policy was, however, quite apparent; and on the first information that his political agent had quitted Scindia's camp, Wellesley suddenly broke up his cantonments, and marched directly on Ahmednuggur.

This ancient town was defended in the Eastern fashion with

a high wall, flanked at its bends and angles by a tower, and garrisoned by some of Scindia's infantry and an auxiliary force of Arabs, while a body of the chieftain's cavalry occupied the space between the pettah and the fort. Wellesley, without delay, assaulted the town, and carried it by escalade. On the 10th, the British cannon opened on the fort—the keeladar in command proposed terms, and the English general expressed a readiness to listen to his propositions, but the guns continued working. Indian diplomacy has no chance when batteries are open; and, on the 12th, a garrison of fourteen hundred marched out, and the place was delivered up. This fortress, from its locality, was valuable; it secured the communications with Poona, made a safe depôt for military stores, and was centrically placed in a district whose revenue was above 600,000 rupees.

With a short delay, Wellesley moved on Aurungabad, and entered that splendid city on the 29th. The enemy moved in a south-easterly direction, threatening Hyderabad—while the British, marching by the left bank of the Godaverey, secured their convoys from Moodgul, and obliged Scindia to retire northwards. As yet the Mahratta chiefs were moving a cavalry force north, with but a few matchlock-men; but they were joined now by their whole artillery and sixteen battalions of infantry, officered chiefly by Frenchmen.

On the 21st, at a conference at Budnapoor, General Wellesley and Colonel Stevenson arranged a combined attack for the 24th. They were to move east and west, pass the defiles on the same day, and thus prevent any movement of the enemy southward. A mistake, in distance, brought General Wellesley much sooner to his halting-place than had been calculated; and learning that the Mahratta army were already breaking up to retire, he sent orders to Colonel Stevenson to advance; and announcing his immediate march on Scindia, begged his colleague to hurry forward to his assistance.

The cavalry consisted of the 19th Light Dragoons, and three native regiments, under the command of Colonel Maxwell, a bold and skilful officer. General Wellesley accompanied the horse—the infantry following in light marching order After passing a league and half of ground, the advance

reached an eminence ; and on the right, and covering an immense extent of country, the Mahratta army appeared.

In brilliant sunshine, nothing could be more picturesque than Scindia's encampment. The varied colours of the tents, each disposed around its own chieftain's banner without order or regularity, with "streets crossing and winding in every direction, displayed a variety of merchandise, as in a great fair. Jewellers, smiths, and mechanics were all attending as minutely to their occupations, and all as busily employed, as if they were at Poona, and in peace."*

In this enormous camp, fifty thousand men were collected—the river Kaitna running in their front—the Suah in their rear. These rivers united their waters at some distance beyond the left of the camp, forming a flat peninsula of considerable extent. The native infantry and all the guns were in position on the left, retired upon the Suah, and appuied on the village of Assaye—the cavalry were entirely on the right. The position was naturally strong ; for the banks of the Kaitna are steep and broken, and the front very difficult to attack.

As the British cavalry formed line on the heights, it presented a strange but glorious contrast to the countless multitude of Mahratta horsemen, who were seen in endless array below. The English brigade, scarcely numbering three thousand sabres, took its position with all the boldness of a body having an equal force opposed. In number Scindia's cavalry were fully ten to one ; as it was ascertained that, with his allies, the horsemen actually on the field exceeded thirty thousand. Having made a careful reconnaissance, General Wellesley determined to attack—and, when the infantry came up, it was instantly executed.

While examining the position, immense masses of Scindia's cavalry moved forward, and threw out skirmishers, which were directly driven in. Wellesley having discovered a neglected ford, decided on crossing over, and, by attacking the infantry and guns, embarrass the immense cavalry force of Scindia, and oblige it to manœuvre to disadvantage, and act on the confined space the ill-selected ground afforded.

* Dirom's Campaign.

The infantry had now come up, and, in column, they were directed on the river. A fire from the Mahratta guns immediately opened, but the range was far too distant to permit the cannonade to be effective, or check the forward movement of the columns. The whole were now across the river; the infantry formed into two brigades, and the cavalry in reserve behind them, ready to rush on any part of the battle-ground where advantage could be gained, or support should be required. The Mysore horse and the contingent of the Peishwah were merely left in observation of the enemy's right.

This flank attack obliged Scindia to change his front. He did so with less confusion than was expected; and by his new disposition rested his right upon the Kaitna, and his left upon the Suah and Assaye. His whole front bristled with cannon —and the ground immediately around the village seemed, from the number of guns, like one great battery.

The fire from this powerful artillery was of course destructive; and the British guns were completely overpowered, and in a very few minutes silenced entirely. This was the crisis; and on the determination of a moment hung the fortune of a very doubtful day. Without hesitation Wellesley abandoned his guns, and advanced with the bayonet. The charge was gallantly made, the enemy's right forced back, and his guns captured.

While this movement was being executed, the 74th and light infantry pickets in front of Assaye, were severely cut up by the fire from that place. Perceiving the murderous effect of the fusilade, a strong body of the Mahratta horse moved swiftly round the village, and made a furious onset on the 74th. Maxwell had watched the progress of the battle, and now was his moment of action. The word was given, —the British cavalry charged home—down went the Mahrattas in hundreds beneath the fiery assault of the brave 19th, and their gallant supporters the sepoys; while, unchecked by a tremendous storm of grape and musketry, Maxwell pressed his advantage, and cut through Scindia's left. The 74th and the light infantry reformed, and, pushing boldly on, completed the disorder of the enemy, preventing any effective attempt to renew a battle, the doubtful result of which was thus in a few minutes decided by the promptitude of the general.

Some of Scindia's troops fought bravely—and the desperate obstinacy with which his gunners stood to the cannon, was almost incredible. They remained to the last—and were bayoneted around the guns, which they refused, even in certain defeat, to abandon.

The British charge was, indeed, resistless; but in the enthusiasm of success, at times there is a lack of prudence. The sepoys rushed wildly on—their elated ardour was uncontrollable—while a mass of the Mahratta horse arrayed upon the hill, were ready to rush upon ranks disordered by their own success.

But Wellesley foresaw, and guarded against the evil consequences that a too excited courage might produce. The 78th were kept in hand; and cool, steady, and with a perfect formation, they offered an imposing front, that the Mahratta cavalry perceived was unassailable.

A strong column of the enemy, however, that had been only partially engaged, now rallied and renewed the battle, joined by a number of Scindia's gunners and infantry, who had flung themselves as dead upon the ground, and thus escaped the sabres of the British cavalry. Maxwell's brigade, who had re-formed their ranks and breathed their horses, dashed into the still disordered ranks of these half-rallied troops—a desperate slaughter ensued, and the Mahrattas were totally routed; but the British lost their chivalrous leader—and in the moment of victory, Maxwell died in front of the battle, "and, fighting foremost, fell."

The last effort of the day was made by a part of the artillery who were in position near the village of Assaye—and in person Wellesley led on the 78th Highlanders and the 7th native cavalry. In the attack the general's horse was killed under him; but the enemy declined the charge, broke, fled, and left a field cumbered with their dead, and crowded with cannon, bullocks, caissons, and all the *matériel* of an Eastern army, to the conquerors.

The evening had fallen before the last struggle at Assaye was over—but the British victory was complete. Twelve hundred of Scindia's dead were found upon the field; while, of his wounded, scarcely an estimate could be hazarded, for all the villages and adjacent country were crowded with his dis-

abled soldiery. The British loss was of necessity severe, and it might be estimated that one-third of the entire army was rendered *hors de combat.*

To call Assaye a brilliant victory, is only using a term simply descriptive of what it was. It was a magnificent display of skill, moral courage, and perfect discipline, against native bravery and an immense numerical superiority. But it was not a mass of men, rudely collected, ignorant of military tactics, and unused to combinations, that Wellesley overthrew. Scindia's army was respectable in every arm, his cavalry excellent of their kind, and his artillery well served. His infantry were for a long time under the training of French officers; and the ease and precision with which he changed his front when the British crossed the Kaitna to assail his flank, shewed that the lessons of the French disciplinarians had not been given in vain.

The total *déroute* of Assaye was followed by a tide of conquest. Fortress after fortress was reduced, and Scindia sought and obtained a truce. The British arms were next turned against the Rajah of Berar—General Wellesley marched against him—for the truce was ended suddenly, and Scindia joined his colleague with all his disposable force.

On the plains of Argaum Wellesley found the confederated chiefs drawn up in order of battle. Scindia's immense cavalry formed the right—on the left were the Berar infantry and guns, flanked by the Rajah's cavalry—while a cloud of Pindaries were observed on the extreme right of the whole array.

The British moved down and formed line, the infantry in front, and the cavalry in reserve. The battle was short and decisive. The Berar's Persian infantry attacked the 74th and 78th regiments, and were literally annihilated; while Scindia's cavalry charge failed totally, the 26th native regiment repulsing it most gloriously. The British now rushed forward—and the Mahrattas broke and fled in every direction, abandoning their entire park;* while the cavalry pursued by moonlight the scattered host, and captured an immense

* Above one hundred pieces of artillery were taken at Assaye, and thirty-eight were captured at Argaum.

number of elephants and beasts of burden, the entire baggage, and stores and arms of every description.

The fall of some places of strength, and the total defeat of their armies in the field, humbled Scindia and his ally, the Rajah, and obliged them to sue and obtain a peace. The brilliant career of General Wellesley had gained him a name in arms, which future victories were to immortalize. To commemorate the battle of Assaye, a monument was erected in Calcutta, a sword presented to the victor by the citizens, and a gold vase by the officers he commanded. He was also, made a Knight Companion of the Bath, and honoured by the thanks of Parliament. Even from the inhabitants of Seringapatam he received an address, remarkable for its simplicity and affection, committing him to the care of "the God of all castes," and invoking for him "health, glory, and happiness." In 1805 he returned to his native land, "with war's red honours on his crest," bearing with him from the scene of his glory the high estimation and affectionate wishes of every caste and colour.

EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION.

British army employed in useless expeditions.—Finally ordered to Egypt.—Voyage thither.—Arrival in the Bay of Aboukir.—Preparations for disembarkation.—Landing.—Attack and repulse of the French.—Sir Ralph Abercrombie advances—forces the French position—attempts the lines in front of Alexandria by a *coup-de-main*, and is repulsed.—Falls back, and takes up a position.

WHETHER the employment of a British force in Egypt, under the circumstances Europe then presented, was a judicious disposal of it, is a question that would involve too large a political inquiry; "but certain it is that any positive object would have been preferable to the indeterminate counsels and feebly executed plans which wasted the soldiers' health and spirits, compromised the honour of the army, and so materially prejudiced the interests of a country."*

In 1800, an attempt on Cadiz was planned and abandoned; and an army, the *corps élite* of Britain, was kept idly afloat in transports at an enormous expense, suffering from tempestuous weather, and losing their energies and discipline, while one scheme was proposed after another, only to be considered and rejected. By turns Italy and South America were named as countries where they might be successfully employed —but to both designs, on mature deliberation, strong objections were found; and on the 25th of October final orders were received from England, directing the fleet and army forthwith to rendezvous at Malta, and thence proceed to Egypt.

The troops on reaching the island were partially disembarked while the ships were refitting; and the fresh provisions and salubrious air of Valetta soon restored many who had suffered from long confinement and salt rations. Five hundred Maltese were enlisted to serve as pioneers. Water-casks were

* Wilson.

replenished, stores laid in, the troops re-embarked; and on the 20th of December, the first division got under weigh, followed by the second on the succeeding day.

Instead of sailing direct for their destination, the fleet proceeded to the Bay of Macri. Finding that roadstead too open, the admiral shaped his course for the coast of Caramania. There he was overtaken by a gale of wind,—and though close to the magnificent harbour of Marmorrice, its existence appears to have been known, out of a fleet of two hundred vessels, only to the captain of a brig of war. As the fleet were caught in a heavy gale on a lee shore, the result might have been most disastrous to the transports, who could not carry sufficient canvas to work off the land. Fortunately, Marmorrice proved a haven of refuge; and the surprise and pleasure of the soldiers can scarcely be described, when they found themselves in smooth water, and surrounded by the grandest scenery imaginable, "though, the instant before, the fleet was labouring in a heavy gale, and rolling in a tremendous sea."*

Another landing of the troops took place, and no advantages resulted from it to compensate the loss of time which allowed the French to obtain strong reinforcements. Goat's flesh was abundant, and poultry plentiful; but the Turks had probably been apprised beforehand of the munificence of the English, as every article was advanced on the arrival of the fleet four hundred per cent. in price.

The remount of the cavalry formed an ostensible, almost an only reason, for the expedition visiting Asia Minor, and consuming time that might have been so successfully employed. The horses arrived, but from their wretched quality and condition they proved a sorry equivalent for the expense and trouble their acquisition cost.†

* "It may be a question why the army did not sail direct to Egypt, and the event justifies the supposition that it would have experienced less resistance, since L'Egyptienne, Justice, Régénérée, and Lodi, which carried out important succours of troops and ammunition, had not at that time got into Alexandria."—*Wilson's Expedition to Egypt.*

† "The animals were naturally bad, and in such a shocking state as to make the dragoons feel humiliation in being ordered to take charge of them. Every commanding officer solicited rather to serve with his corps as infantry; but the nature of the service the army was about to be employed on rendered even such more desirable than none. Out of several

While the expedition was in the harbour of Marmorrice, an awful tempest came suddenly on, and raged with unintermitting fury for two days. It thundered violently—hailstones fell as large as walnuts—deluges of water rushed from the mountains, sweeping every thing away. The horses broke loose—the ships drove from their anchors—the Swiftsure, a seventy-four, was struck with lightning—and many others lost masts, spars, and were otherwise disabled. Amid this elemental war, signal-guns fired from vessels in distress, and the howling of wolves and other wild animals in the woods, added to the uproar.

After a protracted delay in waiting for the Turkish armament, which was expected to have been in perfect readiness, the expedition left the harbour without it on the 23rd of February. The sight, when the fleet got under weigh, was most imposing; the men-of-war, transports, and store-ships amounting to one hundred and seventy-five sail.

The British army was composed of the whole or portions of twenty-seven regiments, exclusive of artillery and pioneers.* Its total strength in rank and file, including one thousand sick and five hundred Maltese, was fifteen thousand three hundred and thirty men. In this number all the *attachés* of the army were reckoned—and consequently the entire force that could have been combatant in the field would not exceed twelve thousand bayonets and sabres. This was certainly a small army with which to attack an enemy in possession of

nundred horses, two hundred were left for the cavalry, fifty for the artillery, and the remainder *shot, or sold for a dollar apiece.*"—*Wilson's Expedition.*

* EFFECTIVE STRENGTH OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY.

Guards, Major-General Ludlow.
1st, or Royals, 2nd battalions 54th and 92nd, Major-General Coote.
8th, 13th, 90th, Major-General Craddock.
2nd, or Queen's, 50th, 79th, Major-General Lord Cavan.
18th, 30th, 44th, 89th, Brigadier-General Doyle.
Minorca, De Rolde's, Dillon's, Major-General Stuart.

RESERVE.

40th. Flank Company, 23rd, 28th, 42nd, 58th, Corsican Rangers, Major-General Moore.
Detachment 11th Dragoons, 12th Dragoons, 26th Dragoons, Brigadier-General Finch.
Artillery and Prince's, Brigadier-General Lawson.

the country, holding fortified posts, with a powerful artillery, a numerous cavalry, and having a perfect acquaintance with the only places on the coast where it was practicable to disembark in safety.

On the 1st of March the Arab's tower was in sight,—and next morning the whole fleet entered Aboukir Bay.* On the following morning a French frigate was seen running into Alexandria, having entered the bay in company with the British fleet.†

The weather was unfavourable for attempting a landing of the troops. This was a serious disappointment, and an accidental occurrence added to the inconvenience it would have otherwise caused. Two engineer officers, engaged in reconnoitring the coast, advanced too far into the bay through an over-zealous anxiety to mark out a landing-place. They were seen and overtaken by a French gun-boat, who fired into the cutter, killing one of the engineers and making the other prisoner. The survivor was brought ashore, and forwarded to Cairo to General Menou; and thus, had the British descent been before doubtful, this unfortunate discovery would have confirmed the certainty of an intended landing, and allowed ample time for preparations being made to oppose it.

The weather moderated in the morning of the 7th, and the signal was made by the flag-ship "to prepare for landing." But the sea was still so much up that the attempt was postponed,—and with the exception of an affair between the

* The men-of-war brought up exactly in the place where the battle of the Nile was fought, the Foudroyant chafing her cables on the wreck of the French admiral's ship. The anchor of the L'Orient was crept for and recovered.

† On the morning of the 2nd of March, a frigate was seen standing into Alexandria. Pursuit was unavailing; she reached the harbour, and hoisting French colours, proved unequivocally her nation. It will scarcely be credited that a French frigate, finding herself unexpectedly in the midst of an English fleet, should have been so capable directly to disguise herself, as to continue unsuspected on her course with it, which she did the whole day before, answering the various signals made, and yet never attracted the smallest suspicion; nevertheless it is a fact, and must remain on record as an honourable anecdote to the credit of the French captain of the Régénérée. During the night, a brig, the Lodi, also entered, but which was not then known.—*Wilson.*

boats of the Foudroyant and a party of the enemy, whom they drove from a block-house, that day passed quietly over.

The 8th was more moderate—the swell had abated—and preparations for the landing commenced. At two o'clock the first division were in the boats, amounting to five thousand five hundred men, under General Coote; while the ships, on board of which the remainder of the army still remained, were anchored as near the shore as possible, to allow the landing brigades their immediate support. The right and left flanks of the boats were protected by launches and gun-brigs; three sloops of war, with springs upon their cables, had laid their broadsides towards the beach; and the Fury and Tartarus had taken a position to cover the troops with the fire of their mortars.

The French were drawn up on a ridge of sandhills, with an elevated hillock in their centre, and twelve pieces of artillery in position along their line. The moment was one of absorbing interest—and many a heart beat fast as, in half-companies, the soldiers stood under arms in the launches, impatiently waiting for the signal to advance.

A gun was fired; off sprang the boats, while the men-of-war opened their batteries, and the bomb-vessels commenced throwing shells. The cannonade from the shipping was promptly returned by the French lines and Castle of Aboukir; while on swept the regiments towards the beach, under a furious discharge of shot and shells, and a torrent of grape and musketry, that ploughed the surface of the water,* or carried death into the dense masses of men crowded in the launches. But nothing could exceed the glorious rivalry displayed by both services in advancing: while shot was hailing on the water, the sailors, as the spray flashed from their oar-blades, nobly emulated each other in trying who should first beach his boat. Each cheered the other forward,—while the soldiers caught the enthusiastic spirit and answered them with loud huzzas. The beach was gained,—the 23rd and 40th jumped into the surf, reached the shore, formed as they cleared the

* "A bullet which grazes four or five times, as it does on water, will be much more likely to do execution than a direct shot; which may either strike short of the mark, and in the next bound pass far beyond it, or go over without touching at all."—*Carnot.*

water, and rushed boldly up the sandhills, never attempting to draw a trigger, but leaving all to be decided by the bayonet. The French regiments that confronted them were driven from the heights; while pressing on, the Nole hills in the rear, with three pieces of artillery, were captured.

The 42nd were equally successful; they formed with beautiful regularity in the face of a French battalion protected by two guns—and after defeating a charge of two hundred cavalry, stormed and occupied the heights.

While these brilliant attacks had been in progress, the Guards were charged by the French dragoons in the very act of landing, and a temporary disorder ensued. The 58th had formed on the right, and, by a well-directed fire, repulsed the cavalry with loss. The Guards corrected their line, and instantly showed front—while the French, unable to shake the formation of the British, retired behind the sandhills.

The transport boats had been outstripped by those of the men-of-war—and consequently, the Royals and 54th only touched the shore as the dragoons rode off. Their landing was, however, admirably timed; for a French column, under cover of the sandhills, was advancing with fixed bayonets on the left flank of the Guards. On perceiving these newly-landed regiments, its courage failed; it halted, delivered a volley, and then hastily retreated.

The British had now possession of the heights; the brigade of Guards was formed and advancing, and the boats returning to the ships for the remainder of the army. Observing this, the enemy abandoned their position on the ridge, and, retiring behind the sandhills in the rear, for some time kept up a scattered fire. But on the British moving forward they deserted the ground entirely, leaving three hundred killed and wounded, eight pieces of cannon, and a number of horses to the victors. The remainder of the brigades were safely disembarked—Sir Ralph Abercrombie landed—and a position taken up, the right upon the sea, and the left on Lake Maadie.

A landing in the face of an enemy, prepared and in position like the French, under a heavy cannonade, and effected on a dangerous beach, would naturally occasion a severe loss of life; and several promising officers, and nearly five hundred men, were killed, wounded, and missing. The only surprise is, that

the casualties were not greater. The mode in which an army is debarked exposes it unavoidably to fire—and troops, packed by fifties in a launch, afford a striking mark for an artillerist. Guns, already in position on the shore, enable those who work them to obtain the range of an approaching object with great precision; and the effect of a well-directed shot upon a boat crowded with troops is necessarily most destructive.*

After the army had been united, it advanced by slow marches, some trifling skirmishing daily occurring between the advanced posts. On the 12th, the British bivouac was at the town of Mandora, and on the 13th Sir Ralph moved forward to attack the enemy, who were posted on a ridge of heights.

The French, reinforced by two half brigades of infantry, a regiment of cavalry from Cairo, and a corps from Rosetta, mustered about five thousand five hundred of that arm, with five hundred horse, and five-and-twenty pieces of artillery. Their position was well chosen, as it stood on a bold eminence having an extensive glacis in its front, which would allow full sweep for the fire of its numerous and well-appointed artillery. The English attack was directed against the right wing,—and in two lines, the brigades advanced in columns of regiments, the reserve covering the movements, and marching parallel with the first.

Immediately on debouching from a date-wood, the enemy descended from the heights, and the 92nd—the leading regiment on the left—was attacked by a furious discharge of grape and musketry; while the French cavalry charged down the hill, and threw themselves upon the 90th, which led the right column. Though the charge was most gallantly made, Latour Maubourg leading the dragoons at a gallop, a close and shattering volley from the 90th obliged them to turn along the front of the regiment, and retreat with a heavy loss. A few of the leading files, however, had actually reached the line, and

* "There exists, in fact, but little or no difference between the force of shot fired from a practicable elevation and that fired from a field-piece on a dead level. It is well known to military men, that artillery, firing from an elevated situation on bodies of troops, is less destructive than when firing on nearly the same level. In the former case, the shot can hardly hit more than one or two men; whereas it has been ascertained, that one single horizontal or *rezant* shot has killed *forty-two* when formed in close column."—*Carnot.*

were bayoneted in a desperate effort to break it. The attempt failed—and in executing his duty gloriously, their gallant leader was desperately wounded. The British pushed the reserve into action on the right; the Guards, in the rear, to support the centre, and Doyle's brigade, in column, behind the left. The French were on every point forced from their position—but, covered by the fire of their numerous guns and the fusilade of their voltigeurs, they retreated across the plain, and occupied their own lines on the heights of Alexandria.

Dillon's regiment, during this movement, made a brilliant bayonet charge, captured two guns, and turned them instantly on the enemy. Wishing to follow up this success, Sir Ralph attempted to carry the position by a *coup de main;* and advancing across the plain, he directed the brigades of Moore and Hutchinson to assault the flanks of the French position simultaneously. To attempt dislodging a force, posted as the enemy were, could only end in certain discomfiture. The troops could make no way*—a murderous fire of artillery mowed them down—"the French, no longer in danger, had only to load and fire; aim was unnecessary, the bullets could not but do their office, and plunge into the lines." For several hours the English remained, suffering this exterminating fire patiently; and at sunset, the order being given to fall back, the army retired and took up a position for the night.†

* "Whilst Sir Ralph Abercrombie *reconnoitred*, the army continued under the most terrible and destructive fire from the enemy's guns to which troops were ever exposed." This is Sir Robert Wilson's statement. Surely, were it necessary to reconnoitre, the troops should have been sheltered from a fire to which, without any possible object, they were uselessly exposed. The truth is, the Peninsular campaign first taught England the art of modern war—and made her army, at its termination, officers and men, the first in Europe.

† "Happy would it have been, however, if the army had never advanced beyond the first captured position—as far as that it had gloriously triumphed. The loss which it had sustained was inconsiderable; but it was a fatal movement which brought it so entirely within cannon-shot of the second position, and where it was halted so long. If, instead of finally abandoning so important an object, part of the army had been marched to the left, obliquely over the ground which lay between Lake Maadie and Lake Mariotes, subsequently inundated, and then formed to the right, when the left reached the turn of Pompey's Pillar, then attacking the south front of the position, whilst the right of the eastern front was attacked at the same time, no doubt can now exist of its having been easily carried

The British loss, its strength considered, was immense. Eleven hundred men were killed and wounded,—while that of the enemy amounted barely to a third, with four field-pieces, which they were obliged to abandon.

A strong position was now taken by Sir Ralph; the right reached the sea, resting on the ruins of a Roman palace, and projecting a quarter of a mile over heights in front. This promontory of sandhills and ruins was some three hundred yards across, sloping gradually to a valley, which divided it from the hills which formed the rest of the lines. The extreme left appuied on two batteries—and Lake Maadie protected the rear —and the whole, from sea to lake, extended about a mile. In front of the right, the ground was uneven; but that before the centre would admit cavalry to act. The whole space had once been a Roman colony—and, on its ruined site, a hard-fought day was now about to be decided.

and most probably the town of Alexandria. Old and new forts Cretin and Caffarelli could have opposed but little resistance; and if they had held out, must have surrendered long before the arrival of General Menou."—. *Wilson*

BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA.

French position.—The English fortify their camp.—Occurrences.—Menou attacks the British lines.—Battle of the 21st.—The English commander wounded.—Casualties of both armies.—Remarks.—Death of Sir Ralph Abercrombie.

The French position was still stronger than the English lines, as it stretched along a ridge of lofty hills, extending from the sea on one side to the canal of Alexandria on the other. A tongue of land in the advance of their right, ran nearly for a mile parallel with the canal, and had obliged the British posts to be thrown considerably back, and thus obliqued their line. In a classic and military view, nothing could be more imposing than the ground on which Menou's army were encamped. In the centre stood Fort Cretin; on the left, Fort Caffarelli; Pompey's Pillar showed boldly on the right; Cleopatra's Needle on the left; while Alexandria appeared in the background, with its walls extending to the sea; and at the extremity of a long low neck of land, the ancient Pharos was visible. Wherever the eye ranged, objects of no common interest met it: some of the "wonders of the world" were contiguous; and "the very ruins under foot were sacred from their antiquity."

The British army had little leisure, and probably as little inclination, to indulge in classic recollections. The men were busily engaged in fortifying the position, bringing up guns for the batteries, and collecting ammunition and stores. The magazines were inconveniently situated; and to roll weighty spirit-casks through the deep sands was a most laborious task, and it principally devolved upon the seamen. The fuel was particularly bad, the billets being obtained from the date-tree, which it is almost impossible to ignite, and whose smoke, when kindling, pains, by its pungency, the eyes of all within its in-

fluence. Water was abundant, but of indifferent quality;* and as Menou, with a most unjustifiable severity, inflicted death upon the Arabs who should be found bringing sheep to the camp, the price of fresh provisions was high, and the supply precarious.

On the 10th, an affair took place between an enemy's patrol and a detachment of British cavalry, under Colonel Archdale. It was a very gallant, but very imprudent encounter—a third of the men, and half the officers, being killed or taken. Another casualty occurred also, to the great regret of all. Colonel Brice, of the Guards, in going his rounds, was deceived by a mirage; and coming unexpectedly on an enemy's post, received a wound of which he died the third day, a prisoner.

Menou was reported to be advancing; and an Arab chief apprised Sir Sydney Smith, that the French intended an attack upon the British camp next morning. The information was discredited; but the result proved that it was authentic.

On the 21st of March, the army, at three o'clock, as usual, stood to their arms—and for half an hour all was undisturbed. Suddenly, a solitary musket was fired, a cannon-shot succeeded it, and a spattering fusilade, broken momentarily with the heavier booming of a gun, announced that an attack was being made. The feebleness of the fire rendered it doubtful against what point the real effort of the French would be directed. All looked impatiently for daybreak, which, though faintly visible in the east, seemed to break more tardily the more its assistance was desired.

On the right, a noise was heard; all listened in breathless expectation; shouts and a discharge of musketry succeeded; the roar increased; momentarily it became louder,—there indeed the enemy were in force—and there the British line was seriously assailed.

Favoured by broken ground, and covered by the haze of morning, the French had partially surprised the videts, attacked the pickets, and following them quickly, drove them

* "The 13th regiment dug into an aqueduct of running fresh water, well arched over, but the source or outlet of which was never ascertained. The Arabs themselves could give no information, and seemed lost in astonishment when regarding this valuable discovery."—*Wilson.*

back upon the line. One column advanced upon the ruin held by the 58th, their drums beating the *pas de charge*, and the officers cheering the men forward. Colonel Houston, who commanded the regiment, fearing lest his own pickets might have been retiring in front of the enemy's column, reserved his fire, until the glazed hats of the French were distinguishable in the doubtful light. The 58th lined a wall partly dilapidated, but which in some places afforded them an excellent breast-work; and the twilight allowed the French column to be only distinctly seen when within thirty yards of the post. As the regiment occupied detached portions of the wall, where its greater ruin exposed it to attack, an irregular but well-sustained fusilade was kept up, until the enemy's column, unable to bear the quick and well-directed musketry of the British, retired into a hollow for shelter. There they reformed, and wheeling to the right endeavoured to turn the left of the redoubt, while another column marched against the battery occupied by the 28th. On the front attack the regiment opened a heavy fire—but part of the enemy had gained the rear, and another body penetrated through the ruined wall. Thus assailed on every side, the 58th wheeled back two companies, who, after delivering three effective volleys, rushed forward with the bayonet. The 23rd now came to support the 58th—while the 42nd moved round the exterior of the ruins, cutting off the French retreat; and of the enemy, all who entered the redoubt were killed or taken.

The situation of the 28th and 58th was, for a time, as extraordinary as it was dangerous—for at the same moment they were actually repelling three separate attacks, and were assailed simultaneously on their front, flanks, and rear.

The 42nd, in relieving the 28th, was exposed to a serious charge of French cavalry. Nearly unperceived, the dragoons wheeled suddenly round the left of the redoubt, and though the ground was full of holes, rode furiously over tents and baggage, and, charging *en masse*, completely overthrew the Highlanders. In this desperate emergency, the 42nd, with broken ranks, and in that unavoidable confusion which, when it occurs, renders cavalry so irresistible, fought furiously hand to hand, and opposed their bayonets fearlessly to the sabres of the French. The flank companies of the 40th, immediately

beside them, dared not, for a time, deliver their fire, the combatants were so intermingled in the *mêlée*. At this moment General Stuart brought up the foreign brigade in beautiful order, and their heavy and well-sustained fusilade decided the fate of the day "Nothing could withstand it, and the enemy fled or perished."

During this charge of cavalry, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, who had ridden to the right on finding it seriously engaged, advanced to the ruins where the contest was raging, after having despatched his aide-de-camp* with orders to the more distant brigades. He was quite alone; and some French dragoons having penetrated to the spot, one, remarking that he was a superior officer, charged and overthrew the veteran commander. In an attempt to cut him down, the old man, nerved with a momentary strength, seized the uplifted sword, and wrested it from his assailant, while a Highland soldier transfixed the Frenchman with his bayonet. Unconscious that he was wounded in the thigh, Sir Ralph complained only of a pain in his breast, occasioned, as he supposed, by a blow from the pommel of the sword during his recent struggle with the dragoon. The first officer that came up was Sir Sydney Smith, who, having broken the blade of his sabre, received from Sir Ralph the weapon of which he had despoiled the French hussar.

The cavalry being completely repulsed, Sir Ralph walked firmly to the redoubt on the right of the Guards, from which a commanding view of the entire battle-field could be obtained. The French, though driven from the camp, still maintained the battle on the right, and charging with their reserve cavalry, attacked the foreign brigade. Here, too, they were resolutely repulsed; and their infantry, finding their efforts everywhere unsuccessful, changed their formation and acted *en tirailleur*.

* A curious incident occurred immediately afterwards. An aid-de-camp of General Craddock, in carrying orders, had his horse killed, and begged permission of Sir Sydney Smith to mount a horse belonging to his orderly dragoon. As Sir Sydney was turning round to give the order to dismount, a cannon-shot took off the poor fellow's head. "This," said the Admiral, "settles the question; Major, the horse is at your service."

with the exception of one battalion, which still held a flèche* in front of the redoubt, on either flank of which the Republican colours were planted.

At this time the ammunition of the British was totally exhausted; some regiments, particularly the reserve, had not a single cartridge; and in the battery the supply for the guns was reduced to a single round. In consequence, the British fire on the right had nearly ceased, but in the centre the engagement still continued.

There the attack had commenced at daybreak; a column of grenadiers, supported by a heavy line of infantry, furiously assailing the Guards, and driving in the flankers which had been thrown out to check their advance. Observing the echelon† formation of the British, the French general instantly attempted to turn their left; but the officer commanding on that flank as promptly prevented it, by throwing some companies sharply back, while Coote's brigade having come up, and opening its musketry, obliged the enemy to give way and retire. Finding the attack in column fail, the French broke into extended order and opened a scattered fusilade, while every gun that could be brought to bear by their artillery was turned on the English position. But all was vain; though suffering heavily from this murderous fire, the formation of the Guards was coolly corrected when disturbed by the cannonade —while the fine and imposing attitude of these regiments removed all hope that they could be shaken, and prevented any renewal of attack.

The British left had never been seriously attempted, consequently its casualties were very few, and occasioned by a distant fire from the French guns, and a trifling interchange of musketry.

* *Flèche*, in field fortification, is a work with two faces, generally used to cover the quarter guards of a camp, or any advanced post, as a tête de pont, &c.

† *Echelon*, in military parlance, is the movement of companies or regiments, when each division follows that which preceded it, like the steps of a ladder. It is employed when changing from a *direct* to an *oblique* or diagonal formation. The *oblique* changes are produced by the wheel, less than the quarter circle of division, from line; the *direct* are effected by a perpendicular and successive march of divisions from line to front or rear.

While the British right was, from want of ammunition, nearly *hors de combat*, the French approached the redoubt once more. They, too, had expended their cartridges—and both the assailants and assailed actually pelted the other with stones,* of which missiles there was a very abundant supply upon the ground. A sergeant of the 28th had his skull beaten in by a blow, and died upon the spot. The grenadiers of the 40th, however, not relishing this novel mode of attack and defence, moved out to end the business with the bayonet. Instantly the assailants ran—the sharpshooters abandoned the hollows—and the battalion, following their example, evacuated the flèche, leaving the battle ground in front unoccupied by any save the dead and dying.

Menou's attempts had all been signally defeated. He perceived that the British lines had sustained no impression that would justify a continuation of the attack, and he determined to retreat. His brigades accordingly moved off under the heights of their position in excellent order; and though, for a considerable distance, they were forced to retire within an easy range of cannon shot, the total want of ammunition obliged the English batteries to remain silent, and permit the French march to be effected with trifling molestation. The cannon on the British left, and the guns of some men-of-war cutters, which had anchored close in with the land upon the right, kept up a galling fire, their shots plunging frequently into the French ranks, and particularly into those of a corps of cavalry posted on a bridge over the canal of Alexandria, to observe any movement the British left might threaten.

At ten o'clock the action had ended. Sir Ralph Abercrombie previously refused to quit the field, and remained exposed to the heavy cannonade directed on the battery where he stood, until perfectly assured that the French defeat had been decisive. From what proved a fatal wound he appeared at first to feel but little inconvenience, complaining only of the contusion on his breast.† When, however, the day was won, and exer-

* Wilson.

† The pain attendant upon wounds is very uncertain, and depends chiefly on the means by which they have been inflicted. It is said, "that a wound from a grape-shot is less quietly borne than a wound from round-

tion no longer necessary, nature yielded, and in an exhausted state he was carried in a hammock off the field, accompanied by the tears and blessings of the soldiery. In the evening he was removed, for better care, on board the flag-ship, where he continued until his death.

Immediate attention was bestowed upon the wounded, who, from the confined nature of the ground on which the grand struggles of the day had occurred, were lying in fearful numbers all around. Many of the sufferers had been wounded by grape-shot, others mangled by the sabres, or trodden down by the horses of the cavalry. Death had been busily employed. Of the British, two hundred and forty were dead, including six officers; eleven hundred and ninety men and sixty officers wounded; and thirty privates and three officers missing. Other casualties had occurred. The tents had been shred to pieces by the French guns, and many of the wounded and sick, who were lying there, were killed. No wonder could be expressed that the loss of life had been so terrible, for thousands of brass cannon-balls were lying loosely about, and glistening on the sands.

The French loss had been most severe. One thousand and fifty bodies were buried* on the field of battle, and nearly seven hundred wounded were found mingled with the dead. The total loss sustained by Menou's army could not have been much under four thousand; and in this the greater portion of his principal officers must be included. General Roiz was found dead in the rear of the redoubt, and the French order of battle discovered in his pocket. Near the same place two guns had been abandoned,† and these, with a stand of colours, fell, as trophies of their victory, to the conquerors.

shot or musketry. The latter is seldom known in the night, except from the falling of the individual; whereas the former not unfrequently draws forth loud lamentations."—*Leith Hay.*

* In a sandy soil the decomposition of animal matter proceeds slowly. On the landing of the Capitan Pasha in the bay of Aboukir, his army encamped on the beach, near the place where four thousand Turks had formerly perished. They had been interred upon the plain where they had fallen, but, although two years had elapsed, the corruption of the battle-field was intolerable; every hoof-mark baring a corpse in partial putridity, while the clothes remained perfectly entire.

† One gun, an Austrian eight-pounder, was lying dismounted in front

No army could have behaved more gallantly than the British. Surrounded, partially broken, and even without a cartridge left, the contest was continued and a victory won. That the French fought bravely, that their attacks were vigorously made, and, after discomfiture, as boldly repeated, must be admitted; and that, in becoming the assailant, Menou conferred an immense advantage on the British, is equally true. There Menou betrayed want of judgment; for had he but waited forty-eight hours the British must have attacked him. Indeed, the assault was already planned; and, as it was to have been made in the night, considering the strength of their position, and the fine *matériel* of the Republican troops, a more precarious trial could never have been hazarded. But the case was desperate; the successes of the 8th and 13th,—and dearly bought, though gloriously achieved, they were,—must have been rendered nugatory, unless forward operations could have been continued. In short, Menou fought Abercrombie's battle—and he who must have been assailed, became himself the assailant.

Military criticism, like political disquisitions, come not within the design of a work merely intended to describe the action of the battle, or the immediate events that preceded or resulted; but, if the truth were told, during these brief operations, from the landing to the evening of the 21st, mistakes were made on both sides. The military character of Britain had been sadly lowered by mismanagement at home, and still more ridiculously undervalued abroad,—and it remained for future fields and a future conqueror to re-establish for England a reputation in arms, and prove that the island-spirit wanted only a field for its display.

After lingering a few days, the French Generals Lannuse and Bodet died of their wounds; and on the evening of the 28th, the British army had to lament the decease of their

of the redoubt. In the darkness of the morning it had been too far advanced, and a round of grape from an English twenty-four pounder in battery, had annihilated the men attached to it, and killed the four horses.

* * * * * *

The colours bore most honourable inscriptions:—"Le Passage de la Serivia; Le Passage du Tagliamento; Le Passage de l'Isonzo, Le Prise de Graz, Le Pont de Lodi."

gallant and beloved commander. An attempt to extract the ball, attended with great pain, was unsuccessful. Mortification ensued, Sir Ralph sank rapidly, and while his country and his army engrossed his every thought, he expired, full of years and honour, universally and most justly lamented.*

The eulogy of his successor in command thus concludes: "Were it permitted for a soldier to regret any one who has fallen in the service of his country, I might be excused for lamenting him more than any other person; but it is some consolation to those who tenderly loved him, that as his life was honourable so was his death glorious. His memory will be recorded in the annals of his country, will be sacred to every British soldier, and embalmed in the recollection of a grateful posterity."

* The body was conveyed to Malta in a frigate, and buried in the north-east bastion of Valetta. A black marble slab, with a Latin inscription, marks the place where the ashes of the brave old commander are deposited.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Expedition to the Cape.—Troops employed. Occurrences during the voyage.—Fleet arrives on the coast of Africa.—Cape described. Its garrison. Janssens' plans.—Landing delayed.—Effected on the 6th.—Action with the Batavian army.—Total defeat of Janssens.—Advance on Cape Town.—Its defences.—Town capitulates.—Negotiation between English and Dutch Generals.—Colony surrendered.

In 1805, the British Government, having ascertained that the Cape of Good Hope had only a force under two thousand regular troops for its protection, and that the militia and inhabitants were well-inclined to assist an English army, in case a landing should be made, determined to attempt the reduction of that colony, by the employment of a body of troops cantoned in the neighbourhood of Cork, assisted by some regiments already on board the India ships at Falmouth.

The expedition was to be a secret one—and the troops embarked at Cork were ostensibly intended for service in the Mediterranean. It was supposed that this report would prevent suspicion, particularly as the Company's fleet sailed alone, as if its destination was really Madras direct. Sealed orders were, however, given to the commanders to be opened in a certain latitude,—and in these they were ordered to rendezvous at Madeira.

The troops composing the expedition were placed under the command of General Baird. They comprised the 24th, 38th, 59th, 71st, 72nd, 83rd, and 98th, part of the 20th light dragoons, with artillery, artificers, and recruits, making a total force of six thousand six hundred and fifty rank and file.

It was at first suspected that some troops which had left Rochfort in two line-of-battle ships, and escaped the vigilance of our cruisers, might have been intended to reinforce the garrison at the Cape, and General Baird conceived the corps intrusted to him not sufficiently strong to achieve the objects

of the expedition. He asked, under this impression, for an additional force, and stated the grounds on which the request was made; but, in the mean time, it was ascertained that the French troops had proceeded to the West Indies; and that, therefore, the Cape of Good Hope had received no increase to its military establishment.

After another application to obtain an increase to the corps already under his orders, by having the 8th regiment added to the force, the expedition sailed, stopping at Madeira and St. Salvador to obtain water and provisions. Nothing of moment occurred in the voyage to South America; the passage was tedious, and an Indiaman and transport ran on a low sandy island, called the Roccas, and were totally lost. Fortunately, the men on board and twelve chests of dollars were saved from the wreck. Only three individuals perished;—of these, General Yorke, in command of the artillery, was one, and Major Spicer, the next in seniority, succeeded him. While staying at St. Salvador, the regiments were landed and inspected, a remount of fifty horses obtained for the cavalry, and, all arrangements being completed, the expedition sailed for its final destination on the 28th of November, and made the African coast, a little to the northward of the Cape, on the 4th of January, 1806.

"Table Bay, on the shore, and almost in the centre of which Cape Town stands, receives its name from that extraordinary eminence called Table Mountain, which rises about three thousand six hundred and eighty-seven feet above the level of the sea, and which terminates in a perfectly flat surface at that height, where the face of the rock on the side of Cape Town descends almost perpendicularly. To the eastward of the mountain, separated from it by a chasm, is Charles's Mount, more generally called the Devil's Tower; and on the westward, a round hill rises on the right hand of the bay, called the Lion's Head, from which a ridge of high land, terminating in another smaller hill, called the Lion's Rump, stretches towards the sea."*

The town itself is handsome and extensive; and the streets, intersecting each other at right angles, are broad and airy

* Life of Sir David Baird.

generally built with stone, and with terraces in front. The Company's gardens, walks, parade, and castle, all add to the beauty of the place, and render it superior to any colonial city in the possession of Great Britain.

The coast is everywhere dangerous—landing, excepting in the bays, and that, too, in favourable weather, almost impracticable—and hence, a very inferior force on shore, if the surf were at all up, might successfully resist any attempt at the disembarkation of an army.

The troops in garrison consisted of a detachment of Batavian artillery, the 22nd Dutch regiment of the line, a German regiment of Waldecks, and a native corps, which acted as light infantry. To these, an auxiliary battalion, formed from the seamen and marines of a frigate and corvette which had been wrecked upon the coast, were added; while a number of irregulars, mounted and dismounted, comprised of the boors, and armed with guns of enormous length of barrel, completed the force of General Janssens, who was then commandant at the Cape.

The governor had a high reputation, both as a soldier and a civilian, and from the excellence of his measures since his arrival at the Cape, was held most deservedly in great estimation by the colonists. On the appearance of the British fleet, although his numerical superiority was greater than that of his enemy, he wisely considered that the *matériel* of the invaders was far more efficient than his own; and leaving a garrison in Cape Town, he determined to fall back on the interior with the remainder of his troops, and carry on a desultory war, until the arrival of a French or Dutch fleet from Europe should enable him to resort to active measures and save the colony. This plan, though ruinous to the inhabitants if carried out, would have rendered the subjugation of the Cape a very difficult and tedious undertaking for the British—and in this posture of affairs the expedition made the coast, and came to anchor on the evening of the 4th, just out of range of the batteries in Table Bay.

The weather was fortunately calm, but the day was too far advanced to admit a landing of the troops—but all was prepared for effecting it on the morrow. The coast was sounded,

the approaches to the town reconnoitred, and a small inlet, sixteen miles north-east of the town, called Leopard's Bay, was selected as the point on which the troops should be disembarked. The transports accordingly weighed and took their stations, while the men-of-war got into a position to cover the landing, in case of opposition, with their guns.

During the night the surf had risen so prodigiously, that at daylight it was declared unsafe for boats to attempt the beach, and a landing at Saldana Bay was proposed. There it could be easily effected, but it would carry the army a distance from the town, separate it on its march from the fleet, oblige it to depend for its supplies on what provisions it could carry, or any which by accidental circumstances it could obtain on its route: it would also entail a harassing march of seventy miles on soldiers so long cooped up on shipboard; and that, too, in the hot season of the year, over a heavy sand, where water was not procurable.* Still, the uncertainty of the weather, and the necessity of an immediate attack, overcame all other objections; and on the evening of the 5th, General Beresford, with the 38th regiment and the 20th light dragoons, sailed for Saldana, with an understanding, that the remainder of the army should proceed thither on the following morning.

But daylight on the 6th broke with happier promise; the surf had gone down considerably; and it was at once decided that the troops should be landed without farther loss of time. The Highland brigade was instantly transferred from the transports to the boats, and the 71st, 72nd, and 93rd, effected a landing with but a single casualty, and that arising from the swamping of a launch, by which five-and-thirty Highlanders were drowned.

No other loss attended the operation—the light company of

* "It is utterly impossible to convey to your lordship an adequate idea of the obstacles which opposed the advance and retarded the success of our army. * * * * * *

"A deep, heavy, and dry sand, covered with shrubs, scarcely pervious by light bodies of infantry; and above all, the total privation of water, under the effect of a burning sun, had nearly exhausted our gallant fellows in the moment of victory; and with the greatest difficulty were we able to reach Rei Valley, where we took up our position for the night."—*Baird's Despatches.*

WHIT... LIBRA...

the 93rd cleared the brushwood of a few skirmishers that had been thrown out by the enemy—and the remainder of the troops debarked without any opposition.

The artillery, consisting of four six-pounders and a couple of howitzers, were landed on the 7th; and the whole of the force being now safely on shore, the British general commenced his march direct on Cape Town, the guns being dragged through the sands by fatigue parties furnished from the fleet.

The advance was unopposed until the English army had approached a line of heights, some four miles distant from the landing place. The Blawberg, as one of these eminences is called, was occupied by burgher cavalry—and the videts announced that General Janssens was in position on the other side of the high grounds, and his whole disposable force drawn up in order of battle. The march was steadily continued, and when the Blawberg was crowned by the advanced guard, the Batavian army, formed in two lines, with twenty-five pieces of artillery and a large corps of irregular cavalry, was discovered.

General Baird formed his corps into two columns of brigades; the right, comprising the 24th, 59th, and 83rd, under Lieutenant-Colonel Baird, commanding in the absence of General Beresford; and the left, consisting of the Highland regiments, under General Fergusson. While deploying into line, the Batavian guns opened, and their cavalry, by a left extension, threatened the right of the British. Baird's brigade refused its right, checking the burgher horse with its musketry; and the Highland regiments on the left made a rapid movement under a heavy cannonade, and advanced to the charge. The right wing of the Batavian army broke without waiting an assault—the left followed the example—and the field was totally abandoned by the enemy, with a considerable loss in killed and wounded.

Without cavalry it was impossible to complete the *déroute*. The guns were, therefore, carried off; and quitting the road to Cape Town, Janssens, in pursuance of his previous plan, marched eastward, and moved towards Hottentot Holland, with a hope of protracting a war in the interior. Of course the capital was the object of the conqueror. The fleet was in an exposed anchorage—and to equip his army for ulterior opera-

tions, and secure his communication with the sea, it was necessary to possess Cape Town.

The advance was very distressing, and the troops suffered much. The badness of the roads, the heat of the weather, and worse still, the scarcity of water, was severely felt before the brigades, at a late hour, reached their bivouacs in Reit Valley, a farming establishment belonging to the Dutch government. Here some salt provisions, which had been floated through the surf, were brought up by the marines, and partitioned among the soldiers; while the few and scanty springs attached to the farm afforded them an indifferent supply of water. An immediate movement on the capital was imperative; and the next day the British reached a position beside the Salt River —an inlet some short distance from the strong lines which cover Cape Town.

These defences are formed of a chain of redoubts, with a connecting parapet, furnished with banquettes* and a dry-ditch. They extend about eight hundred yards, and unite the Devil's Berg with the sea. These lines were very formidable, as they had been considerably strengthened by the English during their possession of the colony. One hundred and fifty guns and howitzers were mounted on the works; and several batteries had been erected on the escarpe of the mountain, that would have exposed assailing troops to a flanking fire, and, in storming the lines, occasioned a severe loss of life. One battery and blockhouse were placed on a shoulder of the hill, thirteen hundred feet above the level of the plain. But this was probably the least effective of the defences; as, in modern warfare, a plunging fire is not regarded much. A mile behind the lines the castle of Good Hope is situated at the entrance of the town. It is a pentagon, with outworks strong enough to require a regular approach; and that side of the city which overlooks the bay is secured alike by the fire of the

* *The parapet* is a part of the rampart elevated six or seven feet above the rest, to cover the troops from fire.

The banquette is four feet lower than the parapet, and two or three higher than the rampart. It is the platform from which musketry is discharged, with the least possible exposure to the soldiers from the fire of the besiegers.

castle, and a number of batteries mounted with guns of heavy calibre.

To carry works so extensive, and so formidable in their defences, with a small corps like Baird's, unprovided with any artillery but the light field-pieces they had brought through the sands, was not to be attempted; and it was determined to obtain some heavy guns, and a reinforcement of seamen and marines from the fleet. But these were not required: the enemy sent out a flag of truce, and an armistice was agreed upon, which terminated ultimately in a capitulation. The town and its defences were given up to the British army, and, without a shot, works were surrendered to a force of not four thousand men, on which were mounted four hundred and fifty-six guns and mortars, most of them of the heaviest calibre.

Janssens, after his defeat, retired towards the interior; and having disbanded the militia and burgher cavalry, which had accompanied him, he took a position at Kloof, with twelve hundred regular troops, and some five-and-twenty guns. General Baird, anxious to effect the tranquillity of the colony and terminate hostilities at once, despatched General Beresford to make overtures to the Dutch governor, and induce him to capitulate. A long and doubtful negotiation took place between the British and Batavian commanders, which eventually ended in the whole of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope and its dependencies, with all the rights and privileges held and exercised by the Dutch government, being formally transferred to his Britannic Majesty.

Although the capture of the Cape was effected with trifling loss, and the opposition given to the British troops was far less formidable than might have been anticipated, still the operations which were so deservedly crowned with success, were boldly planned and bravely executed. Janssens exhibited no military talent,—and in a country abounding in strong positions, to offer battle in an open plain, and oppose an irregular force to a well-disciplined army, was a strange decision of the Batavian commander, and could only terminate in defeat. In an engagement in which the Dutch army was so easily routed, and the ulterior operations which followed, there was nothing

of that brilliancy which marked other victories achieved by British bravery—but no conquest was attended with more advantages and permanent results. A noble colony was obtained for Great Britain with little loss of life—and the only portion of Africa worth her occupation was secured to the "Mistress of the Seas."

MAIDA.

Preliminary remarks.—State of Sicily.—Change in the command.—French force in Calabria.—Sir John Stuart lands there.—Strength of British and French corps.—Reynier quits his position to attack Stuart—is completely defeated.—Casualties, French and British.—Subsequent operations.—Scylla captured.—Insurrection of the Calabrese.—Fall of Gaeta.—Scylla captured.—Garrison brought safely off.—Concluding observations.

It has been remarked with great justice, that until the Peninsular war had been for some time in progress, the military enterprises of Great Britain invariably failed from the blind policy of those who planned them. Instead of condensing the power of the empire into one grand and sustained effort, its strength was frittered away in paltry and unprofitable expeditions. An army, imposing in its full integrity, if subdivided into corps, and employed on detached services, and in different countries, can achieve nothing beyond a partial success—for soon after its divided brigades are landed on their scenes of action, their weakness produces their discomfiture, and they retire necessarily before a superior force. In the first moment of disembarkation it may create a temporary alarm; but beyond this no object can be gained, and the result ends in an idle demonstration.

Political details are generally unconnected with the actual occurrences on the battle-field; and it will be enough to remark, that Sicily should have at this period commanded more attention from England than she did. Naturally defensible, with a well-affected population of nearly a million and a half, she had been taught to place but little reliance on her allies. One British corps held Messina,—but a French force was moving to the extremity of Calabria, avowedly to drive it from the island. Though well-affected, the Sicilians were distrustful; they feared that they should be abandoned to the

vengeance of those troops who had already overrun Naples,—and they believed that the British regiment waited only until the French army should make its descent, when they would embark for Malta, and leave the Sicilians to their fate.

At this time, Sir John Stuart succeeded Sir James Craig, a man best described by terming him an "old-school commander." Under him the army had been totally inactive: and eight thousand excellent troops were permitted to occupy their quarters idly, when so much depended upon a bold, even though not a very fortunate, display of energy in the British. Stuart at once perceived the mischievous consequences this indolence of his predecessor had occasioned; and he determined by active operations to redeem the British army from the apathetic character it had too justly obtained among the Sicilian people.

The British corps, amounting to eight thousand men, was concentrated at Messina. In Calabria the French were considerably detached; and though numerically stronger, with three thousand in the South, four thousand in Upper Calabria, and the remainder occupying numerous posts, it was quite practicable to take them in detail, effect a landing between the two corps, engage them separately, and clear the country from St. Euphemia to the Castle of Scylla. To insure success, despatch and secrecy were required. The first rested with Stuart, and every arrangement necessary on his part was effected; the latter depended on the Sicilian court, and by it the secrecy of the intended expedition was undoubtedly betrayed.

On the 28th of June, at Melazzo, the embarkation of five thousand men was quietly accomplished—and on the third morning they landed on the beach of St. Euphemia. During the 2nd and 3rd stores and supplies were disembarked; and moving forward, on that evening the pickets of the rival armies confronted each other. The enemy's force was at first supposed to be merely the division of Upper Calabria; but that of the South had formed a junction; and Reynier had now seven thousand infantry, and a few troops of cavalry amounting to three hundred and fifty sabres.

The British in numbers were greatly inferior. Five thousand infantry, six six-pounders and eight mountain guns, formed their whole strength. Reynier was also in position—

his army being posted on some heights which overlooked the march of the British as they moved through a low country, at first partially wooded, but opening into a spacious plain, and of course permitting their numbers and dispositions to be correctly ascertained by their enemy during the advance.

This, as the result proved, was an unfortunate advantage for the French General. Whether reckoning too much on his opponent's inferiority of force, or undervaluing the character of his soldiers, Reynier, supposing that Stuart, having advanced in error, would retire on discovering his mistake, abandoned the heights, passed a river in his front, and offered battle on the plain. As his columns approached, General Stuart at once perceived, from the ground they covered, that Reynier's force was much larger than he had expected, and that he had united his detached brigades; but, with the just confidence of a British leader he trusted to the bravery of his troops; and in that safe reliance boldly stood "the hazard of the die."

The battle commenced about nine o'clock—and there was no manœuvring on either side. The ground was level, and both armies, under cover of their light troops, advanced steadily and deployed into line. The enemy's left was composed of voltigeurs, and the right of the British that opposed them (Kempt's brigade) was formed of a light infantry battalion and the Corsician Rangers. After an interchange of three volleys, the French were ordered to advance—at the same time the British lowered their bayonets, and both pressed boldly forward. The front ranks were now within six paces of each other—the French advancing, cheered by the "*En avant, mes enfans!*" of their officers. The British needed no encouragement—on they came, with that imposing steadiness which told what the result must be, when bayonets crossed, and "steel met steel." The voltigeurs had not firmness to abide the shock; they broke and turned, but too late for flight to save them. Their front rank was bayonetted and trodden down—while the rear endeavoured to escape by a disorderly rush from the field, exposed to severe loss from the British artillery.

Kempt's gallant and successful charge was ably seconded by Ackland's brigade, which held the right centre. They advanced against the demi-brigade opposed to them, forced it

back across the Amato, and never allowed the routed wing one moment to rally. The pursuit was so ardently continued, that for a mile the French were followed by the victors, suffering heavily in killed and wounded, and losing a number of prisoners.

This success, though brilliant, was far from being decisive. The ardour of the right wing had carried it away, leaving the left totally unsupported, and open to Reynier's undivided efforts. From the superiority of his force, he showed a larger front, and availing himself of this advantage, endeavoured to turn the British left—and in this attempt his cavalry had nearly succeeded. After a feint upon the centre, they wheeled sharply to the right making a flank movement, while their infantry threatened the English line with a charge. This was the crisis of the action. The French advanced,—Stuart refusing his flank, and obliqueing his line from the centre. Reynier's cavalry were about to charge, when, fortunately, the 20th regiment, under Colonel Ross,* which had landed after the march of the army, came up. The attack was already made, the cavalry advancing, when Ross, under cover of some underwood, deployed in double-quick. Within a short distance, a close and murderous volley was thrown in, and the cavalry completely broken. The British line cheered and moved forward, the French gave way, and a complete *déroute* succeeded. No victory, considering the numbers opposed, could have been more decisive. Seven hundred killed, a thousand prisoners, and a large proportion of wounded, were the estimated loss of the enemy—while this was achieved by an amount of casualties greatly disproportioned, the victors having but one officer and forty-four men killed, and eleven officers and two hundred and seventy-one men wounded.

For that night the British army bivouacked on the battle-ground—and having received supplies from the shipping, advanced on the 6th to overtake the enemy's rear; while a brigade under Colonel Oswald marched on the French depôt at Montelione, of which it took possession, making six hundred prisoners. The whole of the commissariat stores, with

* Afterwards, General Ross of Bladensburgh.

the entire baggage, and the military chest, were captured; and the remnant of the French army was saved only by abandoning arms and accoutrements, and retiring with all the confusion attendant upon a signal defeat.

Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which the victors were received. The defended places along the coast, turned on the land side by the army, of course surrendered unconditionally. The whole of the Peninsula was rapidly crossed, and on the 11th of July, the leading British brigade invested the Castle of Scylla.

This place, so deeply associated with ancient recollections, stands on a sheer rock, commanding the eastern point of the entrance of the Straits of Messina. The difficulties experienced by navigators occasionally in this confined channel, almost realize the old-world legends of its dangers. Once caught in the currents, when passing Cape Pelorus with light or contrary winds, a vessel must run for the anchorage, which lies directly beneath the batteries of the castle; and hence the possession of the place, especially to a maritime nation, was an object of paramount importance.

For some days the efforts of the English were confined to firing on the castle with the field guns. Of course, artillery of a light calibre could effect nothing but annoyance; until, on the 19th, when some heavy cannon were obtained from Messina. On the 21st they were placed in battery and opened with great effect; and on the same evening, as the guns were breaching rapidly, the commandant accepted terms, and surrendered the castle to the besiegers.

Until circumstances, unnecessary to detail here, induced the British army to abandon Calabria, Scylla was strengthened and maintained. The Calabrese were now in open insurrection—and a force, dangerous and dreaded by the French as the Spanish guerillas were afterwards, sprang up among the mountains of the upper province, and occasioned the invading army, under Massena, constant alarm, and sometimes a serious loss.

In a neglected country like Calabria, crime and violence were fostered by the total want of a police, and the difficulties which interposed in bringing offenders to justice. The mountains afforded a secure asylum to delinquents; there they

retired when pursued, and there occasionally, uniting into bodies of considerable strength, by a sudden descent upon the low country, they interrupted the French communications, endangered their detached posts, and became at last so troublesome, as to require Murat's most strenuous exertions, before their outrages could be repressed, and their leaders exterminated. To an *élève*, who from an aid-de-camp had been raised to the rank of general, the task was intrusted; and Manhes, it would appear, executed his orders with firmness and ability.* Though deserted by the allies on whom they

* Manhes, steadfast in his purpose, and closing his ears to pity, became, by the severity of his measures and the novelty of his punishments, the terror of the Calabrese. He was never known to relax from love of gain; and it is but just towards his character to state, that individual interests were never considered in his proscriptions. Faithful to the views of Murat, he accomplished by persevering activity in less than six months what others had only begun in six years.

Manhes, after having ascertained, commune by commune, the number of wandering brigands, suspended all labour throughout the country. The workmen and their cattle were collected in the villages under protection of the regular troops, and the punishment of death was decreed against any individual found in the country with provisions, unless belonging to the armed columns.

The principal possessors of property received orders to arm and march against the brigands, and were made answerable, number for number, and head for head, not to return to their homes without bringing with them, dead or alive, the brigands of their respective communes.

Pursued by famine and the bayonets of their enemies, the greater number of the fugitives sold their lives dearly. The remainder of these unfortunate creatures, reduced to the last extremity, preferred a certain but immediate death, to the sharp and protracted sufferings of fear and famine. A prodigious number of them were shot. The heads and limbs of the condemned were, after their execution, fixed on pikes, and the road from Reggio to Naples was garnished with these disgusting trophies.

The river Crati, upon the banks of which a crowd of these victims was executed, and which is very shallow at Cozenza, presented for a long time the disgusting spectacle of their mutilated bodies.

The following anecdotes show the determined spirit that animated the leaders of the band.

"Parafanti could not be secured till dead with a hundred wounds. Perched on the ledge of a rock, which afforded him a certain degree of protection, his thighs fractured but his arms free, he sacrificed many to his vengeance. Not one of his discharges failed of effect. His head was exposed at Rogliano, his birth-place.

"Another, who had taken refuge in a mill, set it on fire himself, with his last cartridge, to prevent his being taken alive.

had so strongly depended, the Calabrese, after the British had left their peninsula for Sicily, kept up a desultory contest; and, for a considerable time, "neither excessive severity of punishment, burning their villages, destroying their possessions, nor promises of amnesty, brought them to submit to Joseph's government."*

Gaeta, though second only to Gibraltar as a place of natural strength, after a weak defence, surrendered to the French. The Prince of Hesse Philipstal, who had been appointed governor, was, in the unhappy spirit of these times, intrusted with a command for which he was totally unsuited. He threw away his ammunition and ruined his artillery by a too early and ineffectual fire, himself standing for hours on the batteries performing the duty of a bombardier, and estimating the merit of his defence, rather by the number of rounds discharged from his guns, than their effect upon the besiegers.†

The Castle of Scylla was very differently defended. As a point of communication with the Calabrese, the British General

"Nierello was assassinated on the road of Nicastro by one of the civic guard, who pretended to surrender himself to him.

"Paonese, the terror of the environs of Gasparena and of Montanio, fell a sacrifice to the columns of Manhes—and Masotta, Mescio, Giacinto, and Antonio, with many others, shared the same fate.

"Murat was not, like his predecessor, lavish of amnesties; nevertheless, he authorized some; and it was observed that the brigand chiefs who took advantage of them became the most formidable and bitter persecutors of those in whose dangers and whose crimes they had participated.

"Benincasa, chief of the band of St. Braggio, fleeing with four companions from a French detachment, was stopped by the swelling of the river Angitola; they tried to effect their passage on a bullock-car, which, however, was stopped in the middle of the current. To a summons to surrender, they only returned discharges of their muskets. At last, after a long and desperate resistance, being all wounded, and having expended their ammunition, they mutually assisted each other in falling into the river, where their mangled bodies were afterwards found.

"A brigand chief, of the band of Foggia, was condemned to have his wrist severed. The executioner having failed in the first blow, the sufferer begged to be permitted to do it himself. He coolly cut off his hand at one blow, and turning to the executioner, said, 'Endeavour to learn your trade better.'"—*Memoir of Stuart's Campaign in Calabria.*

* Campaign in Calabria.

† It is scarcely conceivable how much the effect of artillery depends on the position of the guns, and the accuracy with which they are pointed. One gun, well placed and skilfully served, has been known to do more

had determined to hold it to the last,—and such were the instructions given to Colonel Robertson, and the orders were admirably fulfilled. As the fortress, seaward, was open to the fleet, a flight of steps was cut in the rock to the water's edge, and this outlet to the sea was not visible from any ground occupied by the enemy. When Scylla was literally reduced to a heap of ruins, and the French in the very act of entering a breach so extensively ruined as to be totally indefensible, the garrison, during a lull in a gale that had been blowing for two preceding days, were cleverly brought off.

On the morning of the 15th, Colonel Robertson announced by telegraph to Sir Sydney Smith that the works were nearly destroyed, and his guns dismounted or disabled. When the gale moderated on the 19th, the Admiral instantly gave orders to rescue the soldiers,—and the men-of-war boats pulled right across the bay under a tremendous fire, and relieved the brave garrison with a loss comparatively trifling. The French were actually in the fort, their batteries maintaining a sweeping fire of grape-shot and shells, and yet in this bold and successful effort, the united casualties of both services did not amount to more than twenty men.

Although military achievements, on a minor scale, have been eclipsed by the more brilliant conquests obtained by

execution than one hundred when laid in an unfavourable situation. This was most strikingly illustrated in an attack made by Sir Sydney Smith on a martello tower, armed with two heavy guns, and situated on the extremity of Cape Licosa.

The Pompée, of eighty guns, and two frigates, anchored within eight hundred yards of the battery, and opened their broadsides. Their fire was kept up with unremitting fury, until their ammunition failed, and many of the guns had become unserviceable. The battery returned the fire slowly—but every shot took effect. The Pompée was the only object of its fire, and she was at last completely crippled, and obliged to haul off with the loss of her mizen-top-mast, and nearly forty men killed and wounded. Almost every shot had hulled her—while the concentrated fire from three men-of-war had failed entirely in silencing the French cannonnade.

On the tower being afterwards surrendered, it appeared that the carriage of one of the guns had been disabled by the second shot, and subsequently that it had been fired as it lay on the sill of the embrasure,—so that, in point of fact, the batteries of the Pompée and her consorts had been unable to overpower *the fire of a single gun*, and the opposition of a garrison, consisting of one officer and twenty-five soldiers.

British armies in subsequent campaigns, still Maida was not only a glorious, but, in its results, a most important victory. Independently of humbling a presumptuous enemy, raising the depressed reputation of the British army, and converting the distrusting population of Sicily into grateful admirers,* the positive results of Sir John Stuart's expedition were the destruction of all the military and naval resources of Calabria, and the occupation of a post which for eighteen months secured the navigation of the Straits of Messina, and, in a great degree, occasioned the meditated descent on Sicily to fail.

* Campaign in Calabria.

OPENING OF PENINSULAR WAR.

BATTLE OF ROLICA.

British troops sent to the Continent.—Failure of the expedition to Gottenburgh.—State of Portugal.—An army despatched to assist in its deliverance.—Lands in Mondego bay.—Advance of the British.—Movements of the French.—Village of Rolica.—Battle.—Anecdotes and death of Colonel Lake.—Arrival of reinforcements.

THE employment of a British army to assist in the liberation of Portugal appears only to have been decided upon, after the wildest design which ever crossed the imagination of a blundering statesman, had been found too absurd even to admit of an experimental trial. It had been considered advisable to turn a military force against the over-weening influence of Napoleon on the Continent; and an army of ten thousand men, under the command of Sir John Moore, was accordingly despatched, in May, 1808, to assist Sweden in defending herself against the united powers of Russia, France, and Denmark. On reaching Gottenburgh, the British regiments were not even permitted to debark; but men and horses, after a tedious voyage, were left by their inhospitable ally "tossing in the anchorage." Though reduced to a pitiable state of weakness, the Swedish monarch was actually dreaming of conquest; and, a power politically impotent, demanded of those despatched to assist in his defence, that they should join him in aggression. A descent on the island of Zealand, in face of armed fortresses and a superior force, was first propounded, and, of course, rejected. "It was next proposed that the British alone should land in Russian Finland, storm a fortress, and take a position there." This notion was still more preposterous than the former; and Sir John Moore endeavoured to prove that "ten thousand British soldiers were insufficient to encounter the undivided force of the Russian empire, which could be quickly

brought against them, at a point so near St. Petersburgh."* Some other projects, equally impracticable, were declined—and this ill-advised expedition ended as might have been expected. After being exposed to the indignity of an arrest, the British general returned to England with his army, "leaving Sweden," in Napoleon's words, "to fulfil her destinies."

Spain had in the mean time been overrun by the French armies,—the capital was occupied, the dynasty changed, and the kingdom prostrate at the feet of Napoleon. Yet in this gloomy hour, when trodden to the earth, the national spirit remained unbroken—and the flame of popular discontent was not quenched, but smouldering. Cruelty and oppression had roused the Spaniards into action—a desultory war raged in several provinces—and every day it became more formidable and fierce.

Nor was this hostility to foreign domination confined to Spain; it had spread itself to Portugal, and Junot's arbitrary measures roused a spirit of resistance that wanted but an opportunity to display itself. A recurrence to terrorism by the French lieutenant only provoked retaliation. Oporto revolted, and deforced the garrison—a rising in the north, and the establishment of a provisional government succeeded—while, simultaneously, the insurrection broke out in the opposite extremity of the kingdom; and the French, after an unsuccessful attempt to suppress it, were driven from Algarve.

Junot, at first, endeavoured to conciliate and gain time, should no other object be achieved—but the Portuguese saw clearly his designs, and would no longer permit themselves to be deluded by the hollow professions of one, whom they justly looked upon as the enslaver of their country. Risings became general; and to repress this spirit of insubordination, the French resorted to severity. It was decreed, that resistance to the troops should be punished by the destruction of the town or village where it occurred; and that individuals taken in arms should be shot, their property pillaged, and their houses levelled to the earth. These were no idle threats—on the contrary, they were carried into ferocious execution. Leyria was destroyed by Margaron—and Loison's treatment of the

* Life of Sir John Moore.

inhabitants of Evora and Guardo is indelibly branded on the revengeful memories of the Portuguese. These towns were razed and plundered, numbers of their citizens and priests put to the sword, the women violated, and to neither sex nor age was mercy extended. To crown the whole, excessive contributions were laid upon an impoverished people—and inability to pay made a pretext for spoliation. Could it then be wondered at that a terrible reaction ensued—that the country should be overrun by guerillas*—and that vengeance, when it could be obtained, was most unmercifully exacted?

At this momentous period, England determined to make an effort in the cause of freedom, and come to the assistance of the oppressed. Although crippled by the number of irregular bands that were swarming over Alentejo, Junot held the fortresses of Almeida, Elvas, and Peniche, which, with the minor posts in their possession, gave the French a hold upon the country from which it would be difficult to drive them.

The force destined for the relief of Portugal was sent partly from Ireland, and partly from Gibraltar. Nine thousand men from Cork, under Sir Arthur Wellesley, landed in Mondego bay on the 6th of August—and these were joined, two days afterwards, by Spencer's division of five thousand—making thus a total force of about fourteen thousand, in which two hundred of the 20th light dragoons and eighteen pieces of artillery were included.

A combined movement with a Portuguese corps under Bernardine Friere having been arranged, it was determined to move at once upon the capital; and on the morning of the 9th the British advanced guard, consisting of a part of the 60th and 95th rifles, commenced its march, supported by the brigades of Generals Hill and Ferguson. On the next day the remainder of the army followed—the men provided with sixty

* "At this time, also, that system of warfare began, which soon extended through Spain, and occasioned greater losses to the French than they suffered in all their pitched battles. The first adventurers attracted notice by collecting stragglers from their own dispersed armies, deserters from the enemy, and men who, made desperate by the ruin of their private affairs in the general wreck, were ready for any service in which they could at the same time gratify their just vengeance and find subsistence." *Southey.*—

rounds of cartridges, provisions for three days, and attended by a number of mules, loaded with stores of various descriptions. "No troops ever took the field in higher spirits, or in a state of more perfect discipline. Confident in their leader likewise, and no less confident in themselves, they desired nothing more ardently than to behold their enemy."*

On the 12th, Friere's corps joined at Leiria, but, under different pretexts, the Portuguese commander declined co-operating as he had promised, and limited his assistance to one weak brigade of infantry and two hundred and fifty horse. Undaunted by this early disclosure of imbecility and bad faith, Sir Arthur determined to push on, and endeavour to engage the Duke of Abrantes before he could unite himself with Loison.

On receiving intelligence of the descent of the English, Junot, adding the brigade of Thomieres to that of Delaborde,† despatched the latter towards Mondego, to observe the enemy closely, and use every means to retard their advance. Delaborde, accordingly moving to the coast, found himself on the eve of an affair with the British—and he fell back leisurely as they advanced. His rear-guard quitted Caldas the evening before Sir Arthur entered it; and on the following morning, and for the first time on the Peninsula, the rival armies of France and England found themselves in each other's presence.

On the 15th, a trifling affair of outposts produced a few casualties,—and on the 16th, Delaborde's position was reconnoitred and dispositions made to attack it.

This, in a European command, was to be Wellington's maiden field. In the numbers engaged, Rolica bore no proportion to the masses combatant in future battles—but it was a well-contested and sanguinary encounter—and worthy to be the name first engraven on the long scroll of victories of which it gave such glorious promise.

The French position, in natural strength and romantic beauty, was unequalled; and when Delaborde had made up his mind to risk a battle, he displayed consummate judgment in selecting the ground on which the trial of strength should be decided.

The villages of Rolica and Caldas stand at either extremity

* Marquis of Londonderry.

† Written as frequently *De La borde*.

of an extensive valley, opening to the west. In the centre, Obidos, with its ruined castle and splendid aqueduct, recalls the days of Moorish glory. The village of Rolica stands on a bold height, surrounded by vineyards and olive groves—and a sandy plain extends in front, thickly studded with shrubs and dwarf wood. The eminence on which the village is placed, and where the French general formed his line of battle, had one flank resting on a rugged height, and the other on a mountain impassable to any but a goat-herd. Behind, lay a number of passes through the ridges in his rear, affording Delaborde a means of retreat; or, if he chose to contest them, a formidable succession of mountain posts.

All the arrangements for attack having been completed on the preceding evening, at dawn the British got under arms. A sweeter morning never broke,—the mountain mists dispersed, the sun shone gloriously out, a thousand birds were singing, and myriads of wild flowers shed their fragrance around. Nature seemed every where in quiet and repose—presenting a strange contrast to the roar of battle which immediately succeeded, and the booming of artillery, as, repeated by a thousand echoes, it reverberated among the lately peaceful hills.

In three columns, the allied brigades left their bivouacs. The right (Portuguese), consisting of twelve hundred infantry and fifty dragoons, were directed to make a considerable detour, turn the enemy's left flank, and bear down upon his rear. The left, two brigades of infantry, three companies of rifles, a brigade of light artillery, and forty horse, were to ascend the hills of Obidos, drive in Delaborde's posts, and turn his right at Rolica. Ferguson, who commanded, was also to watch lest Loison should move from Rio Mayor, and, if he came up, engage him, and prevent a junction with Delaborde. The centre, composed of four brigades,—those of Hill, Crawford, Nightingale, and Fane,—two brigades of guns, the remainder of the cavalry, and four hundred caçadores,* were directed to advance up the heights and attack the enemy in front.

To traverse the distance between the British bivouac and French outposts (three leagues), consumed a good portion of the morning; and the march to the battle-ground, whether

* Portugese light infantry.

viewed with relevance to the beauty of its scenery, or the order of its execution, was most imposing.

When sudden irregularities of the surface disturbed the order of a column, it halted until the distances were corrected, and then marched silently on with the coolness of a review. Presently the light troops became engaged, the centre broke into columns of regiments, while the left pressed forward rapidly, and the rifles, on the right, bore down on the tirailleurs. Delaborde's position was now critical, for Ferguson, topping the heights, threatened his rear. But the French general acted promptly—he abandoned the plain, and falling back upon the passes of the Sierra, took up a new position less assailable than the former one; and, from the difficult nature of the mountain surface, requiring, on Sir Arthur's part, a new disposition of attack.

Five separate columns were now formed, and to each a different pass was allotted. The openings in the heights were so narrow and difficult, that only a portion of the columns could come into fire. The pass on the extreme right was attacked by the Portuguese; the light troops of Hill's brigade and the 5th regiment advanced against the second; the centre was to be carried by the 9th and 29th, the fourth by the 45th, and the fifth by the 82nd.

Unfortunately the front attack was made either too soon, or difficulties had delayed the flanking corps—and, in consequence, the passes were all stormed, before Delaborde had been even aware that he was endangered on his flank and rear. Regardless of the ground, than which nothing could be more formidable, the assailants mounted the ravines. Serious obstacles met them at every step—rocks and groves overhung the gorges in the hills—and where the ground was tolerably open for a space from rocks, it was covered thickly with brushwood and wild myrtle. Thus the order of the column was deranged; while a broken surface concealed the enemy, and suffered the French to keep up a withering fusilade on troops who had not leisure to return it.

The centre pass, on which the 29th and 9th were directed to advance, was particularly difficult. The 29th led, and the 9th supported it. Entering the gorge undauntedly, the leading companies were permitted to approach a ravine, with pre-

cipitous rocks on one side and a thick myrtle wood on the other. From both a tremendous fire was unexpectedly opened. In front and on the flanks, the men fell by dozens; and, as the leading company was annihilated, the column, cumbered by its own dead and wounded, was completely arrested in its movement. But the check was only momentary. Colonel Lake, who led the regiment on horseback, waved his hat and called on the men to follow. A wild cheer was returned, and a rush made up the pass. Notwithstanding the sustained fusilade on every side, the forward movement was successful—and after overcoming every attempt to repel their daring charge, with diminished numbers the 29th crowned the plateau.

But the enemy were not to be easily beaten. Before the 9th could clear the pass, or the 29th form their line, a French battalion advanced and charged. They were most gallantly received; a severe contest ensued; and, after a mutual slaughter, the enemy were repulsed. With increased numbers, again and again the charges were repeated and repelled. At last the 9th got into action; and the head of the 5th regiment began to shew itself as it topped the summit of the second pass. On every point the attacks had been successful—and to save himself from being cut off, Delaborde retired in perfect order; and from the difficulty of the ground and his superiority in cavalry, although pressed by the light troops, effected his retreat with little molestation.

This brilliant affair, from the strength of their position, and the obstinacy with which the French contested every inch of ground, cost the British a heavy loss. Even, when forced from the heights, Delaborde attempted to take a new position, and hold the village of Zambugeira. But he was driven back with the loss of three guns—and retreating through the pass of Runa, by a long night march, he gained Montecheque next day.

The French casualties in killed, wounded, and prisoners amounted to a thousand men—and the British to about half that number.* Delaborde was among the wounded—and Colonel Lake in the return of the killed.

* CASUALTIES AT ROLICA:—

Killed, 70; wounded, 335; missing, 74; total, 479.—*Wellington's Despatches.*

As this promising officer was universally regretted, the following anecdotes of one whom "the officers adored, the soldiers revered, and there were few who would not have laid down their lives for," will not be uninteresting.

When immediately in the presence of the French 82nd, and a combat seemed inevitable, Lake's countenance appeared glowing with delight. At this moment he turned round, calling out, "Gentlemen, display the colours." The colours flew, the horse and he had another prance,* when he turned again, and addressed the line :—"Soldiers, I shall remain in front of you, and remember that the bayonet is the only weapon for a British soldier." The French at this instant retired, and the right of the 29th meeting the road, broke into sections and followed through the village of Colombeira.

The following is a characteristic anecdote of this lamented officer :

"The evening before the affair of Rolica, there was every reason to believe the regiment would be among the first troops engaged the next morning, and there were two bad subjects under sentence of a court-martial for petty plundering. Colonel Lake, when he formed his regiment in the evening for the punishment of the two culprits, knew full well that every man was satisfied they deserved it; but he did not say that. He spoke to the hearts of his soldiers; he told them he flogged those men not alone because they deserved it; but that he might deprive them of the honour of going into action with their comrades in the morning, and that he might not prevent the guard who was stationed over them from participating in it. The regiment was in much too high a state of discipline to admit of a word being said, but they were repeated all the evening from mouth to mouth; and the poor fellows who were flogged declared to me that they would willingly on their knees at his feet, if they dared, have begged, as the greatest favour he could bestow, to be allowed to run the risk of being shot first, with the certainty of being flogged afterwards if they escaped."

Mr. Guthrie thus describes his death :—"A narrow steep ravine seemed the only accessible part—and up this Lake without further hesitation, led his grenadiers on horseback.

* Guthrie.

The whole regiment followed with unexampled devotion and heroism, and gained the summit, but not without the loss of three hundred men in the desperate conflict, which took place almost hand to hand in the olive grove half way up the hill. Broken and overpowered by numbers, Lake fell, and his soldiers would have been driven down, if the 9th regiment had not rushed up with equal ardour, led by a no less gallant soldier, Colonel Stewart. The two regiments formed on the crown of the hill, supported on their right by the 5th, which had been less opposed, and the French retired, finding that their right was by this time turned. Colonel Lake, on horseback on the top of the hill, seemed to have a charmed life. One French officer, of the name of Bellegarde, said afterwards that he had fired seven shots at him. Once he seemed to stagger as if he was hit, but it was only at the seventh shot he fell. It is probable he was right, for he was wounded in the back of the neck slightly; but the ball which killed him passed quite through from side to side beneath the arms; I think he must have fallen dead. The serjeant-major, Richards, seeing his colonel fall, stood over him, like another Ajax, until he himself fell wounded in thirteen places by shot and bayonet. I gave him some water in his dying moments, and his last words were, 'I should have died happy if our gallant colonel had been spared'—words that were reiterated by almost every wounded man."

Delaborde's defeat having left the road to Torres Vedras open, Sir Arthur pursued the French to Villa Verde, where the British halted for the night—and cheered by his opening success, the English leader seemed determined to improve it. Orders were accordingly issued to prepare for a rapid march next day, and "it seemed as if no check would be given to the ardour of the troops till they should have won a second victory." But despatches were received that night, announcing the arrival of General Anstruther with a reinforcement of troops and stores. The fleet were reported to be at anchor off Peniche; and, to cover the disembarkation, and unite himself with the corps on board the transports, Sir Arthur's march was directed on Lourinho. There the British bivouacked that night,—and on the next morning took a position beside the village of Vimiero.

VIMIERO.

Vimiero.—Interview between the British Generals ends unsatisfactorily.—Junot unites his brigades, and advances.—Battle of Vimiero.—Burrard refuses to advance.—Observations.

Vimiero stands at the bottom of a valley, and at the eastern extremity of a ridge of hills extending westward towards the sea. The river Maceira flows through it—and on the opposite side, heights rise eastward, over which winds the mountain road of Lourinho. In front of the village a plateau of some extent is slightly elevated above the surrounding surface; but it, in turn, is completely overlooked by the heights on either side. The British, never anticipating an attack, had merely taken up ground for the night, and with more attention to convenience than security. Six brigades occupied the high ground westward of Vimiero—one battalion, the 50th, with some rifle companies, were bivouacked on the plateau, having a half brigade of nines, and a half brigade of six pounders. The eastern heights were occupied by pickets only, as water could not be procured in the vicinity—and in the valley, the cavalry and reserve artillery had taken their ground for the night.

The communication immediately made by Sir Arthur Wellesley to his senior officer, Sir Harry Burrard, both of the past and the intended operations, had been unfavourably received—and Sir Harry declined the daring but judicious step of an immediate advance on Mafra, by which the position taken by the French on the heights of Torres Vedras must have been necessarily turned. In fact, to every suggestion of Sir Arthur he raised continuous objections, and seemed totally opposed to any forward movement. He pleaded, in apology for inaction, that the cavalry was weak—the artillery badly horsed; that a march, which should remove the British from

their shipping, would interrupt their supplies and endanger the army; and the best of the bad reasons which he gave, was the expected arrival of Sir John Moore with a strong reinforcement. It was useless in Sir Arthur Wellesley to point out, as he did, the advantages of an advance, with an assurance, which proved true, that if they did not, the French would become assailants. Sir Harry appeared to have formed a stubborn resolution of remaining quiet that no argument or remonstrance could disturb — and Sir Arthur Wellesley returned to his camp, convinced that the military incapacity of his superior officer would, when it paralyzed early success as it did that of Rolica, entail upon the expedition ulterior disaster and disgrace. It was otherwise decreed—and the decision of an enemy wreathed the laurel on Wellesley's brow, of which the timidity of a feeble-minded colleague would have robbed him.

Delaborde had executed his orders to check the advance of the British with a zeal and ability that added greatly to his military reputation. Junot, in the interim, was actively engaged in concentrating his brigades, and drawing every disposable man from his garrisons, to enable him to bring a force to bear against the British, that, from its superior formation, must ensure success. His whole corps was formed into two divisions; Delaborde commanding one, and Loison the other —while the reserve, composed entirely of grenadiers, was entrusted to Kellerman. All his dispositions having been completed, the Duke of Abrantes advanced to Vimiero, where he had ascertained that his enemy was halted.

Sir Arthur was awakened at midnight by a German officer in charge of the outlying picket, with the intelligence of Junot's movements, and an assurance that an attack was certain, as the French advance was not above a league distant. Patrols were immediately sent out; and while every care was taken against surprise, the line was not alarmed, nor the men permitted to be disturbed.

Junot quitted his position on the evening of the 20th, and marched all night by roads bad in themselves, and interrupted by numerous defiles; consequently great delay occurred, and it was seven o'clock next morning, when he arrived within four miles of the British outposts. The formation of his columns

was effected unseen, as the broken ground behind which he made his dispositions, entirely concealed his movements. The first intimation of a serious attack was only given, when a mass of Junot's cavalry deployed in front of the picket that was observing the Lourinho road. Perceiving instantly the point on which the French were about to direct their column, Sir Arthur crossed the ravine with the brigades of Ferguson, Nightingale, Aucland, and Bowes, thus securing his weakest point—the left—before Junot had made a demonstration against it.

Presently the enemy's columns came on; the right by the Lourinho road, and left marching on the plateau, occupied by the 50th and rifles. The onset of both divisions was made with the usual impetuosity of Frenchmen, and in both the British skirmishers were driven in.

The British right was furiously attacked. Unchecked by the light troops covering the line, the French came boldly forward, until it found itself directly in front of the 36th, 40th, and 71st. It deployed instantly — and several volleys of musketry were mutually returned, and at a distance so close as to render the effect murderous. But the fusilade was ended quickly; the 82nd and 29th pushed forward, and joined their comrades when pressed by an enormous superiority. "Charge!" was the order; and a cheer, "loud, regular, and appalling," announced that England was coming on.

The French stood manfully; but though they waited the onset, they could not withstand it. They were driven from the field—a vain attempt to rally, when the 71st and 82nd had flung themselves on the ground to recover breath, failed—and six guns were taken. The front rank of the French division was literally annihilated—it lay as it had fallen—and told with what determination it had stood, and the desperation with which it had been assaulted.

On the left, the French column having pushed the rifles before it, advanced upon the 50th formed in line. The regiment was strong, numbering about nine hundred bayonets, and supported by a half brigade of guns; and though the French had seven pieces with their column, it suffered heavily from the British cannonade. The enemy's advance was made in close order of half battalions. Sheltered from the fire of

the artillery, the French halted behind a broken hillock, closed up their ranks, and advanced to the attack. The 50th remained until this moment with "ordered arms." With excellent judgment, the colonel, leaving the left wing of his regiment in line, threw his right into echelons of companies, and ordered it to form line upon the left. But there was not time to complete the formation, as the enemy came on, opening a hot but inefficient fire from its flanks. Part of the right wing of the 50th bore directly on the angle of the advancing column—and when within twenty paces, the order was given to fire, and that to "charge!" succeeded. Broken totally by the close discharge, the angle of the column forced itself on the centre; all was instantly disorganized, and the artillery cutting their traces, added to the confusion. The British pressed on—the French got mobbed—and assisted by part of the 20th light dragoons, a column five times numerically superior, were for two miles fairly driven from their ground by one regiment, until they were relieved by the French cavalry reserve, which came up in a force not to be resisted.

While these more important operations were repulsed, the town of Vimiero was attacked by a lesser column (Kellerman's reserve), that had flanked the larger, and the 43rd regiment was furiously assailed. One company occupied the church-yard, another held some houses that covered the road by which the French attack was made; and the fire of both was so destructive, that the column was repelled with immense slaughter. On the extreme left, the 97th and 52nd repulsed Delaborde with considerable loss; on every point the attack failed, and the field was won.

No troops fought better than the French—and no battle could have been more determinately contested. The enemy's reserve "performed prodigies of valour, advancing under cross fire of musketry and cannon, and never giving way until the bayonets of the British troops drove them down the descent."* But they were routed on every side; and, with relation to the numbers engaged, the slaughter was terrific.

* CASUALTIES AT VIMIERO:—
Killed, 135; wounded, 534; missing, 51; total, 720.—*Wellington's Despatches.*

Upwards of three thousand Frenchmen were killed and wounded, and a number of prisoners made—while the British loss was computed, in killed, wounded, and missing, at seven hundred and eighty-three.

One casualty was sincerely deplored. In leading a squadron of the 20th, Lieutenant-colonel Taylor was killed. He had charged the broken infantry of Kellerman, and committed sad havoc among the *élite* of the reserve—when, surrounded by a whole brigade of French cavalry, he fell in the *mêlée*, shot through the heart.

Sir Harry Burrard landed after the battle commenced, but very prudently left the termination of the contest in his hands by whom the first dispositions had been made. Sir Harry was not in time to assist in the victory—but he had ample leisure to mar its results. Wellesley urged that this was the moment to advance, push on to Torres Vedras, place Junot between two fires, and oblige him to begin a retreat of immense difficulty by Alenquer and Villa Franca. All was admirably prepared for the movement. The supply of ammunition was sufficient, provisions were abundant, and the troops in high courage and superb discipline. The French, on the contrary, were depressed by an unexpected defeat; and, greatly disorganized and wearied by long marches, were certain of being materially inconvenienced by an immediate advance of the British.

But Sir Harry was immoveable. He had made his mind up to await the arrival of Sir John Moore before he should advance a step from Vimiero. A victory had been gained—a complete and brilliant victory. But what was that to him? "The cavalry," he said, "were certainly not strengthened, nor the artillery horses improved, by the exertions they had undergone." Stop he would—and Junot was permitted to return without annoyance; and the British, who should have never halted until they had reached Lisbon, rested on the ground they won.

Is it not inconceivable, that Britain should have consigned her armies to the leading of antiquated tacticians, bigoted in old-world notions, and who would scarcely venture beyond a second bridge, without spending half the day in reconnoitring?

But such things were—and the energies of the first military people in the world were paralyzed for half a century, by commands being entrusted to men, who, in cases of ordinary embarrassment, would have been found incompetent to extricate a regiment from a difficulty. But such things were!

CAMPAIGN OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Burrard succeeded by Dalrymple.—Sir Arthur Wellesley returns home.—British army reinforced.—Sir John Moore appointed to the command in chief—Assembles his army at Villa Vicosa—Advances.—Spanish armies defeated.—Fall of Madrid.—Prepares to attack Soult.—Affair of Sahagun.—Retreat commences.—Narrative of its occurrences.—Battle of Corunna.—Death and character of Sir John Moore.—Troops return to England.

A PERIOD of inaction succeeded the victory at Vimiero. Burrard was superseded in his command by Sir Hew Dalrymple—and the convention of Cintra perfected, by which an army was restored to France, that, had Sir Arthur Wellesley's advice been attended to, must have been eventually destroyed, or driven into such extremity as should have produced an unconditional surrender. Other articles in this disgraceful treaty, recognised a full exercise of rights of conquest to the French—secured to them the enormous plunder their rapacity had accumulated—and granted an amnesty to every traitor who had abandoned his country, and aided the invaders in effecting its subjugation. No wonder that this precious convention occasioned in England a universal feeling of disgust. No wonder that blood spilled in vain, and treasure uselessly wasted,* roused popular indignation to a pitch of excitement which no occurrence in modern history can parallel.

* Within twelve months from the commencement of the war she sent over to the Spanish armies (besides 2,000,000*l.*) 150 pieces of field artillery, 42,000 rounds of ammunition, 200,000 muskets, 61,000 swords, 79,000 pikes, 23,000,000 ball cartridges, 6,000,000 leaden balls, 15,000 barrels of gunpowder, 92,000 suits of clothing, 356,000 sets of accoutrements and pouches, 310,000 pairs of shoes, 37,000 pairs of boots, 40,000 tents, 250,000 yards of cloth, 10,000 sets of camp equipage, 118,000 yards of linen, 50,000 great coats, 50,000 canteens, 54,000 havresacks, with a variety of other stores, far too numerous to be recapitulated.—*Jones's Account of the War.*

The particulars of the treaty of Cintra, immediately on being known in England, occasioned the recall of Sir Hew Dalrymple; while under the plea of ill health, his colleague, Sir Harry Burrard, resigned and returned home. What a different result the Portuguese campaign would have exhibited, had these two old gentlemen been left in a district command, and not been allowed to check a career of victory which opened with such glorious promise!

Sir Arthur Wellesley had already returned to England, and many officers of all ranks followed his example. The command of the army devolved on Sir John Moore, a man most deservedly respected by the country, and popular with his soldiers.

Meanwhile, the general indication of national resistance to French oppression on the part of the Spaniards, encouraged hopes that if assisted by England, the independence of the Peninsula might be restored. This was a consideration worthy of a statesman's serious regard in both France and Britain—for the thraldom or independence of Spain was an object of vital importance. As to what might be expected from the Spaniards themselves in any attempt made for their own liberation, their invaders and their allies seemed to have formed an erroneous estimate—the English overrating the importance of their exertions in the field, as much as the French undervalued that patriotic impulse, which had wakened up the slumbering spirit of the people. The British cabinet, however, determined to foster this national feeling—and by munificent supplies, and the presence of an English army, stimulate the Spanish people to assert their lost liberty, and fling off a yoke no longer tolerable. For this purpose, a force of twenty thousand men was directed to be assembled at Valladolid—and a reinforcement of thirteen thousand, under Sir David Baird, was despatched from England to join them—the whole were to be placed under the orders of Sir John Moore.

Although Sir David's corps was landed by the middle of October, the army of Lisbon was not in a condition to move until the end of the month—and then, under a false belief that the direct rout to Salamanca was impracticable for the passage of artillery, the batteries and cavalry, with a protecting brigade of three thousand infantry, were moved by Badajoz

and the Escurial, entailing on them an additional march of upwards of one hundred and fifty miles. Worse still, a delay in commencing operations was unavoidable, and that was attended with the worst results.

The whole of Sir John Hope's corps having been at last collected, and the cavalry assembled at Villa Vicosa, the order to move forward was given. On the 5th of November, Sir John Moore was at Atalia, on the 8th he reached Almeida, and on the 11th his advanced guard crossed the rivulet that divides Spain from Portugal, and entered Cuidad Rodrigo. At San Martin he slept in the house of the curé—and occupied the same bed that had the former year been assigned to Junot and Loison on their respective marches—and on the 13th he entered Salamanca.

There, disastrous news awaited him—for one of his supporting armies was already *hors de combat.* Count Belvidere, having made an absurd movement on Burgos, was attacked by a superior force, and his raw levies completely routed; while previously, Blake's army had been utterly dispersed, and the magazines at Reynosa taken. To add to this mass of evil tidings, intelligence arrived that the fall of Madrid might be confidently expected,—while, instead of his advance into Spain being covered with an army of seventy thousand men, Moore found himself in an open town without a gun, without a Spanish picket, with only three infantry brigades, and the French outposts but three marches distant.

Madrid fell—the news could not be credited—and it was asserted that, though the Retiro was taken, the town held obstinately out. The inaction of the British was generally censured; the envoy had remonstrated on the subject; and the army did not conceal their impatience. Influenced by these considerations, Moore determined to make a diversion on the capital, and attack Soult, who was at Saldanha, on the Carion. A forward movement followed—Baird was directed to march from Astorga, and Romana was informed of the intended operation, and requested to assist.

This decision of attacking Soult was known to the army, and gave general satisfaction.* On the 16th, head-quarters

* "The British General advanced unaided by or in communication with any Spanish force, except the remains of the army of the left, under

were at Toro—and passing Villapondo and Valderosa, on the 20th Sir John reached Majorga, and was joined by Baird's division, making an united force of twenty-three thousand five hundred infantry, two thousand four hundred cavalry, and, including a brigade of three-pounders—from its small calibre perfectly useless,—an artillery of nearly fifty guns. Soult's corps amounted to sixteen thousand infantry and twelve hundred dragoons. The great portion of the former were at Saldanha—and Debelle's cavalry at Sahagun.

While thus advancing, the brilliant affair between Lord Paget and the French cavalry shed a passing glory on a series of operations, whose results were generally so calamitous. We shall give the affair in the words of the noble colonel of the 10th Hussars, than whom, on that occasion, no one "by daring deed" more effectually contributed to victory.

"The Monastero Melgar Abaxo is distant about three leagues from Sahagun, in which place a corps of seven hundred French cavalry were reported to be lodged. As they were at some distance from the main body of the French army, it was deemed practicable to cut them off, and Lord Paget determined, at all events, to make the attempt. He accordingly put himself at the head of the 10th and 15th Hussars, and in the middle of a cold wintry night, when the direct rout to Salamanca was impracticable, for the ground was covered with snow, set off for that purpose.

When they had ridden about two-thirds of the way, Lord Paget divided his force, and desiring General Slade, with the 10th, to pursue the course of the Cea, and to enter the town by that side, he himself, followed by the 15th, wheeled off to approach it by a different route. It was not long before his lordship's party fell in with a picket of the enemy; and all, except one man, were either cut down or made prisoners.

the Marquis de la Romana, who continued to occupy Leon with that weak and inefficient force;—this, with about five thousand Asturian recruits under General Ballisteros, that had not yet been engaged, being the only Spanish force now in the field in the whole north of Spain. Sir John Moore had no friendly corps to protect his flanks—no reinforcements to expect. He commanded an army brilliant in appearance, yet weak in numerical strength; but upon that, and that alone, was dependence to be placed for the successful result of a very bold advance."—*Lord Londonderry.*

But the escape of one was as injurious, under existing circumstances, as the escape of the whole; for the alarm was given, and before the 15th could reach the place, the enemy were ready to receive them. It was now broad daylight, and as our troops drew near, the French were soon formed in what appeared to be an open plain, at no great distance from the town. The 15th were wheeled into line in a moment, and as there was no time to be lost, they followed their leader at a brisk trot, with the intention of charging; but when they were yet fifty yards from the enemy, they found that a wide ditch divided them, and that the French had availed themselves of other inequalities in the ground, of which, when some way off, they had not been aware. A pause was now necessarily made, but one instant served to put the whole again in motion. The regiment, wheeling to its left, soon found a convenient place for crossing; and though the enemy manœuvred actively to hinder the formation, they were again in line, and advancing to the charge, within five minutes from the commencement of the check. A few changes of ground now took place, as each corps strove to gain the flank of the other, but they were only a few. The British cavalry effected its object—and then coming down at full speed upon their opponents, who stood to receive the shock, they overthrew them in an instant. Many were killed upon the spot, many more unhorsed, and one hundred and fifty-seven were made prisoners, including two lieutenant-colonels. On this occasion the English cavalry amounted only to four hundred men, whilst that of the French fell not short of seven hundred."

The weather continued bad; the troops were a good deal knocked up by forced marching, and Sir John halted on the 22nd and 23rd for supplies, intending by a night march to reach the Carion, and attack Soult on the morrow. Every account made the British numerically greater than the enemy — and though the French had been reinforced, still Moore's army was stronger by fully five thousand men.

All dispositions were made for the intended attack. At eight at night, the army were to move in two columns—and the right, which was to force the bridge and penetrate to Saldanha, was actually getting under arms, when couriers arrived "loaded with heavy tidings." The French were moving in all

directions to cut the English off;* the corps which had been marching south, was suddenly halted at Talavera; two strong divisions were moving from Placentia; the Badajoz army was in full march on Salamanca—and Napoleon himself in the field, determined, as it was reported, to "sweep the British before him to the ocean."

This was, in truth, disastrous intelligence. The orders to advance were countermanded instantly—the troops, who had already been mustering, were retired to their quarters, and the object of the expedition seemed virtually ended. The campaign was indeed a tissue of mistakes—"operating with feeble allies, acting on false information, advancing to-day, retiring to-morrow, with every thing to harass and nothing to excite the soldier, until at last, the ill-fated and ill-planned expedition terminated in a ruinous retreat."†

In making preparations for a rapid march before an enemy, that from report was overwhelming if not avoided, the 23rd of December was consumed, and the general plan for regressive operations was arranged by instantly retreating on Gallicia.

To pass the Esla, three routs were open,—one by the bridge of Mansilla, a second by the ferry of Valencia, and a third by the bridge of Castro Gonsalo, over which the great road to Benevente leads. Mansilla was occupied and exhausted by the Spanish army, and the roads of Valencia and Gonsalo afforded the best retreat. A double means of retirement would expedite the movements—and neither the magazines at Lamora nor Benevente would be left to the French. Astorga was named the point of union, as there, if pressed, battle could be offered. Romana was requested to move upon Leon —after holding, to the last extremity, the bridge of Mansilla.

All arrangements being completed, Moore commenced

* The situation of the several corps of the French army, when Sir John Moore advanced from Salamanca, was as follows:—The Duke of Dalmatia at Sahagun, Saldanha, and the villages in that neighbourhood on the river Carion; Marshal the Duke of Treviso moving upon Zaragosa; the Duke of Abrantes with eight corps at Vittoria; Marshal Lefebre with the fourth corps beyond the Guadarama; Marshal Lasnes upon the Ebro; and the Emperor, with the Imperial Guard, and the first and sixth corps *d'armée* at Madrid.

† "The Bivouac."

retreating on the 24th. Hope's division fell back on Castro Gonzalo, and Baird's on Valencia; while cavalry patrols were pushed forward on the Carion, with orders to retire at nightfall of the 25th, giving the reserve and light infantry, which formed the rear-guard, a start of some three or four hours in advance. All was admirably executed—and the columns, unmolested, reached their respective destinations.

The retreat continued, marked by some occasional affairs between the cavalry of the advanced and rear guard, which terminated invariably in favour of the latter. The hussar regiments behaved most nobly—and on every occasion, regardless of numbers, or the more discouraging movements of a retreat, they sought the combat, and always came off the conquerors.

The infantry already began to experience the annoyance of long marches, severe weather, and a very indifferent commissariate. To march over cut-up roads, and through an exhausted country, where no friendly place of strength protects, no well-supplied magazine refreshes, soon harasses the over-loaded soldier. But that, when accomplished in the dead of winter,—in cold and darkness, sleet and rain,—was enough to have subdued the spirit of any army but a British one, retiring under every privation, and with seventy thousand veteran troops marching on their flanks and rear.

The army reached Benevente on the 27th—and the crossing of the Esla,* though exceedingly troublesome, was effected with inconsiderable loss. The roads were wretched, the weather bad, and the French pursuit marked by the fiery character of their emperor. He crossed† the Carpenteras, regardless

* "Early next day our sufferings opened with the crossing of the Esla. The river was already rising, and one huge and ill-constructed ferry-boat was the only means by which to pass over a whole division, its baggage, and its camp followers. The waters were increasing, the rain fell in torrents, the east wind blew with cutting violence, mules kicked, men cursed, and women screamed; all, in short, was noise and disorder. Fortunately, a contiguous ford was declared practicable. The infantry and their equipages passed safely; and before the flood rose so high as to bar their passage, the whole column were safe upon the right bank."—*The Bivouac.*

† "The difficulties were such, that the artillery preceding the column of infantry gave up the point, and were returning down the southern

of obstacles that would have discouraged the boldest—and, in a hurricane of sleet and hail, passed his army over the Guadarama, by a rout declared impracticable even to a mountain peasant.

This bold operation, worthy of the conqueror of Italy, was followed up by an immediate advance. On the 26th the main body of the British continued retreating on Astorga,—the bridge across the Esla was destroyed—and the night of the 27th passed over in tolerable quiet. In the morning, however, the French were seen actively employed. Five hundred cavalry of the guard tried for the ford above the ruined bridge, found it, and passed over. The pickets forming the rear-guard at once confronted them,—and, led on by Colonel Otway, charged repeatedly, and checked the leading squadron. General Stuart put himself at the head of the pickets, while Lord Anglesea rode back to bring up the 10th. Charges were made on both sides; the pickets gave ground—the French advanced, but the 10th were speedily at hand, and came forward. The pickets rallied,—they cheered and cut boldly in at speed—the French were overthrown and driven across the river, with the loss of their Colonel (Le Fevre), and seventy officers and men.

This brilliant encounter had the results that boldness wins. The French kept a respectful distance, and thus, the column was enabled to gain Astorga without further molestation.

ascent of the Guadarama mountain when met by the Emperor. This retrograde movement was occasioned by the increased violence of a hurricane blowing hail and snow with, it was considered, resistless force. In addition to the report of his officers, the Spanish peasants declared the passage to be attended with the greatest danger.

"Napoleon ordered his troops to follow him, and immediately proceeded to place himself at the head of the column Accompanied by the *chasseurs à cheval* of the guard, he passed through the ranks of the infantry, then formed the chasseurs in close column, occupying the entire width of the road; then, dismounting from his horse, and directing the rear of the leading half squadron, the whole moved forward. The men, by being dismounted, were, with the exception of those immediately in front, more sheltered from the storm, while the dense mass trod down the snow, and left a beaten track for the infantry, who, no longer obstructed in the same degree, and inspired by the presence as well as the example of Napoleon, pushed forward, and the whole descended to Espinar."—*Leith Hay.*

But the danger was momently increasing. From prisoners taken in the cavalry affair on the Esla, it was ascertained that, on the preceding evening, the head-quarters of Napoleon's own corps were but sixteen miles from the bivouacs of the British—and to reach Villa Franca before the French was imperatively necessary. On that event how much depended, —for on the possession of that road, in a great degree, would rest the safety or destruction of the British, as it opens through a defile into a country that for miles renders cavalry movements impracticable, and entirely protects the flanks of a retiring army.

It is astonishing how quickly a retreat in bad weather destroys the *morale* of the best army. The British divisions had marched from Sabugal on the 24th in the highest order; on the 30th, on reaching Astorga, their disorganization had commenced—they seemed a mob flying from a victorious enemy, and General Moore himself exhibited a despondency that was apparent to all around him. "That he was an officer of great distinction every one acknowledged during his life, and posterity will never deny it; but it was too manifest that a fear of responsibility, a dread of doing that which was wrong, of running himself and his troops into difficulties from which they might not be able to extricate themselves, were a great deal too active to permit either his talents or his judgment properly to exert their influence. Sir John Moore had earned the highest reputation as a general of division; he was aware of this, and perhaps felt no inclination to risk it; at all events he was clearly incapable of despising partial obstacles in the pursuit of some great ultimate advantage;—in one word, he was not a Wellington. Of this no more convincing proof need be given than the fact that, even at the moment when the preparations for the brief advance were going on, his whole heart and soul seemed turned towards the Portuguese frontier." *

Romana had unfortunately given up the Leon rout, and

* This sketch of Moore by Lord Londonderry displays his character in all its valuable and defective lights, as an officer, so strongly, that no minuter description probably could exceed it in point, and none certainly in fidelity.

marching on Astorga, encumbering the roads with the ruins of his baggage, and worse still, filling the villages he passed through with crowds of ragged followers unable to get on—some from absolute decrepitude and want, and more from being attacked by fever of the worst type.

The retreat was renewed next morning—and the marching continued with such constancy that, by abandoning the sick and wounded, wasting the ammunition, and destroying the stores, the British outstripped pursuit, and on the 3rd of January found themselves in comparative safety. The cavalry, as usual, distinguished themselves; and at Cacabelos, where the rear-guard was overtaken, behaving with their customary *esprit*, they repelled the advance of the French hussars, and prevented the light troops from being surrounded and cut off. Indeed the escape of the rifles was wonderful. They were retreating through the town, and part of the rear-guard had already crossed the bridge, when the French cavalry came suddenly on in overwhelming force, and galloping into the rear companies of the 95th, succeeded in making some prisoners. The rifles instantly broke into skirmishing order, and commenced retiring up the hill, when a body of voltigeurs rushed to the support of the cavalry, and the affair became serious. The 95th, however, had now thrown themselves into the vineyards behind the town, and kept up a rapid and well-directed fire. The French attempted to get in their rear, and charged boldly up the road, led on by General Colbert. But the fusilade from the vineyard, was maintained with such precision that the French were driven back, leaving a number of dead on the field, among whom their brave and daring leader was included.

Sir John was also threatened with attack at Villa Franca. A strong column of infantry appeared on the heights, in full march on that division which was in position on the opposite hill. The artillery opened, and an engagement appeared inevitable. But checked by the cannonade, the forward movement of the French was arrested; and Sir John, anxious to reach the better position of Lugo, continued his retreat, and prudently avoided coming to a general action, where the ground had no military advantage to induce him to risk a

combat. The main body marched to Herrieras, the reserve to Villa Franca, and the rear-guard moved at ten o'clock, and reached its bivouac at midnight.

The cavalry, no longer serviceable in a country rough, hilly, and wooded, with numerous enclosures around vineyards and plantations of mulberry trees, were sent on to Lugo; the infantry and artillery marching for the same place. During the whole day and night that distressing movement was executed—and forty miles were passed over roads on every side broken up, and in places, knee-deep. Never will that dreadful march be forgotten by those who witnessed it.* The men dropped down by whole sections on the wayside and died—some with curses, some with the voice of prayer in their mouths—while women and children—of whom an immense number had injudiciously been allowed to accompany the army—shared a similar fate. Horrible scenes momentarily occurred,—children frozen in their mothers' arms, women taken in labour, and, of course, perishing with their ill-fated progeny. Some were trying by the madness of intoxication to stimulate their worn-out frames to fresh exertion—or, when totally exhausted, to stupify the agonies of the slow but certain death that cold and hunger must inevitably produce before another sun dawned. It was awful to observe the different modes, when abandoned to die, in which the miserable wretches met their fate. Some lay down in sullen composure —others vented their despair in oaths, and groans, and curses—and not a few in heart-rending prayers to heaven that the duration of their sufferings might be abridged.

* "A few were got away, but many were so tired and lame from sore feet that they did not care if the French sabres and bayonets were at their breast, so completely did most of them give themselves up to despair. The rear-guard was at length forced to retire and leave these unfortunate people to their fate. Some of these poor fellows who had thought better of it, and were endeavouring to overtake their countrymen, were unmercifully sabred by the French cavalry, many of them in a defenceless state.

"One of the handsomest men in the grenadier company, of the name of M'Gee, was coming along the road lame from an accident, his firelock and pack having been taken by his messmates to enable him to keep up; he was, however, overtaken by two French dragoons, and, although unarmed and helpless, was inhumanly cut to pieces almost within sight."—*Cadell.*

From an early period of the retreat, the discipline of the troops was shaken by rapid movements and an absence of regular supplies. Hence, the men were obliged to shift as they best could,—and this laxity in discipline gradually increasing, ended in frequent scenes of drunkenness, rioting, and robbery. Every town and village was sacked in search of food, the wine stores plundered, and the casks, in mere wantonness, broken and spilled. Nothing could check the licentious spirit of the troops; and when a man was hanged at Benivedre, even that sad example had not the least effect, for many of the marauders were detected in the act of plundering within sight of the fatal tree.

During this distressing movement, the French had pressed the British rear-guard closely, and a constant scene of skirmishing ensued. Though invariably checked by the light troops, still the army was hourly becoming less effective—every league reducing it both in numbers and resources. Quantities of arms and necessaries were abandoned or destroyed; and two bullock carts loaded with dollars were thrown over a precipice into the bed of a mountain torrent.* All these things proved how desperately reduced that once fine and well-appointed army had become. Indeed its appearance was rather that of a procession of maimed invalids with a caravan of sick soldiers, than an army operating in front of a determined enemy, and expecting momently to come to action.

It was a matter of surprise to all, that the French leader did not force on an engagement; but, on the contrary, Soult followed this half-ruined army with a caution that appeared

* "Under these circumstances Sir John Moore decided that the whole should be thrown down the mountain; most judiciously considering, that if the casks were broken the men would make a rush for the money, which would have caused great confusion, and might have cost the lives of many. The rear-guard, therefore, was halted; Lieutenant Bennet, of the light company 28th regiment, was placed over the money, with strict orders from Sir John Moore to shoot the first person who attempted to touch it. It was then rolled over the precipice, the casks were soon broken by the rugged rocks, and the dollars falling out, rolled over the height a sparkling cascade of silver. The French advanced guard coming up shortly after to the spot, were detained for a time picking up a few dollars that had been scattered on the road."—*Cadell.*

unaccountable and unnecessary. Still the moment of attack could not be distant; and it was certain that the Marshal only waited for some embarrassment in the march, to throw his leading divisions on the retreating brigades of England, and force on a decisive battle.

This event was particularly to be dreaded while passing the bridge and village of Constantino. A long and difficult mountain road leads to the summit of a bold height, down which it winds again by a gradual descent till it meets the bridge. The occupation of this height, before the columns had passed the river, would expose them to a heavy fire; and Sir John Moore determined to check the French pursuit, and hold the hill, until the rear of the main division had cleared the bridge and village. His dispositions were quickly made, —the 28th regiment with the rifle corps were drawn up beside the river—and the 20th, 52nd, and 91st on a hill immediately in their rear, flanked by the horse artillery.

The French attacked with their usual spirit. The cavalry and tirailleurs advanced against the bridge; but the fire from the British riflemen, assisted by the guns on the height, drove them back with loss. A second and a third attack, made with equal boldness, ended in a similar result—and darkness put a stop to the fighting. The French withdrew their light troops, the British continued their retreat, and before morning broke the rear-guard joined the army, now bivouacked in position, or cantoned in and around the town of Lugo.

"The concentration of so many troops at this wretched place produced a scene of hurry and confusion with which the distant cannonade at the bridge of Constantino seemed in perfect keeping.

"On one side was to be seen the soldier of every rank who had secured a habitation to shelter him, but whom duty or inclination occasioned to wander through the crowds of people, and deeply mudded streets of the town; on the other, the disconsolate person that made his appearance after the Alcalde's ingenuity had been stretched to the uttermost in procuring quarters for the troops already arrived, and whose *personal friends* had been subjected to the unusual order for admitting strangers. The pitiableness of his case was either to be discovered by a resigned and woeful visage, or by certain ebul-

litions of temper, destined to waste themselves in the desert air. Next were to be seen the conductors of baggage, toiling through the streets, their laden mules almost sinking under the weight of ill-arranged burdens swinging from side to side, while the persons in whose charge they had followed the divisions appeared undecided which to execrate most, the roads, the mules, the Spaniards, or the weather. These were succeeded by the dull, heavy sound of the passing artillery; then came the Spanish fugitives from the desolating line of the armies. Detachments with sick or lamed horses scrambled through the mud, while, at intervals, the report of a horse-pistol knelled the termination to the sufferings of an animal that a few days previously, full of life and high in blood, had borne its rider not against, but over, the ranks of Gallic chivalry. The effect of this scene was rendered more striking by the distant report of cannon and musketry, and more gloomy by torrents of rain, and a degree of cold worthy of a Polish winter."*

Preparations were made for a battle, and Sir John Moore seemed determined to retreat no further. Notwithstanding the British were suffering from cold, and wet, and hunger, they fell into their position with alacrity. The Minho protected their right, and a ravine separated them from the French, who, already in force, occupied the heights, and were evidently preparing for an immediate effort.

On the 6th the French deployed upon the heights, and the British stood to their arms. Some hours passed; each line looked at the other, as if waiting for its opening movement. The day passed,—and at night the hostile armies occupied the same bivouacs, on which their brigades had rested the preceding evening.

The 7th came: with the first dawn, as if to make up for its previous inactivity, the French guns opened. Their battery was but weak, and the fire of the British artillery silenced it. A pause ensued,—the day wore on—the evening was closing,—when a column of considerable strength, covered by a cloud of tirailleurs, steadily mounted the hill, driving in the pickets and a wing of the 76th. The 51st was instantly moved to its

* Leith Hay.

assistance, musketry was interchanged, a bayonet rush succeeded, the French were driven down the hill, and operations terminated.

"Darkness came on,—a wild and stormy night,—a lonely hill,—no fire, no food,—such was the bivouac of Lugo;—such the wretched and cheerless situation of the harassed but unconquerable islanders.

"As the morning of the 8th dawned, the British formed line, and prepared coolly for the expected encounter; but it passed over, and the enemy made no hostile movement. The troops had been ordered to bivouac as they best could—and in a short time a number of rude huts were erected to defend them from the inclemency of the coming night. But it was not intended to remain longer before Lugo. When darkness hid their retreat, the British filed off silently by the rear. Through a frightful storm of hail and wind, their march was bravely executed; and leaving Lugo and Valmela behind them, they halted at Betanzos on the 10th."*

Here the exhausted soldiery were halted from sheer necessity. They were literally marched to a stand-still,—and, although the rain fell in torrents, they lay down upon the soaked earth, and in that comfortless situation remained until at evening the ranks were again formed, and the retreat continued on Corunna, where Sir John had now decided on embarking the ruins of his army.

Fortunately for the wearied troops, the French, deceived by the fires left burning when the British commenced their night march from Lugo, did not discover the movement until daylight, and thus twelve hours were gained on the pursuers. This lost time could not be recovered; and although the whole of the 10th was passed in Betanzos,† to allow stragglers to rejoin their regiments, no serious attempt was made to embarrass the remainder of the march, and the leading division

* "The Bivouac."

† "We bivouacked on the heights above Betanzos. Here we met with a God-send for the night. Just as we had taken up our ground we found a number of waggons laden with dry bullocks'-skins, on their way to Corunna; we made beds of some and covering of others, which gave us for once a dry sleep."—*Cadell.*

reached Corunna at noon of the 11th, while the reserve occupied the adjoining villages, and the remaining brigades took up their quarters in the suburbs.

Corunna afforded a very indifferent position to offer battle on. There was one, but its extent made it untenable by an army so weak in number as the British. After a close examination, the rising ground above the village of Elvina, a mile in front of the town, was the place selected by the general; the position was accordingly marked out, and the brigades moved to their allotted posts.

A ridge commanded the Betanzos road and formed the left of the line, and on this General Hope's division was placed. Sir David Baird's was next in station, and occupied a succession of knolls that swept inwards, and inclined to a valley beyond the Vigo road. Over the low grounds the rifle corps were extended, appuied upon Frazer's division, which, placed in echellon, covered the principal approach to Corunna. Paget's division was in reserve behind Hope's, and occupied a village half a mile in the rear.

The enemy appeared beyond the Mero while these dispositions were being made; but, with the exception of a partial cannonade, no hostile demonstration occurred. On the 14th, the artillery had ceased on both sides—an unusual quiet ensued,—and nothing seemed likely to produce any immediate excitement, when the explosion of four thousand barrels of gunpowder burst upon the astonished ear. It is impossible to describe the effect.* The unexpected and tremendous crash seemed for the moment to have deprived every person of reason and recollection; "the soldiers flew to their arms, nor was it until a tremendous column of smoke, ascending from the heights in front, marked from whence the astounding shock proceeded, that reason resumed its sway. It is impossible ever to forget the sublime appearance of the dark dense cloud of smoke that ascended, shooting up gradually like a gigantic tower into the clear blue sky. It appeared fettered in one

* "The French were in as great a panic as we were, their army was under arms, and aides-de-camp flying in all directions. In a short time every thing was quiet, but a shower of white ashes began to fall, and continued for some time afterwards."—*Cadell.*

enormous mass; nor did a particle of dust or vapour, obscuring its form, seem to escape as it rolled upwards in majestic circles."*

On the 15th the fleet hove in sight, and immediate preparations were made to effect an embarkation of the army. The women and children, with the sick and wounded, were directly carried on board; a large portion of the artillery and stores was sent afterwards; and the cavalry, after destroying the few horses that still remained, were embarked. None but the infantry, and of these such only as were effective, were now left; and the belief was general, that they too, would be permitted to retire from their position unmolested.

Every thing on the 16th continued quiet. The boats pulled from the shipping to the beach, and orders were issued for the divisions to move down, and prepare for immediate embarkation; Sir John Moore was on horseback to visit the outposts, for the last time, before they should be withdrawn, when an officer came up hastily, and announced that the French were under arms. The intelligence was correct; for an instant fusilade commenced between their tirailleurs and the English pickets, as their light troops pushed forward, covering the advance of four compact columns. Two directed their march upon the right, one moved upon the centre, while the fourth threatened the left of the English line.

The right, consisting of the 4th, 42nd, and 50th, supported by the guards, were fiercely attacked, and the reserve ordered to sustain it. The French threw out a cloud of skirmishers, supported by the fire of eleven pieces of artillery,—and driving the advanced posts before them, came forward with their customary boldness. On deploying partially, their line extended considerably beyond the extreme right of the British, but this was disregarded, and instead of waiting the attack, the regiments gallantly advanced to meet it. The 4th suddenly refusing its right wing, shewed a double front,—and unawed by a superior enemy, undaunted by a heavy and well-directed cannonade, the manœuvre of this splendid regiment was executed with all the coolness and precision of a parade.

For a time the irregularity of ground intersected by nume-

* Leith Hay.

rous enclosures, kept the combatants apart; but these were speedily surmounted, and the French assault was made and repelled—and the village of Elvina, which had for a few minutes been in possession of the enemy, was recovered by the 50th with the bayonet.*

The action was now general along the line. The 42nd, and a battalion of the Guards, by a brilliant charge drove back the French; and, failing to force, Soult endeavoured to turn the British right, and accordingly marched a column in its rear. That, the reserve attacked, and repulsed it with heavy loss. In every point Soult's attacks failed—and, altering his dispositions, he took ground considerably to the right.

While the 42nd were lowering their bayonets, and Sir John Moore was encouraging the charge, a round shot knocked him from his horse, shattering his left arm at the shoulder—while immediately before, Sir David Baird had been wounded and removed. But the fall of their generals produced no serious results. Corunna was not a battle of manœuvre, but a field of determined resistance. The officers commanding the different battalions fought their regiments gallantly; the dispositions for the engagement were simple and understood; the attempts upon the left and centre were repulsed; and the French, beaten on every point, fell back as night came on.

Thus ended the conflict of Corunna;—and when every disadvantage is taken into consideration under which the British fought, its results were glorious, and the courage and coolness displayed throughout most honourable to the troops employed. The numbers engaged were certainly in favour of the French. Without its light brigade, which had retreated and embarked at Vigo, the British divisions scarcely reached to fifteen thousand; while Soult was reinforced in the morning, and mustered from eighteen to twenty thousand men. The loss on both sides was severe; that of the British amounting to eight hundred killed and wounded, while the French admitted theirs to be at least double that number.

Yet it was but a melancholy triumph. The sad reverses of the retreat, the abandonment of the country, and the death of a brave and beloved commander, clouded the hour of conquest,

* In this charge the regiment lost both its majors; one being killed, and the other wounded and taken prisoner.

and threw a depressing gloom around, that seemed fitter to mark a defeat than attend a well-won victory. No further attempt was made by the enemy—the brigades were removed after dark,—the embarkation continued*— and on the afternoon of the 17th, the whole fleet was under weigh, steering for England with a leading wind.

The severity of a wound like Sir John Moore's, precluded, from the first moment it was received, all hope of his surviving beyond an hour or two. The arm was torn nearly from the shoulder, and the collar-bone partially carried away; but, notwithstanding the desperate hemorrhage that ensued, the sufferer preserved his recollection, and remained in mental possession to the last.

He was carried from the field in a blanket by six soldiers, who evinced their sympathy by tears; and when a spring waggon came up, and it was proposed that Sir John should be transferred to it, the poor fellows respectfully objected, "as they would keep step, and carry him more easily." Their wishes were attended to—and the dying general was conveyed slowly to his quarters in the town, occasionally stopping the bearers to look back upon the field, whenever an increasing fire arrested his attention. All hope was over—he lingered for a little, talking feebly, but collectedly, to those around, and dividing his last thoughts apparently, between his country and his kindred. The kindliness of his disposition was in death remarkable. Turning to an aid-de-camp, he desired to be remembered to his sister—and feebly pressing Colonel Anderson's hand, his head dropped back, and he died without a struggle.

As a wish had been expressed by the departed, that he should be laid in the field on which he fell, the rampart of the citadel was happily chosen for his "resting place." A working party of the 9th turned up the earth—and at midnight,

* "The embarkation going forward had none of the exhilaration attending an operation naturally accompanied with so much activity, life, and spirit; all seemed sombre and depressed; we were flying from the land, which was left in the undisturbed possession of troops vanquished on the preceding day, but now preparing to fire the last taunting discharges against soldiers, whom fortune appeared to have frowned upon, even in victory."—*Leith Hay.*

wrapped in a cloak and blanket, his uncoffined remains were interred by the officers of his staff—the burial-service was read by torch-light,—earth fell on kindred clay,—the grave was filled,—and, in the poet's words, "They left him alone with his glory." *

The benefits derived to an army from the example of a distinguished commander, do not terminate at his death; his virtues live in the recollections of his associates, and his fame remains the strongest incentive to great and glorious actions.† In Sir John Moore this was pointedly true; for in public and private life none was more amiable—none, certainly, more exemplary. But, speaking professionally, one is at this day, astonished at the different estimates then formed of his qualifications as a general. Nearly forty years have elapsed, and time best determines the abilities of men—popular clamour, whether favourable or unfriendly, loses its temporary influence —and the merits or defects of departed greatness can, at an after period, be dispassionately examined and adjudged.

In every private relation, Sir John Moore's character was perfect—and his professional career had always been distinguished. Of no man had higher hopes been formed—and hence, probably, more was expected by his country, than either his means or his talents could effect. By one party he was unjustly censured—by another injudiciously praised; and in

* MEMORIALS OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

The following simple inscriptions are the only memorials which as yet have marked the field of Corunna, or the grave of the departed general:—

A la Gloria
del
Exmo Sr D. Juan Moore, Genl del Ex^to Ingleso,
Y a la de sus valientes compatriotas,
la
España agradecida.

On the other side,—

Batalla de Coruña a 16 de Enero,
Año 1809.

Marshal Soult also ordered the following inscription to be engraved upon a rock near the spot where Sir John Moore fell:—

Hîc cecidit Johannes Moore, Dux Exercitus,
In pugnâ Januarii xvi. 1809,
Contra Gallos, à Duce Dalmatiæ ductos.

† General Order, Horse-Guards, Feb. 1st, 1809.

John Moore

this ferment of opinion, it is difficult to say whether his military reputation was most endangered by the obloquy of his enemies or the over-praise of his friends.

Sir John Moore was a brave, high-minded, and accomplished soldier; understood the details of his profession, and laboured assiduously* to carry them into operation. He was an excellent commander *en second*, — but he never could handle masses of men, like Napoleon or Wellington—grapple with difficulties when they unexpectedly occurred—and, when apparently on the verge of defeat, change, by his own resources, the fortunes of a field, and turn an unpromising morning into an evening of victory. For this he was constitutionally unfitted. He laboured under an excessive sensibility that embarrassed his decisions. A fever of the mind, which robs the judgment of its energy, was frequently apparent; and sentiments and language will be found in every portion of his correspondence,† which, while they indicate an amiable disposition, are sadly out of keeping with that stern sufficiency of thought, that should mark the unhesitating character of a commander. Moore wanted confidence in himself; he was afraid of responsibility; he underrated the qualities of his own troops, and greatly overrated those of his adversary. Yet, let justice be done. He acted under circumstances at once difficult and trying; and he was harassed in being made, in some degree, dependent upon the opinions of others. Lord Londonderry, who does ample justice to the memory of Moore, says, "The British army has produced some abler men; and many, in point of military talent, were and are quite his equals; but it cannot, and perhaps never could, boast of one more beloved, not by his personal friends alone, but by every individual that served under him."

* "He always rose between three and four in the morning, lighted his fire and candle by a lamp, and wrote till breakfast-hour. Afterwards, he received commanding officers, transacted business, and then rode out to view the troops or reconnoitre the country. His table was plentiful, his guests varying from fourteen to twenty. With these he talked familiarly, drank a few glasses of wine, returned to his orderly business, and was in bed by ten o'clock."—*Life of Moore.*

† "*Pray for me*, that I may make right decisions, * * * *I sleep little*," &c. &c. "*I see my situation*, and nothing can *be worse*."—*Campaign, &c. in Spain.*

CONNECTING CHAPTER.

Consequences of the embarkation.—Wretched position of Spanish affairs.—State of Portugal.—Memoir of the Guerillas.

The immediate consequence of the embarkation, was the surrender of Corunna on the second day from that on which the once proud army of England quitted the coast of Spain. Ferrol soon followed the example—and in both these places, an immense supply of stores and ammunition was obtained. All effective resistance was apparently at an end—and French dominion seemed established in Gallicia more strongly than it had ever been before.

In every part of Spain, the cause of freedom appeared hopeless. One campaign was closed, and never did one end more hopelessly;*—an unvarying scene of misfortune from the commencement, it seemed to have withered every national feeling that might have existed in Spanish breasts. Fortresses that should have held out, provisioned, garrisoned, and open to receive supplies from England, surrendered to a weak army, who could not command "a battering gun or siege store

* Disastrous as Sir John Moore's campaign proved, the French accounts circulated over the continent grossly exaggerated the real loss of our army, and heavy indeed it was. "Three British regiments," they said, "the 42nd, 50th, and 52nd, had been entirely destroyed in the action—and Sir John Moore killed in attempting to charge at their head with the vain hope of restoring the fortune of the day. The English had lost every thing which constitutes an army, artillery, horses, baggage, ammunition, magazines, and military chests. Of eighty pieces of cannon they had landed, they had re-embarked no more than 12,—200,000 weight of powder, 16,000 muskets, and 2,000,000 of treasure (about 83,000*l.*), had fallen into the hands of the pursuers, and treasure yet more considerable had been thrown down the precipices along the road between Astorga and Corunna, where the peasantry and the soldiers were now collecting it. Five thousand horses had been counted which they had slaughtered upon the way—five hundred were taken at Corunna, and the carcases of twelve hundred were infecting the streets when the conquerors entered that town.

within four hundred miles." In fact, Spanish resistance seemed a mockery. Their military force was now the ruins of Romana's army, and some half-starved fugitives who occasionally appeared in Estremadura and La Mancha,—while the French had nearly two hundred thousand veteran troops covering the whole country,—and these too in masses, that set any hostile demonstration at defiance.

Portugal, in its military footing, was nearly on a par with Spain. A British corps, under Sir John Craddock, garrisoned Lisbon—and, that place excepted, there were no troops in the kingdom on which the slightest dependence could be placed. The appointment of Marshal Beresford to a chief command, produced in time a wonderful reformation. The English system of drill was successfully introduced,—and, before the war ended, the Portuguese, when brigaded with the British, were always respectable in the field, and sometimes absolutely brilliant. At this period, there was but one national force in the least degree formidable to the invaders—and that was the Spanish Guerillas.

The Spanish armies in the course of the Peninsular campaign had met so many and discouraging defeats, that their military reputation sunk below the standard of mediocrity. They were despised by their enemies, and distrusted by their allies, and whether from the imbecility of the government, the ignorance of their leaders, or some national peculiarity, their inefficiency became so notorious, that no important operation could be entrusted to them with any certainty of its being successful. As an organized force, the Spanish army was contemptible; while, in desultory warfare, the peasantry were invaluable. With few exceptions, the history of Spanish service would be a mere detail of presumption and defeat; while their neighbours, the Portuguese, merited the perfect

The English would have occupied Ferrol, and seized the squadron there, had it not been for the precipitance of their retreat, and the result of the battle to which they had been brought at last. Thus, then, had terminated their expedition into Spain! Thus, after having fomented the war in that unhappy country, had they abandoned it to its fate! In another season of the year not a man of them would have escaped; now, the facility of breaking up the bridges, the rapidity of the winter torrents, shortness of days, and length of nights, had favoured their retreat."

approbation of their officers, and proved worthy of standing in the battle-field by the side of British soldiers.

The irregular bands, termed Partidas and Quadrillas, partly formed from peasant volunteers and smugglers, and enlisted and paid by government, were embodied originally by order of the Central Junta. At first their numbers were few, and their efficiency as military partisans not very remarkable—but as the Spanish armies declined in strength and reputation, the guerillas proportionately increased. The most determined spirits would naturally select a life of wild and desperate adventure *—and a love of country and religion, an unextinguishable hatred of oppression, inflamed the passions of a people proverbial for the intensity of feeling with which they regarded even an imaginary insult. They had now deep and heart-burning injuries to stimulate them to hatred and revenge,—and the ferocity with which they retaliated for past and present wrong, gained for these formidable partisans a name that made the boldest of their oppressors tremble.

A brief sketch of this wild and devoted confederacy, so connected with the Peninsular operations during that arduous struggle, will not be irrelevant.

"There was in the whole system of guerilla warfare a wild and romantic character, which, could its cruelty have been overlooked, would have rendered it both chivalrous and exciting—and men, totally unfitted by previous habits and education suddenly appeared upon the stage, and developed talent and determination, that made them the scourge and terror of the invaders.

"But theirs was a combat of extermination,—none of those courtesies, which render modern warfare endurable, were granted to their opponents,—the deadliest hostility was unmitigated by success,—and, when vanquished, expecting no quarter from the French, they never thought of extending it to those who unfortunately became their prisoners. A sanguinary struggle was waging, and *væ victis* seemed, with 'war to the knife,' to be the only mottos of the guerilla.

* "Successes of this kind made Mina dangerous in more ways than one to the invaders. Germans, Italians, and even French, deserted to him. In the course of five days, fifteen hussars came over with their arms and horses, and fourteen foot soldiers."—*Life of Mina.*

"The strange exploits of many of these daring partisans,* though true to the letter, are perfectly romantic; and their patient endurance, and the deep artifice with which their objects were affected, appear to be almost incredible. Persons, whose ages and professions were best calculated to evade suspicion, were invariably their chosen agents. The village priest was commonly a confederate of the neighbouring guerilla,—the postmaster betrayed the intelligence that reached him in his office,—the fairest peasant of Estremadura would tempt the thoughtless soldier with her beauty, and decoy him within range of the bullet; even childhood was frequently and successfully employed in leading the unsuspecting victim into some pass or ambuscade, where the knife or musket closed his earthly career."†

In every community, however fierce and lawless, different gradations of good and evil will be discovered, and nothing could be more opposite than the feelings and actions of some of the guerillas and their leaders.

Many of these desperate bands were actuated in every enterprise by a love of bloodshed and spoliation, and their own countrymen suffered as heavily from their rapacity, as their enemies from their swords. Others took the field from nobler motives; an enthusiastic attachment to their country and religion roused them to vengeance against a tyranny which had now become insufferable,—every feeling but ardent patriotism was forgotten—private and dearer ties were snapped asunder,—homes, and wives, and children, were abandoned,—privations, that appear almost incredible, were patiently endured, until treachery delivered them to the executioner, or in some wild attempt they were overpowered by numbers, and died resisting to the last.

Dreadful as the retaliation was which French cruelty and oppression had provoked, the guerilla vengeance against

* "The Bivouac."

† "Many of the guerilla leaders were accompanied in the field by females, who, as is not unfrequent in camps, wore male attire. These, after a time, habituated to danger, became very daring, frequently fighting amongst the foremost, on which circumstance most of the tales of the bands being commanded by Amazons had their origin."—*Jones*

domestic treachery was neither less certain nor less severe.* To collect money or supplies for the invaders, convey any information, conceal their motions, and not betray them when opportunity occurred, was certain death to the offender. Sometimes the delinquent was brought, with considerable difficulty and risk, before a neighbouring tribunal, and executed with all the formalities of justice; but, generally, a more summary vengeance was exacted, and the traitor executed upon the spot. In these cases, neither calling nor age were respected—and, if found false to his country, the sanctity of his order was no protection to the priest.

The daughter of the collector of Almagro, for professing attachment to the usurper, was stabbed by Urena to the heart, —and a secret correspondence between the wife of the Alcalde of Birhueda and the French general in the next command, having been detected by an intercepted despatch, the wretched woman, by order of Juan Martin Diez, "the Empecinado,"† was dragged by a guerilla party from her house, her hair shaven, her denuded person tarred and feathered, and disgracefully exhibited in the public market-place,—and she was

* "In this pursuit the Corregidor of Cervera was taken attempting to escape with the enemy; a man who had joined the French, and, with the malevolence of a traitor, persecuted his own countrymen. He had invented a cage in which to imprison those who did not pay their contributions, or were in any way obnoxious to him: it was so constructed as to confine the whole body, leaving the head exposed to be buffeted and spit upon; and sometimes this devilish villain anointed the face of his victim with honey to attract the flies and wasps. 'To-morrow,' said Eroles in his despatches, 'the Señor Corregidor will go out to parade the streets in this same cage, where the persons who have suffered this grievous torment may behold him: *Discite justiciam moniti, et non temnere Divos!*' The capture of this man was worth as much, in the feelings of the people, as all the preceding success."

† "Various explanations have been offered of this name. One account says, that upon finding his family murdered by the French, he smeared his face with pitch, and made a vow of vengeance. Another, that he was so called because of his swarthy complexion. But in the account of his life, it is said that all the inhabitants of Cashillo de Duero, where he was born, have this nickname indiscriminately given them by their neighbours, in consequence of a black mud, called pecina, deposited by a little stream which runs through the place; and the appellation became peculiar to him from his celebrity."—*Southey*.

then put to death amid the execrations of her tormentors. Nor was there any security for a traitor, even were his residence in the capital, or almost within the camp of the enemy. One of the favourites of Joseph Buonaparte, Don Jose Riego, was torn from his home in the suburbs of Madrid, while celebrating his wedding, by the Empecinado, and hanged in the square of Cadiz. The usurper himself, on two occasions, narrowly escaped from this desperate partisan. Dining at Almeida, some two leagues distance from the capital, with one of the generals of division, their hilarity was suddenly interrupted by the unwelcome intelligence that the Empecinado was at hand, and nothing but a hasty retreat preserved the pseudo-king from capture. On another occasion, he was surprised upon the Guadalaxara-road, and so rapid was the guerilla movement, so determined the pursuit, that before the French could be succoured by the garrison of Madrid, forty of the royal escort were sabred between Torrejon and El Molar.

A war of extermination raged, and on both sides blood flowed in torrents. One act of cruelty was as promptly answered by another; and a French decree, ordering that every Spaniard taken in arms should be executed, appeared to be a signal to the guerillas to exclude from mercy every enemy who fell into their hands. The French had shown the example; the Junta were denounced, their houses burned, and their wives and children driven to the woods. If prisoners received quarter in the field,—if they fell lame upon the march, or the remotest chance of a rescue appeared, they were shot like dogs. Others were butchered in the towns, their bodies left rotting on the highways, and their heads exhibited on poles. That respect, which even the most depraved of men usually pay to female honour, was shamefully disregarded,—and more than one Spaniard, like the postmaster of Medina, was driven to the most desperate courses, by the violation of a wife and the murder of a child."*

It would be sickening to describe the horrid scenes which mutual retaliation produced. Several of the Empecinado's followers, who were surprised in the mountains of Guadarama,

* Southey.

were nailed to the trees, and left there to expire slowly by hunger and thirst. To the same trees, before a week elapsed, a similar number of French soldiers were affixed by the guerillas. Two of the inhabitants of Madrid, who were suspected of communicating with the brigands, as the French termed the armed Spaniards, were tried by court-martial, and executed at their own door. The next morning, six of the garrison were seen hanging from walls besides the high road. Some females related to Palarea, surnamed the Medico, had been abused most scandalously by the escort of a convoy, who had seized them in a wood; and in return the guerilla general drove into an Ermida eighty Frenchmen and their officers, set fire to the thatch, and burned them to death, or shot them in their endeavours to leave the blazing chapel. Such were the dreadful enormities a system of retaliation caused.

These desperate adventurers were commanded by men of the most dissimilar professions. All were distinguished by some *sobriquet*, and these were of the most opposite descriptions. Among the leaders were friars and physicians, cooks and artisans; while some were characterized by a deformity, and others named after the form of their waistcoat or hat. Worse epithets described many of the minor chiefs,—truculence and spoliation obtained them titles; and, strange as it may appear, the most ferocious band that infested Biscay was commanded by a woman named Martina. So indiscriminating and unrelenting was this female monster in her murder of friends and foes, that Mina was obliged to direct his force against her. She was surprised, with the greater part of her banditti, and the whole were shot upon the spot.

Of all the guerilla leaders the two Minas were the most remarkable for their daring, their talents, and their successes. The younger, Xavier, had a short career—but nothing could be more chivalrous and romantic than many of the incidents that marked it. His band amounted to a thousand—and with this force he kept Navarre, Biscay, and Aragon in confusion; intercepted convoys, levied contributions, plundered the custom-houses, and harassed the enemy incessantly. The villages were obliged to furnish rations for his troops, and the French convoys supplied him with money and ammunition. His

escapes were often marvellous.* He swam flooded rivers deemed impassable, and climbed precipices hitherto untraversed by a human foot. Near Estella he was forced by numbers to take refuge on a lofty rock; the only accessible side he defended till nightfall, when, lowering himself and followers by a rope, he brought his party off without the loss of a man.

This was among his last exploits; for, when reconnoitring by moonlight, in the hope of capturing a valuable convoy, he fell unexpectedly into the hands of an enemy's patrol. Proscribed by the French as a bandit, it was surprising that his life was spared; but his loss to the guerillas was regarded as a great misfortune.

While disputing as to the choice of a leader, where so many aspired to a command to which each could offer an equal claim, an adventurer worthy to succeed their lost chief was happily discovered in his uncle, the elder Mina. Educated as a husbandman, and scarcely able to read or write, the new leader had lived in great retirement, until the Junta's call to arms induced him to join his nephew's band. He reluctantly acceded to the general wish to become Xavier's successor; but when he assumed the command, his firm and daring character was rapidly developed. Echeverria, with a strong following, had started as a rival chief; but Mina surprised him—had three of his subordinates shot with their leader—and united the remainder of the band with his own. Although he narrowly escaped becoming a victim to the treachery of a comrade, the prompt and severe justice with which he visited the offender, effectually restrained other adventurers from making any similar attempt.

The traitor was a sergeant of his own, who, from the bad expression of his face, had received among his companions the sobriquet of Malcarado. Discontented with the new commander, he determined to betray him to the enemy, and con-

* "He himself was in the most imminent peril, a party of hussars having surrounded him: and one of them aimed a blow which he had no other means of avoiding but by stretching himself out upon his horse. The horse at the same moment sprang forward and threw him; he recovered his feet and ran; the horse, whether by mere good fortune, or that, in the wild life to which Mina was reduced, like an Arab he had taught the beast to love him, followed his master, who then lightly leaped into his seat, and, though closely pursued, saved himself."—*Life of Mina.*

certed measures with Pannetti, whose brigade was near the village of Robres, to surprise the guerilla chieftain in his bed. Partial success attended the treacherous attempt; but Mina defended himself desperately with the bar of the door, and kept the French at bay till Gustra, his chosen comrade, assisted him to escape. The guerilla rallied his followers, repulsed the enemy, took Malcarado, and shot him instantly; while the village cure and three alcades implicated in the traitorous design, were hanged side by side upon a tree, and their houses rased to the ground.

An example of severity like this gave confidence to his own followers, and exacted submission from the peasantry. Every where Mina had a faithful spy—every movement of the enemy was reported; and if a village magistrate received a requisition from a French commandant, it was communicated to the guerilla chief with due despatch, or woe to the alcade that neglected it.

Nature had formed Mina* for the service to which he had devoted himself. His constitution was equal to every privation and fatigue, and his courage was of that prompt and daring character which no circumstance, however sudden and disheartening, could overcome. Careless as to dress or food, he depended for a change of linen on the capture of French baggage or any accidental supply; and for days he could subsist on a few biscuits, or any thing chance threw in his way. He guarded carefully against surprise—slept with a dagger and pistols in his girdle; and such were his active habits, that he rarely took more than two hours of repose. Remote caverns were the depositories of his ammunition and plunder; and in a mountain fastness he established an hospital for his wounded, to which they were carried on litters across the heights, and placed in perfect safety until their cure could be completed. Gaming and plunder were prohibited, and even love forbidden, lest the guerilla might be too communicative

* "The French attacked Mina a few days after his exploit before Estella, near Arcos. His inferiority in numbers was compensated by his perfect knowledge of every foot of the ground, experience of his officers in their own mode of warfare, and his confidence in all his followers. After an action which continued nearly the whole day, he drew off in good order, and scarcely with any loss, having killed and wounded nearly four hundred of the enemy."—*Life of Mina.*

to the object of his affection, and any of his chieftain's secrets should thus transpire.

Of the minor chiefs many strange and chivalrous adventures are on record. The daring plans, often tried and generally successful, and the hair-breadth escapes of several, are almost beyond belief. No means, however repugnant to the laws of modern warfare, were unemployed; while the ingenuity with which intelligence of a hostile movement was transmitted—the artifice with which an enemy was delayed, until he could be surrounded or surprised, appear incredible. Of individual ferocity a few instances will be sufficient. At the execution of an alcade and his son at Mondragon, the old man boasted that two hundred French had perished by their hands; and the Chaleco, Francis Moreno, in a record of his services, boasts of his having waited for a cavalry patrol in a ravine, and by the discharge of a huge blunderbuss, loaded nearly to the muzzle, dislocated his own shoulder, and killed or wounded nine of the French. The same chief presented to Villafranca a rich booty of plate and quicksilver, and added to the gift a parcel of ears cut from the prisoners whom on that occasion he had slaughtered.

Profiting by the anarchy that reigned in this afflicted country, wretches, under political excuses, committed murder and devastation on a scale of frightful magnitude. One, pretending to be a functionary of the Junta, made Ladrada a scene of bloodshed. By night his victims were despatched; and, to the disgrace of woman, his wife was more sanguinary than himself. Castanos at length arrested their blood-stained career; and Pedrazcula was hanged and beheaded, and Maria, his infamous confederate, gavotted.

Castile was overrun by banditti; and one gang, destroyed by a guerilla chief named Juan Abril, had accumulated plunder, principally in specie, amounting in value to half a million of reals. One of the band, when captured by the French, to save his life discovered the secret, and offered to lead a party to the place where the treasure was deposited. His proposal was accepted. An alguazil, with an escort of cavalry, proceeded to the wood of Villa Viciosa, and there booty was found worth more than the value affixed to it by the deserter. Returning in unsuspecting confidence, the party were drawn

into an ambuscade by the Medico, who had been acquainted with the expedition; and of the escort and officials, with the exception of five who managed to escape, every one was butchered without mercy.

Such were the wild and relentless foes to whom the invaders were exposed — such were the Spaniards, who had made themselves remarkable for patriotism and endurance—surpassing courage, and unmitigated cruelty.*

* Abridged from "The Bivouac."

OPERATIONS AND OCCURRENCES FROM THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE TO THE ARRIVAL OF SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

Operations of the French.—General Friere murdered.—Defeat of the Spanish armies.—Siege of Zaragoza.—Operations in Catalonia.—Proceedings at Lisbon.—Arrival of Sir Arthur Wellesley.—State of the allied army.—Soult's dangerous position.

UNDER such unpromising circumstances, which we have described, intelligence reached Sir John Craddock, that three French armies were about to move on Portugal; Soult from Gallicia, Lapisse from Salamanca, and Victor from the Tagus. In the vicinity of the latter, Cuesta was endeavouring to organize anew his routed levies: but on his exertions little dependence could be placed—and when the alarm spread, the garrison of Almeida was withdrawn, the forts on the Tagus dismantled, and every preparation was made to embark the British at Lisbon, and abandon Portugal to her oppressors.

This panic was, however, checked by the preservation of Almeida and Rodrigo, by Sir Robert Wilson's Portuguese, added to some advantages gained by Cuesta's army over the French, under Victor. The British force in Lisbon had also been reinforced—twenty thousand Portuguese were taken into the pay of England—and all these things restored, in some degree, a partial confidence.

After the embarkation at Corunna, the French were for a short time inactive. Ney relieved Soult in Gallicia with seventeen thousand men, and enabled the latter to advance on Oporto with twenty-four thousand. After garrisoning Vigo and Tuy, he attempted to cross the Minho near its mouth—but, from imperfect means of transport, he was repulsed, and obliged to march up the river, and pass it by the bridge at Orense. This movement, though in the first instance unfavourable, had nearly ended in the destruction of Romana; who,

being surprised and defeated, saved himself only by some happy accidents from total ruin.

On entering Portugal, the few and ill-disciplined remnants of the Spanish regiments fell back upon the mountain country, General Friere prudently adopting a defensive system, rather venture a combat, for which he knew well that his army was utterly unprepared. This determination of the Spanish general was unpopular. Unpractised in the field, without discipline or formation, and blind to the severe lessons taught them by their recent defeats, these raw levies were ardent for action, and clamorous to meet the enemy again. A number of irregulars, who had lately joined, excited this popular delusion—and they insisted that, contrary to his own judgment, that their general should fight. Friere prudently and steadily refused; and his mutinous soldiers—if such a mob deserve the name—broke into his quarters, treated him with every ignominy, and finally murdered himself and most of his staff.

They immediately elected a British *employé*, Baron Eben, who commanded a Lusitanian brigade, as their commander; and, he, unable to control their fancy for fighting, brought them fairly into action at Carvalho de Este. As might have been expected from such ruffians, they were completely routed. Like Falstaff, the Baron had brought his "scoundrels where they were well peppered,"—and many fell victims to their stupidity and presumption, in supposing for a moment, that they could encounter Soult's veteran troops with the slightest prospect of success. Oporto was next besieged—and though the city was garrisoned by twenty thousand men, having two hundred guns mounted on the works, it was stormed on the third day. The usual scenes of military license, which the usage of war permits after a successful assault, were here fearfully enacted. Soult, however, checked the turbulence of the soldiery after the first burst of fury had subsided; and on the next day, order was generally restored.

Meanwhile the Spanish armies were undergoing a series of disasters—and Cuesta was driven from the southern frontier, after suffering a signal defeat. Victor following up his success, crossed the Tagus at Almaraz, and threw himself on the Spanish army. The French charge was stoutly withstood—the cavalry driven back—and, in return, Victor's left attacked,

and forced for nearly two miles to retire. But it rallied—the Spanish horse, which had been pursuing, suddenly gave way; a panic seized the infantry—the whole broke—threw down their arms,—and endeavoured to save themselves by a precipitous flight. No quarter was given—upwards of nine thousand men were bayoneted and cut down—and the Spanish army was totally disorganized, and placed, for every useful purpose, completely *hors de combat.*

The army of La Mancha was not more fortunate in an engagement at Ciudad Real with Sebastiani. Broken at the first charge, they were hunted off the field, and pursued by the French cavalry to the very base of the Sierra Morena. Their guns and three thousand prisoners were the trophies of a complete *déroute.* The number of their killed and wounded was immense, for the French followed up their success with unscrupulous severity, cutting down or bayoneting every fugitive that could be overtaken. No wonder that the French marshals carried terror with their names; and that the overthrow of the Spanish legions alarmed their British allies at Lisbon. Means were adopted for defence, in the event of the French advancing—a corps was stationed at Abrantes—the main body at Leria—and the Portuguese under Beresford at Thomar.

Some other operations of moment had occurred in Arragon and Catalonia. In Arragon the reduction of Zaragoza was the next attempt of the French after the fatal fight of Tudela; and there, a resistance was unexpectedly given by the inhabitants, that finds no parallel in the annals of war.* Every effort of

* "Before the further actions of the British are narrated, a few pages will be well bestowed to recount the heroic, but unconnected efforts of resistance made by the Spaniards themselves, of which the siege of Zaragoza stands foremost. Immediately after the repulse of the French in the preceding summer, Palafox directed the execution of various defensive works, which, thrown up in haste, and executed with greater zeal than judgment, gave more the appearance than the reality of additional strength to the place; yet, in the defence of them, Palafox added much to his previously high fame,—this second defence being far more arduous than the former; as thirty-six thousand men were employed in the attack, and such a provision of artillery and stores brought against the town, as rendered success certain. From the day succeeding the unfortunate action at Tudela, constant skirmishing and small affairs of posts took place, whilst the French were bringing up the supplies for the attack; which having

art and labour was exhausted to render the city one huge fortress; the convent became a barrack; the church an hospital; woman forgot her fears; the monk left the shrine

accomplished, the siege commenced on the 20th December, by the assault and capture of the outposts of the Torrero and Casa-blanca; and by an attempt to lodge in the suburbs on the left of the Elbro, from which, after several hours' fighting, and a dreadful slaughter of the Spaniards, the French were ultimately repulsed. On the 10th January a violent bombardment began, and frequently three thousand shells were thrown into the devoted town in twenty-four hours. On the 26th, fifty-five pieces of heavy ordnance battered the newly-raised works of the *enceinte*, and quickly formed a practicable breach: the French vigorously assaulted it the following morning, and, after a desperate resistance, gained the summit; where, however, they could not maintain themselves, as the citizens, from behind an interior retrenchment, kept up an incessant fire, and every moment sallied forth and fought hand to hand with the troops and workmen endeavouring to form the lodgment. In these fierce encounters, women and priests were observed among the foremost and most courageous; and openly to contend with such enthusiasm was hopeless. The besiegers, therefore, confined themselves to the slow but certain operations of the sap, and by its insidious advances on the 6th, penetrated into the principal street, named the Corso, where the buildings are of great solidity. Then the conflict assumed the greatest degree of obstinacy—each house became a citadel, and required to be separately attacked; mining was the art employed, and the courage of the unpractised Arragonese failed before the skill of their more experienced antagonists They nevertheless made the most surprising efforts: when forced from one room, they renewed the combat in the next; and frequently, when driven inch by inch out of a building, Palafox, by a desperate and bold offensive movement, recovered it, and the enemy had the same resistance a second time to overcome. But courage alone is of little avail against courage and science united: daily and hourly the French made some advance; and when exertion was most required, a pestilential disorder, arising from the number of the unburied slain, broke out among the defenders, causing far more havoc than the sword. At last the heroic Palafox himself sickened, and affairs became desperate. Still the constancy of these dauntless Spaniards remained unshaken; and a priest of the name of Ric, by his personal example and the enthusiasm he inspired, directed the defence of the few remaining streets with undiminished bravery; and at last, on the 20th February, after thirty thousand citizens had buried themselves under the ruins of their houses, he, by firmness of conduct, forced Marshal Lannes to promise good treatment to the survivors.

"The garrison, fifteen thousand in number, marched out, and laid down their arms, after a resistance of fifty-two days open trenches, twenty-three of which were a war of houses. The town, on entering it, presented a dreadful and melancholy spectacle; entire districts of it were demolished by repeated explosions, and presented merely a mass of ruins, thickly spread over with mutilated limbs and carcasses; the few houses which fire

for the battery; every street was retrenched; every building secured by barricades; and when the external defences were destroyed, and the walls levelled by the besiegers, the contest

and the mine had spared, were riddled by shot and shells; their interiors were cut through with communications, the walls loopholed, the doors and windows barricaded, and the streets blocked up with numberless traverses. The dirt, corruption, and misery attending the crowding together of more than one hundred thousand souls into a city calculated for only forty thousand, with all the hardships attendant on a long siege, had generated a frightful epidemic, more relentless than the sword.

"In the midst of the ruins and bodies with which the streets were filled, were observed here and there crawling along a few inhabitants, pale, emaciated, and cast down, who seemed on the point of following their dead comrades whom they had been unable to remove. From an enumeration made at the commencement and at the termination of this extraordinary and terrible siege, it has been ascertained that in fifty-two days, fifty-four thousand individuals perished; being two-thirds of the military, and the half of the inhabitants or refugees. The loss of the besiegers did not exceed three thousand. * * * * *

"In no place would they have imagined themselves so secure as in Zaragoza itself, which had been so wonderfully defended and delivered, and which they believed to be invincible through the protection of Our Lady of the Pillar, who had chosen it for the seat of her peculiar worship. During the former siege, prints of that idol had been distributed by women in the heat of action, and worn by the men in their hats both as a badge and an amulet. The many remarkable escapes and deliverances which had occurred were ascribed not to all-ruling and omnipotent Providence, but to the immediate interference of the *Magna Mater* of Zaragoza.

"Palafox himself had been trained up with more than common care in the superstition of the place; he and his brethren in their childhood had been taken every day to attend mass in the Holy Chapel where the image was enshrined, dressed at such times in the proper costume of the Infantes, as a mark of greater honour to the present goddess. An appearance in the sky, which at other times might have passed unremembered, and perhaps unnoticed, had given strong confirmation to the popular faith. About a month before the commencement of the first siege, a white cloud appeared at noon, and gradually assumed the form of a palm-tree; the sky being in all other parts clear, except that a few specks of fleecy cloud hovered about the larger one. It was first observed over the church of N. Lenora del Portillo, and moving from thence till it seemed to be immediately above that of the pillar, continued in the same form about half an hour, and then dispersed. The inhabitants were in a state of such excitement, that crowds joined in the acclamation of the first beholder, who cried out, 'a miracle!' and after the defeat of the besiegers had confirmed the omen, a miracle it was universally pronounced to have been, the people proclaiming with exultation that the Virgin had by this token prefigured the victory she had given them, and promised Zaragoza her protection as long as the world should endure."—*Southey*.

had to be continued from street to street—and house after house was as obstinately defended, as if upon its occupation the fate of Zaragoza hung. Although hunger exhausted their energies, and pestilence swept the defenders away by thousands, the stern reply to every summons was "*guerre a la cuchulo!*" At last, when every street was ruined—when forty thousand of every sex and age had perished—twelve thousand wretched men, too much enfeebled to resist, and a ruined heap of shattered buildings, were the dear-earned trophies that fell to the conquerors of Europe.

In Catalonia, for a time, the progress of French conquest was interrupted. St. Cyr, however, advanced with twenty thousand men, and after a spirited resistance, obliged Rosas to surrender. Following up his success, the French general marched and attacked Vives, who had taken up a strong position defended by a number of guns. Although St. Cyr was unprovided with cannon—his mountain movement having obliged him to send his artillery to Figueras—he threw himself upon the Spanish lines, broke and dispersed them, with great slaughter, and the loss of the whole of their guns. Again, at Llobregat, he brought the Spanish general to action, and the battle terminated with results as ruinous. Vives was deposed from the command, and Reding succeeded him.

Reding, finding himself in command of thirty thousand men, decided on acting on the offensive, and moved forward with his army. This determination was unfortunate. St. Cyr, availing himself of the great extension of Reding's force, threw himself upon its centre, severed the wings, and destroyed their communication. After vainly endeavouring, by reuniting a portion of his beaten troops to oppose Souham, Reding was overtaken by St. Cyr, near Tarragona—again defeated, his army dispersed, and himself mortally wounded.

Blake succeeded to the chief command on Reding's death; and while a detachment of a thousand French was surprised on the river Cinca by Perena, the Spanish commandant engaged Suchet with credit, and drove him at night-fall from the field. This partial victory roused the drooping spirits of the Spaniards—and Blake moved into Arragon to recapture Zaragoza from the invaders.

These temporary successes held out little prospect of repel

ling invading armies, which were expecting an immense addition to their force. In fact, Portugal would have been soon at the mercy of the enemy, and Spain could have offered but a feeble resistance, when Sir Arthur Wellesley arrived to take the chief command—or, as many believed, to witness a second embarkation, and yield Portugal once more to the invaders.

These forebodings were unfounded—nothing was farther from the intention of Sir Arthur than an abandonment of the country. He instantly proceeded to adopt measures that should enable him to take the field, and the army was concentrated, with the exception of Mackenzie's brigade, at Coimbra, and reviewed. The entire numbered twenty-six thousand men, of which six thousand formed the separate corps under Marshal Beresford. With the Germans, the English brigades mustered about seventeen thousand; the detached corps under Mackenzie, amounting to nearly three thousand, of which one half was cavalry; and a farther augmentation was effected by brigading one Portuguese, with every two of the British battalions.

A strong division—Mackenzie's brigades—with Portuguese regiments amounting to twelve thousand men, were posted at Santarem and Abrantes. This corps was intended to secure Lisbon, should Victor prefer marching on the capital by Alentejo, rather than proceed with his army into Andalusia.

In the mean time Soult's position became extremely dangerous.—A British army in his front—bands of guerillas in his rear; one flank hemmed in by Silviera at Amarante; and the ocean on the other. But that able marshal perceived the difficulties of his situation, and deciding at once to secure an open road in his rear, he despatched Delaborde and Loison to recover Amarante. The task was a tedious and doubtful operation; and for twelve days the place was assaulted and maintained.* At last, Soult in person came forward in

* "In all this view of the case, the loss of the bridge of Amarante is a great misfortune, and is the greater from the manner in which it was lost. Our friend says, it was carried by the French making two false attacks on the right, under cover of which they mined the barricade on the bridge, which was very strong, and blew it up in the morning at daylight; threw a column over it, which surprised the Portuguese asleep; and they were

strength—and Silviera was driven from the bridge over the Tamaga, with the loss of his cannon,—and the French retreat was for the present secured.

But two courses remained for the duke of Dalmatia to adopt—to move towards Victor, by circuitous marches on the

unable to blow it up as was intended. The French carried every thing before them."—*Wellington's Despatches.*

"To call off the attention of the Portuguese guard, some twenty men were stationed to keep up a fire upon the intrenchments, so directed as not to endanger the sappers, who had volunteered for the real service of the hour. It was a service so hopeful and hazardous as to excite the liveliest solicitude for its success. The barrel was covered with a grey cloak, that it might neither be heard nor seen, and the man who undertook to deposit it in its place wore a cloak of the same colour. The clear moonlight was favourable to the adventure, by the blackness of the shadow which the parapet on one side produced. In that line of darkness the sapper crept along at full length, pushing the barrel before him with his head, and guiding it with his hands. His instructions were to stop if he heard the slightest movement on the Portuguese side: and a string was fastened to one of his feet by which the French were enabled to know how far he had advanced, and to communicate with him. Having placed the barrel, and uncovered that part where it was to be kindled, he returned with the same caution. Four barrels, one after the other, were thus arranged without alarming the Portuguese. The fourth adventurer had not the same command of himself as his predecessors had evinced. Possessed either with fear, or premature exultation, as soon as he had deposited the barrel in its place, instead of making his way back slowly and silently along the line of shadow, he rose and ran along the middle of the bridge in the moonlight. He was seen, fired at, and shot in the thigh. But the Portuguese did not take the alarm as they ought to have done; they kept up a fire upon the entrance of the bridge, and made no attempt to discover for what purpose their intrenchments had been approached so closely.

"Four hours had elapsed before the four barrels were placed; by that time it was midnight, and in another hour, when the Portuguese had ceased their fire, a fifth volunteer proceeded in the same manner with a saucisson* fastened to his body: this he fixed in its place, and returned safely. By two o'clock this part of the business was completed, and Laborde was informed that all was ready. Between three and four a fog arose from the river and filled the valley, so that the houses on the opposite shore could scarcely be discerned through it. This was favourable for the assailants.

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* *Saucisson* is a pipe or hose filled with gunpowder, which reaches from the chamber of the mine to the gallery. It is used for firing mines, bombchests, &c. &c.

Tagus—or, what was far more probable, retire from Portugal by the road leading through the Tras os Montes.

The saucisson was fired, and the explosion, as Bouchard had expected, threw down the intrenchments, and destroyed also the apparatus for communicating with the mine. The French rushed forward: some threw water into the mine, others cleared the way; the fog increased the confusion into which the Portuguese were thrown by being thus surprised: they made so little resistance that the French lost only nine men."—*Southey.*

PASSAGE OF THE DOURO.

First movements of the Allies.—Affairs with French cavalry and rear-guard.—Passage of the Douro.—Soult's disorderly retreat.—French suffer heavily.—Wellesley moves to the south, and communicates with Cuesta.—Combined movement planned.—Cuesta's imbecility mars it.—Victor escapes.

From the moment Sir Arthur Wellesley landed in Portugal, the character of the war had changed; and, notwithstanding the numerous and discouraging drawbacks upon a bold career which the obstinacy of the Spaniards and the deficiency of his own means were continually presenting, before the masterly decision of the British general, all obstacles ultimately gave way; and victory, which had hovered doubtfully over many a hard-contested field, at last rested on his banners, and wreathed her laurels round his brows.

Never had a triumphant campaign a bolder or more brilliant opening. On the 7th of May, the cavalry brigade, under General Cotton, marched on the Oporto road, followed by the remainder of the army in three divisions; those of generals Paget and Payne moving towards Vouga; and the third, under General Hill, advancing on Aveira. The movements were slowly executed, to allow Marshal Beresford time to reach his destination, and seize the bridge of Amarante, before a British force should display itself in front of Oporto.

These plans of Sir Arthur Wellesley were ably effected by the officers in command. While Beresford was marching with all expedition on the Upper Douro, Hill, on the night of the 9th, passed a brigade in fishing-boats across the lake, and at dawn of day landed it safely at Ovar, turning the right flank of the French; while Beresford, having joined Wilson, drove Loison's corps to Amarante, and turned their left. Sir Arthur hoped to have taken Franchesci, who commanded the French cavalry division at Abegeria Nova, by surprise; but a country

difficult to traverse, and accidental delays in transporting the guns through the pass of Vouga, prolonged the march. When the cavalry, under Cotton, came in sight of the enemy in the morning, they found him perfectly prepared, and in an excellent position—his cavalry in line upon a level plain—their flank resting on a pine wood occupied by a body of tirailleurs. General Cotton halted and formed in their front—and in this attitude, Sir Arthur found the French and his own advanced guard.

The infantry having now arrived, the wood was cleared of its sharpshooters, and dispositions made for bringing the cavalry to action; but Franchesci, though quickly pursued, succeeded in retreating — abandoning the position to the British, and by a night march uniting himself to Mermet, whom he joined at Grijon.

Here, Sir Arthur found them on the 11th, posted strongly on some high grounds behind the village, and to all appearance, determined to hold them. In a rapid survey of the position, the British general perceived that the left could be turned; and although the column never halted, the necessary manœuvres were effected by detaching General Murray on the right from the rear of the advanced-guard, and throwing a Portuguese regiment into a pine wood on the left, to amuse the attention of the enemy, while General Paget threatened them in front. For a short time a heavy firing was maintained, but, on the flank movement being discovered, the French instantly abandoned the position and retreated. The British were as promptly thrown into column again, and the march resumed, as if nothing had happened, and every movement had been that of a field-day.

A brilliant cavalry affair succeeded. On topping the heights from which the French had been forced, their rear was seen retiring in confusion, and General Stuart volunteered to charge with a few troops of hussars that were fortunately at hand. The attack was made in sections. The British cavalry galloped down the road, overturned all that opposed them, and made above one hundred prisoners. Nothing could check their daring gallantry, until the French infantry were halted on a height commanding the road. Although unable to face the fire of a force so posted as those were who held Carvalhos,

the squadrons wheeled boldly to the right, and threatened the left of the enemy. Dreading lest they should be overtaken and outflanked, the French instantly gave up the hill, and continued retiring rapidly.

The march commenced at nine in the morning—and at five the troops halted for the night, having had their advanced guard almost constantly engaged. This, however, never checked the movement of the columns, and the division occupied the ground the French had left—Sir Arthur supping in the convent of Grijon with his staff. It must have been indeed a busy day with the *religieux*—for four generals, Delaborde, Thomieres, Mermet, and Franchesci, had favoured them with their company at breakfast.

All went on favourably; Hill had landed at Ovar—Cameron came up—and both were in communication. Though holding better ground, the enemy had in every attack been driven back. Yet they had fought gallantly, and it was encouraging to British soldiers to find that they had fairly met the best troops in Europe, and as fairly beaten them.

Next morning the march was renewed. Soult avoided any collision, retreated over the Douro, destroyed the bridge, and carried every boat that could swim to the other bank, and there effectually secured them.

This was a critical moment—and in a more dangerous position a British general never found himself. A broad and rapid river separated the allies from the enemy, and no means of passing it could be discovered. Soult might retire unmolested into Gallicia if he pleased, or attack Beresford singly, overpower him by superior force, and enter Beira. Danger often stimulates bravery to startling but successful enterprises: and in this emergency Wellesley decided on as bold an effort as modern warfare parallels,—the crossing of the Douro.

It was, indeed, a daring and a perilous attempt; a strong force was on the other bank; the shores were steep and rocky, and the stream three hundred yards across. Every means had been taken by Soult to make the passage impracticable. His generals of brigade were in observation on the banks; every point of passage was defended; while the marshal satisfied himself that the bridge was utterly destroyed, as he watched from midnight till daybreak the burning pontoons as

they went floating down the current. The only practicable plan that seemed left for Sir Arthur to adopt was to employ the shipping, and land his troops at the débouchement of the Douro; and, in that belief, the French general retired to his head-quarters, from which he could observe the sea—and, as he expected, watch the disembarkation.

Wellesley, aware how dangerously Marshal Beresford was situated, had determined at every hazard to cross the river, and arrangements were instantly made. General Murray was despatched to Avintes to try the ford, and if boats could be found, to send them down the stream,—the Guards, under General Sherbrooke, were detached to attempt the ferry below the town;—while, from the convent of Santo Agostinho, the British commander directed the main operations in person. A spot was marked on the opposite shore as a favourable place for landing. It was an unfinished building near the bank, and there, the troops first passed over were directed to establish themselves until assistance reached them. To cover this landing-place some guns were quietly got into battery in the convent garden. Every preparation was made—and a fortunate accident obtained the means of passage.

A small skiff was discovered hidden in some high rushes, that had concealed it from the French. A few peasants and a Portuguese colonel crossed over, and found some three or four crazy barges, half buried in the mud. These prizes were instantly secured. Three companies of the Buffs jumped in, accompanied by General Paget. The opposite bank was gained,—the dismantled building garrisoned,—and the barges were returning for a fresh detachment, before the French seemed aware of the attempt, and—as it turned out—when it was too late to repel it.

The enemy came down in force, but the Buffs held the building they occupied against overwhelming odds. General Paget was wounded—but fresh companies were ferried over, and General Hill took charge of the troops. The French came on in columns, but the batteries from the Serra convent annoyed them with a plunging fire, while the troops from the building kept up a well-directed fusilade. Murray, who had found little difficulty, and succeeded in passing his division by the ford, now appeared moving rapidly on the left flank of

the French—while Sherbrooke, having obtained some boats, was ferrying the Guards over below the town. Finding himself likely to be turned on either side, Soult hastily retreated by the Amarante road, boldly followed by the British cavalry, who charged repeatedly with most brilliant success. Evening ended the pursuit—the brigades occupied the city in every place—they were cheered by loud vivas, and most affectionately received by the inhabitants.

The crossing of the Douro was, in military estimation, as bold and well-arranged an operation as any that marked Wellesley's Peninsular career. The passage of a river in the face of an enemy with every assistance from pontoons and ferryage, is considered a hazardous undertaking; but, circumstanced as the British commander was, the thing was generally set down as impracticable, and Soult was unprepared for the attempt. When the news was brought that the enemy was crossing at Villa Nova, the marshal ridiculed the notion, and remained in his quarters until two in the afternoon. He was then obliged precipitately to quit the city; and so suddenly were Wellesley's measures executed, that the dinner prepared for the duke of Dalmatia, was served up to the British general and his staff. War is, certes, a game of chances;—and little did the French marshal suppose, when at noon he regulated the *carte* presented by his *maitre d'hôtel*, that he was then civilly arranging an excellent repast for his opponent. Yet such was the case. Wellesley succeeded Soult—and within a few hours the same roof covered the victor and the vanquished.

Nothing could exceed the irregularity of the French retreat. Before they could be persuaded that the passage of the Douro was seriously designed, the British were charging through the suburbs; and instead of retiring with an orderly formation on the advance of the enemy, the French rear-guard got mobbed together on the road, and allowed an opportunity to the cavalry of their pursuers to act with an audacity and success that the weakness of their squadrons could never have warranted, had not a considerable panic been previously occasioned, by the precipitation with which Soult's divisions were hurried from the city. Night came most opportunely, and ended the pursuit,—enabling the French marshal to unite

himself with Loison, from whom he received the unwelcome intelligence that the bridge of Amarante was destroyed. Soult's situation was almost desperate; his only line of retreat was by a mountain track; and, by taking it, he was obliged to cross the pass of Ruivans, a long narrow bridge, without a parapet on either side, spanning a frightful precipice. Should this be occupied,—and no doubt Beresford was marching thither,—nothing could save his army. With excellent judgment, he abandoned his artillery and baggage, pushed rapidly forward, and, having forced the Portuguese pickets which here and there occupied the mountain passes, he out-marched Silviera by several hours, and halted his rear-guard at Salamonde, to cover the bridges of Saltador and Porto Nova, while his columns were defiling.

Here, however, he was overtaken and brought to action, on the 16th, by Sir Arthur. Although the position was strong, and the brigade of Guards were the only infantry come up, the British general instantly made his dispositions for attack. The left was turned by the rifle corps—the Guards advancing boldly in front. After delivering a volley at the head of the column when it shewed itself, the French precipitately fled—and, hurrying through the village in their rear, succeeded, under cover of the darkness, in escaping. Some delay in clearing a defile, allowed the horse artillery to come up—and their rapid fire did considerable execution before the crowd of fugitives could get beyond its range.

The next morning's dawn renewed the pursuit; and every turn of the road, cumbered with broken vehicles and deserted baggage, shewed how severely the French army had been pressed. The bridge was nearly impassable from dead men and slain horses laid there in heaps by the grape and canister of the British guns. Arms, accoutrements, ham-strung mules, guns, tumbrils, knapsacks filled with silver plate, tapestry, and other valuable plunder, were strewn indiscriminately along the line. To add to this scene of waste and suffering, the villages the advancing army entered were either in a blaze, or already reduced to ashes; for between the French troops and peasantry a deadly war of extermination was being carried on—and on both sides, deeds of cruelty were every day perpetrated, that can hardly be credited or described.

Indeed, the French retreat through the Gallician mountains was only paralleled by the British on Corunna; with this exception, that many a straggler from the British columns was saved by the humanity of the Spaniards, while the unhappy Frenchman who lagged but a few hundred yards behind the rear-guard, was butchered by the infuriated peasantry, bent on the work of slaughter and burning for vengeance on an enemy, who, in his day of conquest and dominion, had taught the lesson of cruelty now practised so unrelentingly on himself.

Soult turning from Montalegre towards Orense, and a French corps from Estremadura having moved on Alcantara, induced Sir Arthur Wellesley to discontinue the pursuit. The French marshal crossed the frontier on the 18th with barely nineteen thousand men—his guns, stores, and baggage abandoned to the conquerors. Ten weeks, perfect in every arm, that army had passed through Orense on its march to Oporto, mustering twenty-six thousand veteran soldiers. A short period had wrought a fearful change—and even the *débris* of that once splendid corps was only extricated from total destruction by the admirable tact and unbending *hardiesse* of their brave and gifted leader.

It was indeed full time for the British leader to move southward. Victor, joined by the division of Lapisse, had, after a splendid resistance from a Portuguese corps under Colonel Mayne, forced the passage of the Tagus at Alcantara, and threatened Lisbon. After a few forward movements, learning that Soult was retreating, Victor fell back himself to Merida, detached a division to observe the bridge of Almarez, and fixed his head-quarters at Torremocha.

By easy marches, Sir Arthur reached the Douro on the 7th. His army was in a bad condition, suffering alike from their past fatigues in Gallicia, and a total want of every necessary and comfort. The country was unable to supply him, and he had no means to procure by land or water carriage, assistance from his own commissariate. The hospitals were crowded—officers and men were without pay, provisions, or even shoes. Still, though disappointed in remittances, and unable to support his army with any regard to their comforts, the troops had the most implicit confidence in their leader, and

very justly ascribed the privations they endured to causes over which their general had no control. The spirit of the army was still unbroken—and much as its physical strength might have deteriorated since it marched from Coimbra to attack Soult, its gallantry was undiminished, and its desire to meet the enemy as ardent as it had been ever.

Spanish affairs, considered generally, had also assumed a more favourable appearance; and although the French force in Spain was still immense, there being within the Pyrenees one hundred and fifty thousand men, the reverses Napoleon had encountered at Wagram, and the threatening aspect of affairs in Germany, precluded any chance that his lieutenants on the Peninsula would be further reinforced. Hence a spirit of reaction was encouraged in the Spaniards, accompanied by a reasonable prospect of success.

On reaching Abrantes on the 7th, it was correctly ascertained that, instead of retiring on Madrid, Victor was concentrating at Merida, intending, probably, to cross the Guadiana, and attack Cuesta before the British could come to his assistance. Propositions therefore for a combined movement were made by Sir Arthur Wellesley to the "Spanish general," and willingly acceded to—and the British moved forward to the Teitar, to unite, as it was believed, in an operation upon Madrid.

A most able plan for marching at once for the recovery of the capital was arranged at a conference between the allied commanders.* The British and Spanish armies, taking the

* "Our arrival at the camp was announced by a general discharge of artillery, upon which an immense number of torches were made to blaze up, and we passed the entire Spanish line in review by their light. The effect produced by these arrangements was one of no ordinary character. As the torches were held aloft, at moderate intervals from one another, they threw a red and wavering light over the whole scene, permitting, at the same time, its minuter parts to be here and there cast into shade; whilst the grim and swarthy visages of the soldiers, their bright arms and dark uniforms, appeared peculiarly picturesque as often as the flashes fell upon them. Then there was the frequent roar of cannon, the shouldering of firelocks, mingled with the brief word of command, and rattling of accoutrements and arms, as we passed from battalion to battalion; all these served to interest the sense of hearing to the full as much as the spectacle attracted the sense of sight. Nor was old Cuesta himself an object to be passed by without notice, even at such a moment and under such circumstances as these. The old man preceded us,—not so much sitting on his

right bank of the Tagus, were to advance directly forward. Venegas, with fourteen thousand Spaniards, was to threaten Aranjuez, and, if possible, take possession of Toledo; while two other Spanish divisions should hold the passes of Banos

horse as held upon it by two pages,—at the imminent hazard of being overthrown whenever a cannon was discharged, or a torch flared out with peculiar brightness; indeed his physical debility was so remarkable, as clearly to mark his total unfitness for the situation which he then held. As to his mental powers, he gave us little opportunity of judging; inasmuch as he scarcely uttered five words during the continuance of our visit; but his corporal infirmities alone were at absolute variance with all a general's duties, and shewed that he was now fit only for the retirement of private life.

"In this manner we passed about six thousand cavalry, drawn up in rank entire, and not less than twenty battalions of infantry, each consisting of perhaps from seven to eight hundred men. These formed but one portion of the army, the rest being either at the bridge of Arrobispo, or in position along the Tagus; and they were all, with a few exceptions, remarkably fine men: speaking of them in the aggregate, they were little better than bold peasantry, armed partially like soldiers, but completely unacquainted with a soldier's duty. This remark applied fully as much to the cavalry as to the infantry. The horses were many of them good, but their riders manifestly knew nothing of movement or discipline; and they were, as well on this account as on the score of a miserable equipment, quite unfit for general service. The artillery, again, was numerous, but totally unlike, both in order and arrangement, to that of other armies; and the generals appeared to have been selected according to one rule alone, namely, that of seniority. They were almost all old men; and except O'Donaju and Largas, evidently incapable of bearing the fatigues or surmounting the difficulties of one hard campaign.

"The place at which we paid this visit, and witnessed these events, was called Casa del Puertos; where the head-quarters of the Spanish army were established in a wretched hovel. We alighted here after the review had ended, and as soon as we entered, Cuesta, who seemed quite overpowered by fatigue, retired to rest; but he returned again at eleven o'clock to supper, and sat with us till past midnight. He sat, however, as he always did under similar circumstances, in profound silence, neither seeking to take a share in the conversation, nor, apparently at least, paying the slightest attention to it.

"After a secret conference between Cuesta and Sir Arthur ended, dinner was announced; and we sat down, at three o'clock, to about forty dishes, the principal ingredients in which were garlic and onions. Our meal did not occupy us long; and on Cuesta retiring, as was his custom, to enjoy his siesta, we mounted our horses, and rode out into the camp. By this means we were enabled to see more of the regiments separately than we had seen during the torch-light review. We saw, however, nothing which served in any degree to raise our opinion of the general efficiency of our

and Perales; and five thousand Portuguese, under Sir Robert Wilson, were to act independently, and annoy the French flanks and rear as they best could.

The British consequently moved by Salvatiera and Placentia, effecting a junction with Cuesta at Oropesa on the 20th of July. On the 22nd Victor had retired and taken a position on the Alberche. The opportunity was at once given for attacking him, but Cuesta obstinately declined; and Victor, hearing that Wilson was already in his rear at Escalona, made a night march on Torrijos.

Cuesta was a singular medley of opposite qualities. He was exceedingly brave—had some daring—overweening pride—and a most asinine obstinacy. Finding it desirable for the prosperity of the common cause to submit to the old man's folly, Sir Arthur Wellesley acted with singular forbearance. It had been arranged that Victor should be attacked on the 23rd—and when the British general reached his confederate's quarters to arrange the necessary details on the evening of the 22nd, Cuesta was asleep, and no one dared to waken him. At dawn, the British divisions were under arms, but Cuesta could not be disturbed till seven! At last an interview did take place—and then the weak old man positively declined to fight, because the day was *Sunday*. Victor had but twenty thousand men with him at the moment. The Alberche was fordable—the right and centre assailable: Cuesta's army numbered forty-seven thousand, and Wellesley's about twenty-one. Was ever such an opportunity lost?—and all, too, through the stupid bigotry of a sleepy-headed Spaniard.*

allies; and we returned to our host at a late hour, more than ever impressed with the persuasion, that if the deliverance of the Peninsula was to be effected at all, it must be done, not by the Spaniards, but by ourselves." —*Lord Londonderry.*

* "I find General Cuesta more and more impracticable every day. It is impossible to do business with him, and very uncertain that any operation will succeed in which he has any concern. O'Donoju expresses himself to be heartily tired of him, and has declared that he will quit him at the first moment he is unsuccessful. He has quarrelled with some of his principal officers; and I understand that all are dissatisfied with him, for the manner in which he has conducted his operations near this place.

"He contrived to lose the whole of yesterday, in which, although his troops were under arms, and mine in march, we did nothing owing to the whimsical perverseness of his disposition; but that omission I consider

Meanwhile the great scarcity of provisions obliged the British to halt for a day or two, and Wellesley, to obtain supplies, took a position behind the Alberche.

fortunate, as we have dislodged the enemy without a battle, in which the chances were not much in our favour. His want of communication with his officers of the plan settled with me for the 22nd, and his absence from the field, were the cause that we did the French but little mischief on that day; and of these circumstances his officers are aware."—*Wellington's Despatches.*

TALAVERA.

Cuesta attacked by Victor—Saved by the division of British Guards.—Position selected by Lord Wellington.—Battle of Talavera.—Light regiments join the army by a forced march.

While Sir Arthur halted at Talavera, having two divisions across the river at Casa Leguas, Cuesta followed the French, who as he persuaded himself were retreating—but Sebastiani had marched from Toledo and joined Victor, while Joseph Buonaparte, having united his corps to Jourdan's, was hastening to a common centre. The whole united at Torrijos, forming a *corps d'armée* of nearly fifty thousand men.

Cuesta, with all his Spanish obstinacy, would still insist that the French were not concentrating, but retreating,—but the delusion was short. Victor suddenly attacked him—and as his retreat was most disorderly, nothing but prompt assistance from Sherbrooke's division could have saved the stupid old man from destruction. When this was effected, the Guards crossed the river, leaving Mackenzie's division in possession of the wood and convent on the right bank of the Alberche.

A recent deliverance seemed to have had no effect upon Spanish obstinacy. Though certain of being attacked, Cuesta lay loosely on the Alberche, into which, had his army been defeated, it must have been driven pell-mell. Happily, Sir Arthur, in reconnoitring the ground in the neighbourhood, discovered an extensive line on which both armies might be placed to their mutual advantage. "He took his measures with such promptitude, and issued his orders with such coolness and perspicuity, that every battalion, Spanish as well as English, stepped into the very spot which his admirable foresight had marked out for it."*

* Lord Londonderry's Narrative.

The position was about two miles in length, extending perpendicularly from the Tagus, on which the right rested in the town of Talavera. It was partially retrenched, having an intersected and most difficult country in its front. The centre was more open; but the left terminated favourably on a bold and commanding height, overlooking a considerable valley, which separated the left of the position from a range of rocky mountains. To the Spaniards the right was allotted, it being considered nearly unattackable—while the British defended the more accessible ground upon the left.

Talavera stands on the northern bank of the Tagus, the houses reaching down to the water's edge. The two armies were drawn up in line; the British on the left, extending from the town nearly to the Sierra de Gata, its extreme flank occupying a bold height near Alatuza de Segusella, and having in its front a difficult ravine, and on its flank a deep valley. To the Spaniards the right was assigned. Their battalions were stationed among olive groves, with walls and fences interspersed, and an embankment running along the road, that formed an excellent breastwork, and rendered their position nearly unassailable. It was necessary to secure the point of junction where the British right touched Cuesta's left,—and, to effect this, ten guns were placed in battery on the summit of a bold knoll, with an English division to protect them, and a strong cavalry corps in reserve. In the general disposition of the troops, Campbell's division was on the right of the British, Sherbrooke's division adjoining; Mackenzie occupied the next portion of the battle-ground,—while the height upon the left—the key of the position, was intrusted to General Hill.

During the morning, the troops had been marching on the different points marked for their occupation, and had taken ground hitherto unmolested by the enemy; but at noon Mackenzie's division was suddenly and furiously assailed by two heavy columns, which attacked the wood and convent. Partially surprised, the 87th and 88th regiments were thrown into a momentary confusion;* and the French penetrated between

* These celebrated regiments were then raw battalions—and both afterwards immortalized themselves, the "*Faugh a ballaghs*" (87th) at Tarifa; the Rangers (88th) as the crack regiment of "The Fighting Third."

the two brigades which formed the division. Immediately, by the exertions of their officers, the 31st, 45th, and 60th rifles were brought forward, and these regiments covered their companions, while they retired from the wood into the plain, retreating in beautiful order along the heights on the left of the position which they were directed to occupy.

The enemy continued their attack, and it had now extended partially along the whole line, growing more animated as the evening began to fall. The left, where the British stood, at once appeared the grand object of the marshals.* They directed a strong force against it, forming their infantry into columns of battalions, which advanced in double quick, supported by a furious cannonade.

Mackenzie's division having retired a little, and, at the moment, forming a second line, the brunt of the assault fell upon a smaller brigade under General Donkin, then in possession of the height. The French, though they came on with imposing bravery, were checked in front; but from the weakness of his brigade, Donkin's flank was turned on the left, and the hill behind crowned by the enemy.

But that success was momentary. Hill instantly led up the 48th, 29th, and 1st battalion of detachments. A close and murderous volley from the British was followed by a charge. The French were forced from the position with great loss; and the ridge was again carried by a wing of the 29th with the bayonet.

There was a brief space of quiet; but determined to win the key of the position, though darkness had now set in, the French in great force once more rushed forward to wrest the height from its defenders—and in the gloom the assailants and the assailed nearly touched each other. The red flash of a well-delivered volley disclosed to the English the dark array that threatened them. The order was given to advance,—and again the British bayonet drove the columns down the hill.

No fighting could have been more desperate than that which marked this night attack. A feint had been made by Lapisse upon the Germans in the centre, while, with the *élite* of their

* Joseph Buonaparte nominally commanded, but there were three marshals on the field, beside General Sebastiani; namely, Jourdan, Victor, and Mortier.

infantry, Ruffin and Vilatte ascended the heights, which, at every loss, they seemed more resolute in winning. A terrific slaughter ensued. Could it be otherwise? So desperately was this night fighting maintained, and the regiments were so closely engaged, that in the *mêlée*, some of the men fought with clubbed muskets.

These signal repulses of a powerful and gallant enemy could not but cost a heavy expenditure of blood. Many brave officers had fallen—and at this period of the conflict; the killed and wounded amounted to upwards of eight hundred men.

The troops rested upon their arms—and each battalion on the ground it had occupied the preceding day. The cavalry were stretched beside their horses; all were ready for an attack; but the night passed with some slight alarms, and no serious disturbance.

The morning was ushered in by a tremendous cannonade, while the grenadiers of Lapisse's division, in two columns, advanced again to attack the height upon the left. They were bravely led forward by their officers, and made many desperate but unavailing efforts to win the summit of the hill—but nothing could shake the firmness of the British. They allowed the columns to mount the rugged ascent, until they had nearly touched the ridge,—then, a close volley, a loud huzza, followed by a rapid charge, broke the formation of the French, and sent them precipitously down the hill. Again and again the attempt was made with equal ill fortune; until, totally disheartened by repeated repulses and leaving the ground heaped with dead, the enemy abandoned all hope of carrying this well-defended position, and retreated out of fire.

It was now half-past eight, and the fighting had never intermitted from five that morning. The loss on both sides was frightful; the French infinitely greater than the British. Their repeated attacks on the height occasioned immense loss; and their troops, dispirited by want of success, and wearied by constant but unavailing exertion, showed little inclination to renew the battle.

The heat of the sun had become intolerable—and the movements, on the French part, were stayed. Indeed, the firing had ceased over the field—and the work of slaughter, by a sort of mutual consent, was for a time suspended. The French

commenced cooking their dinners, and the English and their allies produced their scantier rations. During this temporary cessation of hostilities, it was a matter of some deliberation with the British commander, whether in turn he should become the assailant, or remain quietly and await the result of the enemy's decision; and it was a fortunate circumstance that the latter was his determination.

At this time a curious incident occurred, that for a brief space changed the character of the war, and, even on a battle-field covered with the dead and dying, produced a display of kindly feeling between two brave and noble-minded enemies.*

* Between the British and French, even in military duty, the courtesies of society were respected, and an interchange of kind and gentlemanly civilities was not unfrequent, as will be evidenced by the following anecdotes :—

"While Hasparen was the head-quarters of the fifth division, the pickets of both armies avoided every appearance of hostility Each occupied a hill, with sentries about two hundred yards apart. The French on one occasion pushed forward their videttes, and seemed as if they designed to trespass on the neutral ground. The captain of the English picket reported this encroachment, and received orders not to allow it. On the following morning, he observed that the French vidette had been advanced about fifty yards, and he thought it most advisable to demand an interview with the French captain of chasseurs. A peasant was despatched, and returned with a message, that the commandant would wait upon the British officer immediately; and, in a few minutes, the parties met on the neutral ground. The Briton stated the orders he had received and explained, that, to avoid so *lâche* a proceeding as to fire upon a vidette, he had solicited a meeting with the brave chasseur. The Frenchman expressed himself in the most flattering terms, and begged that the hussar might point out a situation which would be agreeable to him. A thorn bush, about one hundred yards behind the spot the French vidette was posted upon, was mentioned as equally advantageous for the security of the French picket; while it would be such as the hussar was permitted by his orders to allow. The chasseur gave orders accordingly, the vidette was placed at the very spot which was recommended, and the Frenchman, having expressed his satisfaction at the interview, produced a bottle of cogniac; two or three officers on each side now joined the party; a happy termination to the war was drunk; and the captain, whose name was (we think) Le Brun, said, he trusted that it would not be the fate of war to bring into collision the parties who had met in so amicable a manner."

Again. "I have known several instances of right feeling evinced by the enemy, worthy of gentlemen who are above turning into individual strife the quarrels of the two countries While the light division was at Gallegos, some greyhounds belonging to an officer strayed into the enemies' lines, and an opportunity was found, by means of the first flag of

"A small stream, tributary to the Tagus, flowed through a part of the battle-ground, and separated the combatants During the pause that the heat of the weather and the weari-

truce, to request their being returned. The answer was favourable, stating that they should be sent in on the first opportunity. A day or two after the enemy made a *reconnoissance*, and when their skirmishers were thrown out, the greyhounds were seen in couples in the rear, and on the first carbine being fired, they were let slip (the dogs of war ?), and came curveting through the whistling balls to their old masters."—*Recollections by a Subaltern.*

There seemed to have existed between these noble armies an honourable confidence, that was often tried and never violated.

A descriptive passage of the advance across the Pyrenees runs thus :—"We perceived, not twenty yards off, a wounded voltigeur extended on the ground, and a young comrade supporting him. The Frenchman never attempted to retreat, but smiled when we came up, as if he had been expecting us. 'Good morning,' he said; 'I have been waiting for you, gentlemen. My poor friend's leg is broken by a shot, and I could not leave him till you arrived, lest some of these Portuguese brigands should murder him.—Pierre,' he continued, as he addressed his companion, 'here are the brave English, and you will be taken care of. I will leave you a flask of water, and you will soon be succoured by our noble enemy. Gentlemen, will you honour me by emptying this canteen. You will find it excellent, for I took it from a portly friar two days ago.' There was no need to repeat the invitation. I set the example, the canteen passed from mouth to mouth, and the monk's brandy vanished. The conscript—for he had not joined above a month—replenished the flask with water from a spring just by. He placed it in his comrade's hand, bade him an affectionate farewell, bowed gracefully to us, threw his musket over his shoulder, and trotted off to join his regiment, which he pointed out upon a distant height. He seemed never for a moment to contemplate the possibility of our sending him in durance to the rear; and there were about him such kindness and confidence, that on our part no one ever dreamed of detaining him."—*The Bivouac.*

Again. "From the 3rd until the 12th of July the two armies remained in presence of each other, encamped on the sides of a river, which at times is a formidable sheet of water, but which was then little more than an insignificant stream. Nevertheless, although both armies kept their guards on their respective sides of the water, and that the movements of each were cautiously watched, not one life was lost, nor one shot fired by either army.

"Indeed, so different from hostility was the conduct of both nations, that the French and British lived upon the most amicable terms. If we wanted wood for the construction of huts, our men were allowed to pass without molestation to the French side of the river to cut it. Each day the soldiers of both armies used to bathe together in the same stream, and an exchange of rations, such as biscuit and rum, between the French and our men, was by no means uncommon."—*Reminiscences of a Subaltern.*

ness of the troops had produced, both armies went to the banks of the rivulet for water. The men approached each other fearlessly, threw down their caps and muskets, chatted to each

The reverses which attend even successful warfare occasionally require its rigours to be softened. The French and English felt this—and those who had the misfortune to be prisoners or wounded, received the greatest care circumstances would allow, and had baggage or money conveyed to them from their friends with strict fidelity. The tables of the commanding officers were open to their captives—their wounds were carefully dressed—and in some cases their escape connived at. A parole of honour insured the fullest liberty to the giver; but when it was not required or was refused, the prisoners were subjected to the least possible restraint consistent with security, and treated with gentlemanly attention.

"During three days that some British officers were at Castel Legos as prisoners of war, with a very slender guard, indeed almost nominal, they were treated by General Villatte with the utmost kindness. He sent dinner to them from his own table, with abundance of wine. His aide-de-camp and brother-in-law, Captain Cholet, visited them twice each day, to see that they wanted for nothing; and two, and sometimes three, surgeons visited them (by order) twice a day to dress their wounds. In fine, the greatest possible kindness and attention were shewn to them; and even their escape, on the night of the 31st of August, was easily effected, if not connived at, as the French retired without insisting on the officers being taken away, although carts had been provided."

But a noble instance of an enemy's humanity remains to be recorded—and with a similar instance of humane feeling displayed to a friend and not an enemy, we shall close these anecdotes.

"When the assault on St. Sebastian failed, and our troops retreated to the trenches, the enemy advanced beyond his defences, or clustered on the ramparts, shouting defiance, and threatening a descent in pursuit. To check this movement, an animated fire of round and grape was opened from our battery, the thickest of which fell on a particular part of the breach where lay a solitary grenadier of the Royals, shot through both legs, and unable to extricate himself from his awfully perilous situation. His fate appeared inevitable; when a French officer stepped forward, walked coolly through the hottest of our fire, lifted his wounded enemy in his arms, and bore him off, himself unhurt."

The subsequent history of Colonel St. Angelo, as the gallant Frenchman was named, is curious, and instances the vicissitudes of fortune to which a soldier is exposed. On the fall of the fortress he was sent a prisoner to England, but, as his humanity well deserved, he was instantly liberated and sent home. On his arrival in Paris, Napoleon, having been apprised of his gallant conduct, promoted him to a regiment on service in the Peninsula. Thither he repaired—joined his new regiment, and in an attack on our posts was a second time made prisoner. Thus, as a prisoner he had visited England—had resided in Paris—been presented to the Emperor—promoted to a regiment—and made a prisoner again—and all within the space of six weeks from the taking of St. Sebastian!

other like old acquaintances, and exchanged their brandy-flasks and wine-skins. All asperity of feeling seemed forgotten. To a stranger they would have appeared more like

The following interesting anecdote is thus told by Mr. Grattan:—"Nearly at the opening of the battle of Salamanca, a considerable body of the enemy's tirailleurs pressed forward to that part of the ridge occupied by the third division, and immediately in front of the 88th regiment, the light infantry company of which, commanded by Captain Robert Nickle, was ordered to drive back this force: he did so in the most gallant manner; but the enemy could ill brook such a defeat, the more annoying, as it was witnessed by the whole division, as also by a considerable portion of one of the enemy's *corps d'armée*. A reinforcement, commanded by an officer of distinction, rushed forward to redeem the tarnished honour of their nation, while some of the battalion-men of the Connaught Rangers, seeing the unequal contest their light infantry company were about to be engaged in—for the French were upwards of one hundred to sixty of ours—hastened to take a part in the fray. The detachment of the 88th lay behind a low ditch, and waited until the French approached to within a few yards of them; they came on in gallant style, headed by their brave commanding officer, who was most conspicuous, being several paces in front of his men. The soldiers of the two armies, posted at a distance, and lookers-on at this national trial, shouted with joy as they beheld their respective comrades on the eve of engaging with each other. But this feeling on the part of the French was of but short duration, for at the first fire, their detachment turned tail, and were what they themselves would term 'culbutés,' leaving their brave commandant, with many others, mortally wounded behind. Captain Robert Nickle ran up to his bleeding opponent, and rendered him every assistance in his power. He then advanced alone, with his handkerchief tied on the point of his sword, which he held up as a token of amity, and, thus re-assured, some of the French soldiers returned without their arms, and carried away their officer with them. They were delighted with the considerate conduct of Captain Nickle, and embraced our men on parting."—*Reminiscences of a Subaltern.*

"The terms of mutual respect in which the British and French soldiers held each other, and the friendly intercourse it frequently led to, have been noticed by every writer on the Peninsular war. Nor was this confined to out-post duty only—the soldiers engaged on which seemed by a tacit agreement, and as a point of honour perfectly understood on both sides, to have agreed to avoid the unnecessary destruction of life; and, as far as consistent with duty, perhaps a little beyond what was strictly so, to testify the respect with which they had inspired each other. The officers of the two armies were also not unfrequently thrown into situations where they had the opportunity of evincing similar feelings. Of this an instance comes to the writer's* recollection, as happening, among others, at the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro. On the morning of the 5th,

* Mackie.

an allied force, than men hot from a ferocious conflict, and only gathering strength and energy to recommence it anew. But a still nobler rivalry for the time existed; the interval was employed in carrying off the wounded, who lay intermixed upon the hard-contested field; and, to the honour of both be it told, that each endeavoured to extricate the common sufferers, and remove their unfortunate friends and enemies, without distinction. Suddenly, the bugles sounded, the drums beat to arms,—many of the rival soldiery shook hands, and parted with expressions of mutual esteem, and in ten minutes after they were again at the bayonet's point."*

Having ascertained the part of the position, and the extent of it that was occupied by the English brigades, the marshals determined to direct their undivided energies against that portion of the line, and, if possible, crush the British divisions by bearing on them with an overwhelming force. They formed in four columns of attack: the first was destined against that part of the ground where the British and Spaniards united; the second against Sherbrooke and Cameron's brigades; the third was directed against Mackenzie's and the Germans; and the fourth, in great strength, and accompanied by a mass of cavalry, moved up the valley to the left.

A fire from eighty pieces of artillery† announced the for-

when the French made their attack upon the right of our position, the writer of this note was at the time in conversation with an officer of a picket of the enemy in his front, where there was no prospect of the lines being immediately engaged; seeing the state of things which then ensued, after a mutual exchange of civilities, both parties retired to their respective posts, and were soon after engaged in warm conflict."

The following anecdote is highly honourable to the Duke of Belluno:—When Victor entered the town* he found some of the wounded, French and English alike, lying on the ground in the Plaza. After complimenting the English, and observing that they understood the laws and courtesies of war, he told them there was one thing which they did not understand, and that was how to deal with the Spaniards. He then sent soldiers to every house, with orders to the inhabitants immediately to receive and accommodate the wounded of the two nations, who were lodged together, one English and one Frenchman; and he expressly directed that the Englishmen should always be served first.

* "The Bivouac."

† "As the weather was dreadfully hot, and it was impossible to know how long we should occupy this ground, orders were given to bury the

* Talavera.

ward movement of the columns, which soon presented themselves, covered by a cloud of light infantry. A destructive cannonade was borne by the English brigades patiently—in vain the tirailleurs kept up a biting fire—but not a shot was returned by the British. Their orders to reserve their fire were strictly obeyed, and the files steadily and quietly closed up, for the men were falling by dozens. Their assailants approached,—their officers called "*En avant!*" and the drums beat the *pas de charge*. Nothing could be more imposing than the advance,—nothing more complete than their discomfiture. Within twenty paces a shattering volley was delivered from the English line,—the word "*Charge!*" was given—and the bayonet did the rest.

Campbell's division, on the right, totally defeated the attack, and charging boldly in return, drove the French back, and captured a battery of ten guns. The enemy endeavoured to retake them, but the Spanish cavalry charged home—the cannon remained with the captors, and the right of the British was victorious every where.

The left attack failed totally. The British cavalry were posted in the valley where the hostile movement was being made; and Anson's brigade, consisting of the 23rd light dragoons, and the 1st King's German hussars, were ordered to charge and check the advance. It was gallantly attempted, —and though in point of fact the charge failed, and the 23rd were nearly cut to pieces, the daring courage exhibited under circumstances perfectly desperate, so completely astounded the enemy, that their attack on the height was abandoned. If there was an error in the mode that charge was made, it arose from its fearless gallantry; and under common circumstances, its result would have been most glorious. Colonel Napier thus describes the affair:

"The ground upon which this brigade was in line is perfectly level, nor did any visible obstruction appear between it

men who had fallen the night before and in the morning attack, who were lying around the hill interspersed with its living defenders.

"The entrenching tools were thus employed; and it was curious to see soldiers burying their fallen comrades, with cannon-shot falling thickly around and in the midst of them, leaving it a probable chance that an individual might actually be employed in digging his own grave."

and the columns opposed. The grass was long, dry, and waving, concealing the fatal chasm that intervened. One of General Villatte's columns stood at some distance to the right of the building occupied by the light troops. These were directly in front of the 23rd dragoons. Another was formed rather to the rear, and more in front of the German hussars, on the left of the line. Such were the immediate objects of the charge.

"For some time the brigade advanced at a rapid pace, without receiving any obstruction from the enemy's fire. The line cheered. It was answered from the hill with the greatest enthusiasm; never was any thing more exhilarating or more beautiful than the commencement of this advance. Several lengths in front, mounted on a grey horse, consequently very conspicuous, rode Colonel Elley. Thus placed, he, of course, first arrived at the brink of a ravine, which, varying in width, extended along the whole front of the line. Going half-speed at the time, no alternative was left him. To have checked his horse, and given timely warning, would have been impossible. With some difficulty he cleared it at a bound, and on gaining the opposite bank, endeavoured by gesture to warn the 23rd of the dangerous ground they had to pass; but advancing with such velocity, the line was on the verge of the stream, before his signs could be either understood or attended to. Under any circumstances this must have been a serious occurrence in a cavalry charge; but when it is considered that four or five hundred dragoons were assailing two divisions of infantry, unbroken, and fully prepared for the onset, to have persevered at all was highly honourable to the regiment.

"At this moment the enemy, formed in squares, opened his tremendous fire. A change immediately took place. Horses rolled on the earth; others were seen flying back dragging their unhorsed riders with them; the German hussars coolly reined up; the line of the 23rd was broken. Still the regiment galloped forward. The confusion was increased; but no hesitation took place in the individuals of this gallant corps. The survivors rushed forward with, if possible, accelerated pace, passing between the flank of the square, now one general blaze of fire, and the building on its left."

Still the remainder of the 23rd, led on by Major Ponsonby,

passing under this withering fire, assailed and overthrew a regiment of chasseurs; and, though attacked in turn by a squadron of Westphalian horse, and some Polish lancers, it cut its way through these, and riding past the intervals of the infantry, reached the base of the mountain, where the Spanish corps of observation secured it. Its loss was awful. In an affair that lasted but a few minutes, nine officers, twelve sergeants, two hundred rank and file, and two hundred and twenty-four horses, were rendered *hors de combat.*

On the centre, the attack was made with great steadiness and determination. The French columns deployed before they attempted to ascend the heights, and, regardless of broken ground, advanced to the charge with imposing gallantry. General Sherbrooke, having fully prepared his men, received them with a volley of musketry, which staggered their resolution, and the whole division rushing forward with the bayonet, the French were driven back with prodigious loss. But the Guards came loosely on. The French observed it; perceived an opening in the line, and threw in a tremendous fire on the Germans, that caused a momentary confusion. The affair is thus narrated by an officer of the 48th. The celerity with which a mistake, that to other troops might have proved fatal, was remedied by the coolness of the commander and the heroism of his army, could never be better exemplified.

"At this period of the battle, and in nearly their last attempt, the enemy had been repulsed and followed. The Guards, carried onwards by victorious excitement, advanced too far, and found themselves assailed by the French reserve,* and mowed down by an overwhelming fire. They fell back, but as whole sections were swept away their ranks became disordered, and nothing but their stubborn gallantry prevented a total *déroute.* Their situation was most critical,—had the French cavalry charged home, nothing could have saved them. Lord Wellington saw the danger, and speedily despatched support. A brigade of horse was ordered up, and our regiment moved from the heights we occupied to assist our hard-pressed comrades. We came on at double-quick,

* The enemy instantly rallied, followed them, and were so confident of victory, that their officers were heard to exclaim, '*Allons, mes enfans, ils sont toute nos prisonniers.*'"

and formed in the rear by companies, and through the intervals in our line the broken ranks of the Guards retreated A close and well-directed volley from us arrested the progress of the victorious French, while with amazing celerity and coolness, the Guards rallied and reformed, and in a few minutes advanced in turn to support us. As they came on, the men gave a loud huzza. An Irish regiment to the right answered it with a thrilling cheer. It was taken up from regiment to regiment, and passed along the English line; and that wild shout told the advancing enemy that British valour was indomitable. The leading files of the French halted—turned—fell back—and never made another effort."*

In every place the British were victorious—and had one forward movement of the Spaniards been made, Talavera would have proved the most decisive defeat that ever the French armies on the Peninsula had sustained—for a rapid flanking march from Cuesta's right upon the Alberche must have compromised half the French army. But with troops so wretchedly disciplined it was impossible to change any previous formation in face of an enemy: and thus the French marshals were enabled to retreat in perfect order, with the greater portion of their baggage, the whole of their wounded, and all their artillery, with the exception of ten guns taken by Campbell's brigade, and seven abandoned in the woods, and afterwards secured.

As victory is ever damped by individual suffering, an event well calculated to increase the horrors of a battle-field occurred, that cannot be recollected without the liveliest sorrow for those who suffered.

From the heat of the weather, the fallen leaves were parched like tinder, and the grass was rank and dry. Near the end of the engagement both were ignited by the blaze of some cartridge-papers, and the whole surface of the ground was presently covered with a sheet of fire. Those of the disabled who lay on the outskirts of the field managed to crawl away, or were carried off by their more fortunate companions who had escaped unhurt; but, unhappily, many gallant sufferers,

* "The Bivouac."

with "medicable wounds," perished in the flames before it was possible to extricate them.

The battle was ended at about six o'clock, and after that hour scarcely a shot was heard. Both armies occupied the positions of the morning, and the British bivouacked on the field, with little food and no shelter; while the dead lay silently around, and the moans of the wounded broke sadly on the ear, as they were conveyed all through the night to the hospitals in Salamanca.

The French were evidently about to retire—but, from a great inferiority in cavalry, pursuit was impossible. On the next morning, two of their divisions only were seen beyond the river, and these retreated on the night of the 31st, and followed the remainder of the beaten *corps d'armée*.

The British loss was extremely severe—and from the heavy cannonade, regiments not otherwise exposed, suffered much. The whole force, exclusive of the Spaniards, did not exceed nineteen thousand, and of these fully four thousand men were killed and wounded. The Spanish loss was inconsiderable, as they were never seriously engaged—not reaching altogether to a thousand *hors de combat*.

The casualties of Joseph Buonaparte's army it would be difficult to ascertain with any thing like correctness. It has been stated at six, eight, and even ten thousand. The intermediate estimate would probably be the truest—and certainly the French loss exceeded the allied by a third if not a half.

On the morning after the battle, the light brigade were reinforced by three splendid regiments, the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th, under General Craufurd, who reached the army accompanied by a troop of horse artillery. Its march was remarkable,—sixty-three English miles were accomplished in twenty-seven hours.* Advancing under a burning sun, over a sandy

* "On comparing a great number of marches, it appears that an army of forty thousand men requires about eight hours to traverse, in average weather, a distance of fifteen miles, which may be called an average military day's march."—*Thiery*.

* * * * * *

British troops have always been celebrated for the style and endurance with which they move.

"The marching past certainly afforded the best opportunity of ob-

country, badly supplied with water, with bad rations and scarcely any bread, the movement was extraordinary. When the weight a soldier in heavy marching order carries is considered, the distance these splendid regiments achieved was certainly a surprising effort.

Aware that the armies were in presence of each other, and apprised that a battle was inevitable, an ardent wish to share the glory of the field stimulated these soldiers to exertions that hunger, fatigue, and thirst could not abate; and though efforts almost beyond belief failed to bring them to the battle-ground before the struggle terminated, the rapidity of their march, and the fine condition in which they joined the army, justly obtained for them the admiration of the victors of Talavera.

serving the troops (those of the army of occupation) of the different nations in close contrast. As regards the infantry, it may be asserted without boast, that the British were acknowledged to move the best. The Grand Duke Constantine was heard to exclaim, *Les Gardes marchent comme des Dieux!"—Review of the Army at Paris.*

OPERATIONS FROM THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA TO THE AFFAIR OF THE COA.

Movements of Soult and Wellington.—Wilson's affair at Banos.—Defeats of the Spanish armies.—Fall of Gerona and Hostalrich.—Rodrigo besieged, and capitulates.—Julian Sanchez.—Unfortunate attempt by Craufurd.—Probable movements of Massena.

Soult, who had collected thirty-five thousand men, on learning the defeat of Talavera, made a flank movement to assist Joseph Buonaparte, and reached Placentia by the pass of Banos. Lord Wellington, on being apprised of the French marshal's advance, instantly determined to march forward and engage him; while Cuesta observed the line of the Tagus, and protected the stores and hospitals at Talavera. Accordingly, on the 3rd of August, the British moved to Orapesa; but on that evening information was received that Soult had cut off Lord Wellington's communication with the bridge of Almarez, and that Cuesta was about to evacuate Talavera. This intelligence made an immediate change in Lord Wellington's plans indispensable,—and it became necessary to cross the Tagus instantly. A passage was effected by the bridge of Arzabispo,* and the whole artillery and stores were safely brought off, over horrible roads, which hitherto had been deemed impracticable for any thing but mules and the rude carriages of the country. After a short stay, the British fell back on Badajoz, early in September.

Cuesta's sudden retreat from Talavera had not only endangered Lord Wellington, but nearly caused the total destruc-

* "The path which leads from Arzabispo, through the pass of Messa d'Ibor, into the great road from Almarez to Truxillo, Merida, and Badajoz, had been represented to us as wholly impassable for artillery. We found it extremely bad, no doubt, but we nevertheless continued to drag our guns along, and by dint of extraordinary exertions reached Torradilla."—*Lord Londonderry.*

tion of the Portuguese corps, commanded by Sir Robert Wilson. In obedience to orders, Sir Robert had advanced within twelve miles of the capital before he was recalled—and after narrowly escaping the French armies, by the ill-judged retirement of the Spanish general from Talavera, he found himself completely cut off from the Tagus. With considerable difficulty, the Portuguese general crossed the Sierra de Llana, and seized the pass of Banos, whither Soult, on falling back from Placentia to Leon, was rapidly advancing,—nothing remaining for him but to defend the pass, and risk a battle with numbers immensely superior to his own. This determination was gallantly carried into effect. After a desperate resistance of nine hours, Wilson was at last forced from the position, with a loss of eight hundred men; while the remainder of his corps dispersed, and succeeded in reaching Castello Branco.*

At this period a heavy calamity overtook the Spanish arms. Venegas, after his defeat at Almonacid, had re-organized his scattered army, and united it with that of Cuesta, who had been succeeded in the chief command by Ariezaga. That general absurdly attempted to march at once on Madrid; and at Toledo encountered a French corps of thirty thousand men, in readiness to attack him. Although his force nearly doubled that of the enemy, Ariezaga declined the combat, and endeavoured to retreat. It was then too late; he was overtaken by Joseph Buonaparte while crossing the plains of Ocana on the 19th of November, and totally defeated with a loss of fifteen thousand men.

In a different scene the Spanish arms were equally unfortunate. Marchand had succeeded Ney, and he, holding his enemy in too great contempt, engaged Del Parque under circumstances which allowed the Duke to obtain a temporary advantage. The French fell back only to return in greater force. An action was fought at Tamames, which terminated at first, in the Spanish being only driven back, but eventually, in their being utterly derouted.

Following up this success, Soult, with fifty-thousand men, was despatched by Joseph against the southern provinces, and

* "This they did, not as armies usually retreat, but by utterly dispersing, and again uniting at one particular point of rendezvous, which, previous to their rout, had been determined upon."—*Lord Londonderry.*

succeeded in crossing the Sierra Morena, though the whole range had been strongly fortified, and thirty thousand men under Ariezaga, intrusted with its defence. So quickly, and with such trifling loss was this dangerous operation achieved, that it was a question, whether the marshal was more indebted for his success to treachery or cowardice. Cadiz was preserved by the prompt decision of the duke of Albuquerque—the gates closed against the French—and the city secured against bombardment, except from one point occupied by Fort Matagorda.

All else had gone favourably for the French. Sebastiani defeated Ariezaga on his retreat to Grenada—and that city and Malaga, after a faint effort at defence, fell. Gerona surrendered, after a brave and protracted resistance.* Hostal-

* "Every day now added to the distress of the besieged. Their flour was exhausted—wheat they had still in store, but men are so much the slaves of habit, that it was considered as one great evil of the siege that they had no means of grinding it: two horse-mills, which had been erected, were of such clumsy construction, that they did not perform half the needful work; and the Geronans, rather than prepare the unground corn in any way to which they had not been accustomed, submitted to the 'abour of grinding it between two stones, or pounding it in the shell of a bomb with a cannon-ball. For want of other animal food, mules and horses were slaughtered for the hospital and for the shambles; a list was made of all within the city, and they were taken by lot. Fuel was exceedingly scarce, yet the heaps which were placed in cressets at the corners of the principal streets, to illuminate them in case of danger, remained untouched, and not a billet was taken from them during the whole siege. The summer fever became more prevalent; the bodies of the sufferers were frequently covered with a minute eruption, which was usually a fatal symptom: fluxes also began to prevail.

* * * * * * *

"Augereau now straitened the blockade; and, that the garrison might neither follow the example of O'Donnell, nor receive any supplies, however small, he drew his lines closer, stretched cords with bells along the interspaces, and kept watch-dogs at all the posts. The bombardment was continued, and always with greater violence during the night than the day, as if to exhaust the Geronans by depriving them of sleep.

* * * * * * *

"There did not remain a single building in Gerona which had not been injured by the bombardment; not a house was habitable; the people slept in cellars, and vaults, and holes, amid the ruins; and it had not unfrequently happened that the wounded were killed in the hospitals. The streets were broken up, so that the rain-water and the sewers stagnated there: and the pestilential vapours which arose were rendered more

rich was also taken;* and Astorga capitulated in the middle of April. In fact, the French were everywhere victorious,

noxious by the dead bodies which lay rolling amid the ruins. The siege had now endured seven months; scarcely a woman had become pregnant during that time: the very dogs, before hunger consumed them, had ceased to follow after their kind; they did not even fawn upon their masters; the almost incessant thunder of artillery seemed to make them sensible of the state of the city, and the unnatural atmosphere affected them as well as human kind. It even affected vegetation. In the gardens within the walls the fruits withered, and scarcely any vegetable could be raised. Within the last three weeks above five hundred of the garrison had died in the hospitals: a dysentery was raging and spreading; the sick were lying upon the ground, without beds, almost without food; and there was scarcely fuel to dress the little wheat that remained, and the few horses which were yet unconsumed."—*Southey.*

* "Gerona surrendered on the 10th December, after a memorable defence of six months, which places the name of the governor, Don Marian Alvarez, on a level with that of Palafox; and some particulars of his heroic conduct deserve to be recorded. The town stands low, at the confluence of the Ona and Ter rivers, which cover and protect the northern side; and on the opposite quarter the approaches are commanded by a small square fort of ninety toises exterior side, situated on a height of five hundred and fifty yards from the place called Montjuic. In this petty work, Alvarez, not having altogether five thousand men under his command, defied for three months the utmost efforts of General St. Cyr with twenty thousand French. Sixty pieces of heavy ordnance fired against the fort incessantly for twenty-two days, which, besides effecting an enormous breach, levelled all the upper works. The enemy then offered terms, which being rejected, they gave the assault, and were repulsed with loss. During the three succeeding days the besiegers' batteries thundered without intermission, and on the fourth morning they again tried the force of arms. Several heavy columns advanced to the breach, and persisted in their attempts to ascend it with so much courage and obstinacy, that success was long balanced, and on their repulse, sixteen hundred killed and wounded remained in the ditch. After this effort, the French, finding all open attacks useless, resorted to the sap and the mine, and one entire month passed in the dispute of a ravelin, which (after several attempts to form a lodgment in it had failed) remained, as if by tacit agreement, unoccupied by either party, and all personal conflict ceased. The fire of artillery and the mine, however, gradually levelled the walls, and blew up the very interior of the place; when, there being no longer any thing worth disputing, the garrison withdrew on the 11th of August.

* * * * * * *

"The walls of Hostalrich fell shortly afterwards, an ignoble conquest to the same officer. The siege commenced on the 20th January, and the place was contested with the greatest obstinacy till the 12th May following, when the brave garrison, having consumed their last day's food, sallied out to cut their way through the blockading corps. A large proportion

and Spain once more lay nearly at their feet. This, as Colonel Jones observes, was "the second crisis in the affairs of the Peninsula, as, by a succession of desultory and ill-planned enterprises on the part of the Spaniards, all their armies had been annihilated, their fortresses reduced, and three-fourths of the kingdom subdued." Affairs certainly wore a gloomy aspect. Napoleon had openly announced his determination to drive the English into the sea; and his means, relieved as he was by an alliance with Austria, seemed amply sufficient to realize the threat. Circumstances had increased his resources, and left him a large disposable force to direct on Portugal; while Britain, in the madness of her policy, had wasted her military strength on that ill-designed and disastrous expedition to the Scheldt.

Fortunately, the British parliament saw—and not too late—the place where the struggle for European liberty was to be decided. As many of the Walcheren battalions as could be made effective, were recruited from the militias and sent out. The Portuguese, in British pay, were augmented to thirty thousand men—and England at last, turned her attention to the point on which her political salvation depended—and where alone the battle of the Continent should be fought.

Napoleon was, at the same time, pouring in constant reinforcements over the Pyrenees, and strengthening his *corps d'armée* in every province on the Peninsula. The corps of Ney, Junot, and Reynier, having united at Salamanca, comprised seventy thousand men, of which six thousand were cavalry; and Massena arrived from France, by the express command of Napoleon, to assume the command-in-chief. A part of the imperial guard crossed the Pyrenees to reinforce the army of the centre; and another body received orders to hold itself in readiness to march, and as it was generally believed, to form a body-guard for the Emperor.

But still, notwithstanding the gloomy prospects of the British, it was surprising what a number of desertions took place from the enemy's corps. Between the commencement of 1810 and the month of May, nearly five hundred men,

nobly fell in the attempt; amongst others the heroic Don Juan de Estrada, the governor; but many hundreds restored themselves to liberty."—*Jones's Account of the War.*

chiefly Germans and Italians, arrived, time after time, at the British outposts; while desertions from the English regiments were extremely rare.

Early in May, Massena prepared for active operations, and invested the fortress of Rodrigo—the inferiority of Lord Wellington's force rendering any attempt on his part to prevent it impossible. All that could be done was to observe the enemy closely; and for this purpose, head-quarters were transferred to Almeida—which, after a few days, were farther retired to Alverca, six leagues in the rear.

The investment of Rodrigo, which occasional advances of the British had partially relaxed, became now more serious —for Ney determined that the place should fall—and taking post on a range of high grounds with thirty thousand men, he covered effectually the operations carried on by Junot, whose separate force amounted to forty thousand more.

It was now ascertained that Matagorda* had fallen,—that Cadiz, of course, must yield,—that divisions of the guards had entered Madrid,—and that Napoleon was absolutely across the Pyrenees. Other tidings were of better import. Ballasteros was on the Guadalquiver, and so threatening in his movements, as to require Reynier to be detached to check him; while the mountain districts were swarming with guerillas, who cut off every detached party of the French, plundered their convoys, interrupted their communications, and kept the whole of their posts constantly on the alert. In Castile particularly, their audacity was boundless. They had carried off an aide-de-camp of Kellerman from the gates of

* The fire of forty-eight guns and mortars were concentrated on the little fort of Matagorda, and the feeble parapet disappeared in a moment before this crushing flight of metal. * * * The troops fell fast; the enemy shot quick and close; a staff, bearing the Spanish flag, was broken six times within an hour. * * Thirty hours the tempest raged, and sixty-four men out of one hundred and forty were down, when the remnant of the garrison was removed. During this tremendous fire, a young drum-boy was ordered to fetch water from the well, but the youth hesitated; a sergeant's wife, called Ritson, instantly caught up the bucket, crossed the line of fire, and though the cord that held the vessel was cut by a shot, she filled, and brought it safely back to the wounded men who were lying in the casemate.—*Abridged from Napier.*

Valladolid; and no Frenchman could trust himself in the open country without a powerful escort.

The siege of Rodrigo continued: a gallant resistance was made, for the garrison disputed every inch of ground, sallying frequently, and maintaining a well-directed fire that occasioned the besiegers considerable loss. The old governor, Hervasti, did wonders—and with a garrison of four thousand men, and fortifications in bad condition—many parts of the wall having its breaches only stopped loosely with rubbish—he kept seventy thousand men at bay, provided with siege stores in abundance, and a numerous corps of active and scientific engineers to direct the labours of the thousands who composed their working parties. On the 30th of June the breach was practicable, and stormed—but the French were repulsed, after suffering an enormous loss in killed and wounded.

Though the British army looked on, they could not save the fortress. The siege was pressed, and the outposts of the two armies came occasionally in contact with each other.

On the 4th of July the French made a strong *reconnoissance* with five regiments of cavalry, a corps of infantry, and some guns. A spirited affair ensued—and Gallegos and Almeida were given up, and a position taken by the British in rear of Fort Conception.

Time passed without any affair of moment occurring, until Ciudad Rodrigo capitulated, after a noble defence* of a full month, with open trenches. Julian Sanchez, finding the place must fall, quitted the city at midnight with his lancers, and cut his way through the enemy's posts.†

* Forty-two thousand shells were thrown into the city, and five-and-twenty thousand from it. During the last sixteen days, the consumption of powder amounted to eight hundred and ninety-three quintals, each quintal containing one hundred and thirty-two pounds.

† "A little before midnight Sanchez collected his troops in the Plaza: the two of his company who were married men, took their wives behind them; they sallied out, and their leader, in the spirit of Scanderbeg, instead of contenting himself with merely effecting his own retreat, charged a post of cavalry, routed them, and carried away eight prisoners with their horses. The two women were armed with pistols; and one of them, by name Maria Fraile, saved her husband by shooting a dragoon who was about to attack him on one side."

Ney, it is said, annoyed at the obstinacy with which the fortress held out, until the breach was found by Hervasti indefensible, and the troops for the assault were actually formed in the trenches, declined all terms but unconditional surrender. Massena, however, with more generosity, conceded the honours of war to the brave and resolute commandant.

The enemy's patrols had latterly become exceedingly troublesome, annoying the villages immediately in front of the British posts, and plundering them of any thing which could be found. General Craufurd determined to cut off the next of these marauding parties, and moved at midnight with six squadrons of cavalry, in the hope that before daybreak he should get in the rear of the French patrols, whom he expected to fall in with. In the darkness he lost his way, and unexpectedly encountered the enemy in ground where his cavalry were completely arrested by the French infantry. In this vexatious affair the British suffered considerable loss,—and a very valuable officer, Colonel Talbot of the 14th Light

One of Julian's exploits is thus related :—"It was the custom of the French garrison of Badajoz to send out their cattle every morning beyond the walls for the purpose of grazing. under the protection of a guard, which at once tended them, and watched the movements of our parties. Don Julian determined, if possible, to surprise the herd ; for which purpose he concealed his people, day after day, among the broken ground on the bank of the river, not far from the town ; but the guard proved for a time so vigilant, that no opportunity occurred of effecting his design. At last, however, an accident occurred which enabled him to accomplish, not only his original purpose, but one which he did not dream of accomplishing. It so happened, that on the morning of the 15th of October, General Regnaud, the governor of the place, rode out, attended by his staff and a slender escort, and ventured incautiously to pass the Agueda, at the very spot where Don Julian's ambuscade lay concealed. He was instantly surrounded by the Spanish cavalry and made prisoner ; and, as if fortune had determined to reward the latter for their patience, the cattle appeared at the same moment at a sufficient distance from the walls to authorize an attack. The attack was made with the most perfect success, and both governor and cattle were conveyed in triumph to our head-quarters. In a native of any country, except France, such an unlucky coincidence would have produced a degree of gloom not to be shaken off ; but by General Regnaud his misfortunes were borne with the utmost philosophy and good humour. He became a frequent guest at Lord Wellington's table, and we found him an extremely entertaining as well as intelligent companion."—*Lord Londonderry.*

dragoons, was killed. It was exceedingly mortifying that two hundred French infantry should escape from six hundred British dragoons,—and the circumstance occasioned a great sensation in the coteries of the allied bivouacs.*

Consequent on the fall of Rodrigo, numerous movements took place. It was impossible to guess in what way Massena would follow up his success, and the best arrangements were made by Lord Wellington to meet every probable contingency. One of two plans most likely to be adopted by the French marshal was either, by reinforcing Reynier, to over-

* "The enemy's force did not exceed thirty cavalry and two hundred infantry; but they were advantageously posted in an open space, just beyond a narrow defile; and to reach them it was necessary to thread that defile in a long line. The consequence was, that though the hussars who led, formed up in succession as they got through, and charged their opponents with great gallantry, they effected nothing more than the dispersion of the handful of horse; for the infantry had time to form a square, and not all the efforts of our people could succeed in breaking it. The hussars rode bravely up to the bayonets, but were repulsed by a volley closely thrown in, which killed or wounded upwards of a dozen men. The remainder wheeled off, and pursuing the French cavalry, made way for a squadron of the 16th. These galloped forward, but also took to the left, and leaving the infantry uninjured, joined in pursuit of the cavalry. When the last charge was made, the French square was without fire, every man having discharged his piece, and none having been able to load again; but when a third attempt was made, they were better prepared to receive it. It fell to the lot of Colonel Talbot of the 14th to lead this attack. It was made with daring intrepidity; but the enemy remained perfectly steady, and reserving their fire till the bridles of the horses touched their bayonets, gave it with such effect, that Colonel Talbot, with several of his men, were killed on the spot. The rest drew off—upon which General Craufurd, despairing of success by the exertions of cavalry alone, despatched an orderly to bring up a detachment of the 43rd, which chanced to be at no great distance.

"Whilst this was doing, the enemy's little column began its retreat, which it conducted with singular steadiness and great order. The 14th dragoons, seeing this, prepared to launch another squadron against it; and it was already in speed for the purpose, when Colonel Arenschild, of the hussars, observed cavalry advancing both in front and flank, and checked the movement. It was much to be regretted afterwards that he took this step, for the horse which alarmed him proved to be detachments from our own people on their return from pursuing the enemy's dragoons, the whole of whom they had captured. The French infantry lost no time in availing themselves of the indecision of our cavalry. They marched on, and returned to their main body, without having lost a single prisoner, or suffered in killed or wounded."—*Lord Londonderry.*

power Hill; or, by uniting his (Reynier's) corps by the pass of Perales with his own, attack with oppressive numbers the British on the Coa. The chief danger, however, seemed to rest in an attack on Hill. If it succeeded, the position of the Guarda would be untenable, and a precipitous retreat on Zezere imperative—while on the Coa, there was every thing in favour of the British. The ground was difficult; three or four marches would unite Hill's corps with the main body—and the Portuguese, it was supposed, would fight bravely in defence of their own frontier. Every circumstance, therefore, induced the wish that the French marshal would assail the British in their position on the Coa.

AFFAIR UPON THE COA.—FALL OF ALMEIDA.

Action of the Coa.—Almeida besieged.—Great magazine blows up.—Place surrenders.—Wellington falls back behind the Mondego.—Romana defeated by Mortier.

While the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo was in progress, the light division, under General Craufurd, after falling back on the fifth, took up a position on the line of the Azava. From the contiguity of the enemy, the greatest vigilance was necessary. The pickets extended from Carpia to the junction of the Azava and Agueda; and the outpost duty devolved upon the Germans, with a part of the 16th light dragoons. Craufurd was particularly directed to avoid a battle—and, in the event of Soult advancing, he was instructed to give way at once, and retire across the river. A strict obedience to the letter of his orders was not among the qualities for which Craufurd was remarkable; and whether he supposed from his position being under the guns of Almeida, that it would be respected by the French, or that he had determined to resist the forward movement of the enemy, although apprised on the 21st that the French were advancing, and that Fort Conception had been abandoned and blown up, he declined passing the Coa, and formed the light division in line, his left resting on Almeida, and his right and rear covered by the river.

At break of day on the 24th, an entire corps, amounting to eighteen thousand men, of whom three thousand five hundred were cavalry, with a powerful artillery, attacked the centre of the position.* The pickets between Villamula and Almeida

* "They passed Azava at sunrise, and their cavalry, driving in our advanced videttes, came on with great rapidity; three regiments on the direct road from Gallegos to Almeida, and two by a path to the left, with the view of turning our right flank. There were two pieces of cannon, of

were driven back—and retired before overpowering numbers, skirmishing in beautiful order, and disputing every inch of ground. An extensive plain stretched from Villamula to the Coa, intersected by walls and enclosures, and, of course, afforded a fine field for light infantry manœuvres. Of this advantage the British availed themselves; and every fence and hedge were obstinately maintained, until, oppressed by numbers, they were reluctantly yielded to the enemy.

The centre was now seriously attacked, and though the 95th and Portuguese caçadores fought gallantly, Craufurd perceived that he could not hold his ground, and determined to cross the river, beyond which his cavalry and guns had already retired. A bridge over the Coa was the only route by which he could retreat—and it lay completely exposed to a sweeping fire from the French artillery. However, there was no alternative; the infantry moved off in echelons by its left,—and though furiously assailed, succeeded in crossing to the other bank.

The irregularity of the ground, and the frequency and height of the enclosures, rendered an orderly retreat almost impracticable; but the operation was boldly and coolly executed. To prevent the French from forcing the bridge, and

the horse-artillery, stationed at a small brook, about half a mile to the rear of Gallegos. These instantly opened upon the French column; but though the fire was well directed, and evidently galled them, it did not succeed in stopping them. Our cavalry, in the mean while, formed in the rear of the guns, sending out three or four squadrons, with the hussars, to skirmish; and rather a sharp contest took place near a bridge which crossed the brook. The French made a dash to secure it, and passed some officers, with about thirty or forty men, to the other side; in accomplishing which however, as the bridge was extremely narrow, they were compelled to defile from column. An opportunity was thus afforded of attacking them to advantage, which was not permitted to escape. Captain Crackenbourg, of the German hussars, an officer of gallantry and high character, saw in a moment the predicament into which they had thrust themselves. He instantly drew out two divisions of the hussars, and charging the body which had passed the bridge, cut down their officer, and drove the rest, with the loss of several killed and wounded, back upon the column. The affair was accomplished in an instant, but the promptitude and vigour which characterized its execution both merited and received the approbation of all present. The brave men were saluted by the cheers of their comrades as they returned, and the officer's name was justly and honourably mentioned at head quarters."—*Lord Londonderry.*

allow time for the regiments to reform, the 43rd and 95th were drawn up in front of the pass, and directed to oppose to the last every attempt that the French should make to cross it.* The enemy seemed equally determined; and having collected an imposing force, a fierce and well-sustained attack produced one of the most desperate and sanguinary encounters which the annals of modern warfare record.

"The French skirmishers, swarming on the right bank, opened a biting fire, which was returned as bitterly; the artillery on both sides played across the ravine, the sounds were repeated by numberless echoes, and the smoke, rising slowly, resolved itself into an immense arch, spanning the whole chasm, and sparkling with the whirling fuzees of the flying shells. The enemy gathered fast and thickly; his columns were discovered forming behind the high rocks, and a dragoon was seen to try the depth of the stream above, but two shots from the 52nd killed horse and man, and the carcases, floating between the hostile bands, showed that the river was impassable. The monotonous tones of a French drum

* "At this moment the right wing of the 52nd was seen marching towards the bridge, which was still crowded with the passing troops. M'Leod, a very young man, but with a natural genius for war, immediately turned his horse round, called to the troops to follow, and taking off his cap, rode with a shout towards the enemy: the suddenness of the thing, and the distinguished action of the man, produced the effect he designed—a mob of soldiers rushed after him, cheering and charging as if a whole army had been at their backs, and the enemy's skirmishers, astonished at this unexpected movement, stopped short. Before they could recover from their surprise, the 52nd crossed the river, and M'Leod, following at full speed, gained the other side also without disaster."

* * * * * * *

"During the fight, General Picton came up alone from Pinhel. Craufurd desired the support of the third division, it was refused, and, excited by some previous disputes, the generals separated after a sharp altercation. Picton was decidedly wrong, because Craufurd's situation was one of extreme danger; he durst not retire, and Massena might, undoubtedly, have thrown his reserves by the bridge of Castello Bom upon the right flank of the division and destroyed it."

* * * * * * *

"It was at first supposed that Lieutenant Dawson and half a company of the 52nd, which had been posted in the unfinished tower, were also captured; but that officer kept close until the evening, and then, with great intelligence, passed all the enemy's posts, and crossing the Coa at a ford, rejoined his regiment."—*Napier.*

were then heard, and in another instant, the head of a noble column was at the long narrow bridge. A drummer and an officer, in a splendid uniform, leaped forward together, and the whole rushed on with loud cries. The depth of the ravine at first deceived the soldiers' aim, and two-thirds of the passage was won ere an English shot had brought down an enemy; yet a few paces onwards the line of death was traced, and the whole of the leading French section fell as one man! Still the gallant column pressed forward, but no foot could pass that terrible line; the killed and wounded rolled together until the heap rose nearly even with the parapet, and the living mass behind melted away rather than give back.

"The shouts of the British now rose loudly, but they were confidently answered, and, in half an hour, a second column, more numerous than the first, again crowded the bridge. This time, however, the range was better judged, and ere half the distance was won, the multitude was again torn, shattered, dispersed and slain; ten or twelve men only succeeded in crossing, and took shelter under the rocks at the brink of the river."*

Night came—and the light division, after its heroic resistance against an overwhelming force, retreated, under cover of the darkness, to a position three leagues from Averca. The night march was made in perfect order; the artillery brought safely off; the field equipage removed; and though Massena, in his despatches, spoke of colours and cannon having been taken, not a trophy nor a gun was abandoned by Craufurd, and a loss fully as severe as what he suffered, was inflicted on the enemy in return. Colonel Hall, who had arrived but the preceding day from England to join the 43rd, fell in this affair—and about three hundred and fifty were returned as killed, wounded, and missing.

Never did British troops fight with more gallantry, and at a greater disadvantage; and if Craufurd—as it must be admitted by all that he did so—imprudently brought on an action, no officer, under more trying circumstances, could have fought himself more ably out of a scrape. That Craufurd

* Nothing can be more spirited and graphic than this description of the affair, as given by Colonel Napier.

was, in a military view, to blame, in permitting himself to be overtaken on the right bank of the river, is true; and to waste his strength in an unnecessary combat, from which no advantage could result, was equally injudicious. But no affair could have been more brilliant than the encounter on the Coa; and while a useless expenditure of life was to be deplored, night never fell upon a braver field, or closed more gallant efforts, than those made by the light regiments of the British throughout that long and doubtful day.

On the 25th and 26th, the French appeared on the left bank of the Coa—but it was doubtful whether they would sit down before Almeida, or merely mask it with a corps, and push forward at once into Portugal with all their disposable force. Lord Wellington, in consequence, decided on falling back to the gorges of the Estrella, where he could command a strong position, in the event of Massena's advance forcing on an engagement. Orders were accordingly issued for the cavalry to move to Alverca; while the light division marched to Celerica, the first to Penhancas, the third to Carapentra, and the fourth continued on the Guarda, to keep the communication open with Hill's corps at Alalay.

On the 14th of August, the French regularly sate down before Almeida, and broke ground on the ensuing day. On the 26th, at daylight, eleven batteries opened on the fortress, with a fire from sixty-five pieces of siege artillery. As Almeida was strongly garrisoned, well provided and stored, and under the command of an English governor, strong expectations were entertained that its resistance would far exceed that of Ciudad Rodrigo, which in every point was the feebler fortress of the two. But these high hopes were fated to be miserably disappointed.

On the evening upon which the French batteries had opened, in transferring ammunition from the grand magazine to the ramparts, a shell dropped into a tumbril that was leaving the door of the building, and igniting the powder with which it was loaded, the tumbril blew up, and most unfortunately communicating with the depôt, produced a frightful explosion. The loss of life was, of course, great—numbers both of the garrison and the inhabitants perished; half the guns were dismounted; the works shaken to their foundations; and the

ammunition reduced to some fifty barrels of powder. Treachery also was at work; the Portuguese officers in a body, headed by the second in command, proceeded to the governor* and insisted that he should surrender; and the major of artillery, who had been sent out to propose terms, proved a traitor.† He acquainted the French marshal with the full extent of the misfortune occasioned by the explosion; and Massena, perceiving that Almeida was at his mercy, of course dictated what terms he pleased.

On entering the ruined fortress, the French general dismissed the militia to their homes, and having paraded the troops of the line, tendered them his protection, provided they joined the invading army, and took service under Napoleon. "To the eternal disgrace of the persons thus tampered with, all, both officers and men, embraced the proposal, and all passed over, without the slightest apparent reluctance, to the ranks of the enemy."‡

When the fall of Almeida was known, Lord Wellington, who had advanced when Massena broke ground, fell back to

* There is something particularly *naïve* in Southey's remarks:—"The lieutenant-governor," says the doctor, "had behaved well till the batteries opened; he was then so terrified, that he shut himself up in the bomb-proofs." This commendatory notice is excessively amusing. To the moment when "the batteries opened," the fellow was as safe as if he had been sitting *tête-à-tête* with the doctor; and, to do him justice, on the first intimation of danger, he lost no time in establishing his cowardice. "The major of artillery" is also lauded for his conduct "during the siege;" but it appears that he, too, took the earliest opportunity to prove himself a traitor. In our poor opinion, two scoundrels never deserved a "cast of office" from the provost-marshal better than the lieutenant of Almeida, and his confederate, the "major of artillery."

† "The colonel reports, that the explosion of the magazine destroyed the whole town, made a breach in the place, blew all the guns, excepting three, into the ditch, destroyed all the ammunition, excepting ten or twelve barrels of powder, and killed or wounded the greater part of the artillerymen. The garrison, till this accident, had sustained no loss, and was in the best order and spirits, and had no thoughts of surrender, and expected to hold the place for two months. The colonel talks highly of the conduct of Governor Cox.

"The major commanding the artillery was the person employed by Cox to settle the capitulation for him. He went out and informed the French of the exact state of the place after the explosion, and never returned!! Massena has made him a colonel!!"—*Wellington's Despatches*.

‡ Lord Londonderry.

the position on which he had previously retired; and anxious to get into closer communication with General Hill, he retreated leisurely on Gouvea. By this movement he checked any attempt that might have been intended from Sabugal by Covilhos, and effectually secured the fortified position of Zezere from being turned.

Yet the situation of the allies was truly critical. The fall of Almeida permitted Massena to advance with confidence — while in numbers, the French marshal was immensely superior; * and of the allied force, a great portion of the Portuguese had never been under fire. The news of Romana's defeat by Mortier, made matters still more alarming; as the latter might come up in sufficient time to threaten the right of the allies by Alcantara or Abrantes.

But Massena's movements ended this suspense — and Wellington was about to achieve one of his most splendid victories.

* At this period (immediately before the battle of Busaco), the best information made the French united force exceed seventy thousand men. The exact strength of the allies was, 23,868 infantry, 2,870 cavalry, and about 2,000 artillery; making 28,738 British soldiers. The Portuguese corps numbered 21,712 infantry, 1,696 cavalry, and 1,000 gunners; making a grand total of 52,136 men, of which nearly 25,000 were detached under Hill and Leith, leaving only 28,000 disposable troops with Lord Wellington.

BUSACO.

British position.—Movements.—Disposition of the Allies.—Battle of Busaco.—Casualties of both armies.

It was impossible to avoid a battle. Wellington crossed the Mondego, while the French were concentrated at Viseu. The first division had been placed in observation of the Oporto road,—the light, on the road of Viseu; but the French having passed the Criz, Lord Wellington changed his position, and fell back upon the heights of Busaco.*

The mountain range, upon which the British retired, was about eight miles long; its right touching the Mondego, and the left stretching over very difficult ground to the Sierra de

* "It is the only place in that kingdom where the bare-footed Carmelites possessed what, in monastic language, is called a desert; by which term an establishment is designated where those brethren, whose piety flies the highest pitch, may at once enjoy the advantages of the eremite and the discipline of the cenobite life, and thus indulge the heroism of ascetic devotion in security. The convent, surrounded by an extensive and almost impervious wood, stands in what may be called the crater of the loftiest part of the ridge; its precincts, which included a circumference of about four miles, were walled in. Within that circuit were various chapels and religious stations; and on the summit of the mountain, which is within the enclosure, a stone cross was erected of enormous size upon so huge a foundation that three thousand cart-loads of stone were employed in constructing its base. The cells of the brethren were round the church, not in a regular building, but accommodated to the irregularities of the ground, and lined with cork, which was everywhere used instead of wood, because of the dampness of the situation. Every cell had its garden and its water-course for irrigating it, the cultivation of these little spots being the only recreation which the inhabitants allowed themselves as lawful. In one of these gardens the first cedars which grew in Portugal were raised. It was indeed one of those places where man has converted an earthly paradise into a purgatory for himself, but where superstition almost seems sanctified by everything around it. Lord Wellington's head-quarters were in the convent; and the solitude and silence of Busaco were now broken by events, in which its hermits, dead as they were to the world, might be permitted to partake all the agitations of earthly hope and fear."—*Southey.*

Caramula. There was a road cresting the Busaco ridge, and a ford at Pena Cova, communicating with the Murcella ridge—and the face of the position was steep, rugged and well defended by the allied artillery. Along the front a sweeping fire could be maintained — and on a part of the summit cavalry might act if necessary.

To an assailing enemy, a position like that of Busaco must present most serious difficulties; and, therefore, it was generally believed that Massena would not risk a battle. But Lord Wellington thought differently; and coolly added, "If he does, I shall beat him."

Pack's division had fallen back on the 22nd; and on the 23rd Massena drove in the British cavalry. The third division took a position at Antonio de Contara, and the fourth at the convent; while the light division bivouacked in a pine wood.* On the 24th it fell back four miles, and some skirmishing of no particular importance took place.

The 25th had nearly brought on a second affair between Craufurd and the enemy. Immense masses of the French were moving rapidly forward, and the cavalry had interchanged a pistol fire, when Lord Wellington arrived, and instantly retired the division. Not a moment could be lost; the enemy came on with amazing rapidity, but the British rearguard behaved with its usual determination; and after a series of quick and beautifully executed manœuvres, secured their retreat on the position. Both armies that evening bivouacked in each other's presence — and sixty-five thousand French infantry, covered by a mass of voltigeurs, formed in the British front; while scarcely fifty thousand of the allies were in line on the Sierra de Busaco, and these, of necessity, were extended over a surface which their numbers were quite incompetent to defend.

* A singular circumstance, which occurred that night in the bivouac of Craufurd's division, is thus related:

"One of those extraordinary panics that, in ancient times, were attributed to the influence of a hostile god, took place. No enemy was near, no alarm was given, yet suddenly the troops, as if seized with a frenzy, started from sleep, and dispersed in every direction; nor was there any possibility of allaying this strange terror, until some persons called out that the enemy's cavalry were among them, when the soldiers mechanically ran together in masses, and the illusion was instantly dissipated."—*Napier.*

Ney and Reynier agreed that the moment of their arrival afforded the best chance for attacking Wellington successfully —and Massena was informed that the allied troops were only getting into their ground, and that their dispositions were accordingly imperfect. But the marshal came up too late ; for all the arrangements of Wellington had been coolly and admirably effectuated.

The British brigades were continuously posted. On the right, General Hill's division was stationed. Leith, on his left, prolonged the line, with the Lusitanian legion in reserve. Picton joined Leith, and was supported by a brigade of Portuguese. The brigades of Spencer crested the ridge, and held the ground between the third division and the convent; and the fourth division closed the extreme left, covering the mountain path of Milheada, with part of the cavalry on a flat, and a regiment of dragoons in reserve on the summit of the Sierra. Pack's division formed the advanced guard to the right, and extended half-way down the hill ; while in a hollow below the convent, the light brigade and Germans were thrown out. The whole front was covered with skirmishers—and on every point, from which the artillery could effectively range, the guns were placed in battery.

While these dispositions were being completed, evening had come on ; both armies establishing themselves for the night, and the French lighting fires. Some attempts of the enemy to introduce their tirailleurs, in broken numbers, among the wooded hollows in front of the light division, indicated an intention of a night attack, and the rifles and caçadores drove them back. But no attempt was made—and a mild and warm atmosphere allowed the troops to bivouac without inconvenience on the battle-ground. A few hours of comparative stillness passed—one hundred thousand men slept under the canopy of heaven ; and before the first faint glimmering of light, all stood quietly to arms, and prepared for a bloody day.

Shrouded by the grey mist that still was lingering on the Sierra, the enemy advanced. Ney, with three columns, moved forward in front of the convent, where Craufurd's division was posted ; while Reynier, with two divisions, approached by less difficult ground the pickets of the third division, before the feeble light permitted his movements to be discovered.

With their usual impetuosity the French pushed forward, and the British as determinately opposed them. Under a heavy fire of grape and musketry the enemy topped the heights ; and on the left of the third division, gained the summit of the mountain—their leading battalions securing themselves among the rocks, and threatening the ridge of the Sierra. The disorder of a Portuguese regiment, the 8th, afforded them also a partial advantage. But the fire of two guns with grape opened on their flank ; in front, a heavy fusilade was maintained ; while, advancing over the crown of the height, the 88th and four companies of the 45th charged furiously with the bayonet, and with an ardour that could not be resisted. Both French and English were intermixed in a desperate *mêlée*—both fought hand to hand—both went struggling down the mountain—the head of the French column annihilated—and covering the descent, from the crown to the valley, with heaps of its dead and dying.*

* "At this time the 45th were engaged with numbers out of proportion, but they gallantly maintained their ground. The 5th, 74th, and 83rd, were likewise attacked ; but the 88th, from the nature of their situation, came in contact with the full body of the enemy, and, while opposed to three times their own number in front, were assailed on their left by a couple of hundred riflemen stationed in the rocks Colonel Wallace changed his front, but had scarcely reached the rocks, when a fire, destructive as it was animated, assailed him. The moment was a critical one, but he never lost his presence of mind. He ordered his two first companies to attack the rocks, while he pressed forward with the remainder of his regiment against the main body. The 8th Portuguese were close on the enemy, and opened a well-directed fire, while the 45th were performing prodigies of valour. At this moment the 88th came up to the assistance of their comrades, and the three regiments pressed on : a terrific contest took place ; the French fought well, but they had no chance with our men when we grappled close with them ; and they were overthrown, leaving half of their column on the heath with which the hill was covered.

"The French, ranged amphitheatrically one above another, took a murderous aim at our soldiers in their advance to dislodge—officers as well as privates became personally engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. Captain Dunne fought with his sabre, while Captain Dansey made use of a firelock and bayonet ; he received three wounds, and Captain Dunne owed his life to a sergeant of his company named Brazill, who, seeing his officer in danger of being overpowered, scrambled to his assistance, and making a thrust of his halbert at the Frenchman, transfixed him against the rock he was standing on.

"Although they combated with a desperation suited to the situation in

When a part of the Sierra had been gained, Leith perceiving that the French had occupied it, moved the 38th on their right flank, with the Royals in reserve. The 9th formed line under a heavy fire, and, without returning a shot, fairly deforced the French grenadiers from the rocks with the bayonet. The mountain crest was now secure, Reynier completely repulsed, and Hill, closing up to support, prevented any attempt being made to recover it.

The greater difficulty of the ground rendered Ney's attacks still less successful, even for a time, than Reynier's had proved. Craufurd's disposition of the light division was masterly. Under a dipping of the ground between the convent and plateau, the 43rd and 52nd were formed in line; while higher up the hill, and closer to the convent, the Germans were drawn up. The rocks in front formed a natural battery for the guns; and the whole face of the Sierra was crowded with riflemen and caçadores. Morning had scarcely dawned, when a sharp and scattered musketry was heard among the broken hollows of the valley that separated the rival armies—and presently the French appeared in three divisions—Loisson's mounting the face of the Sierra—Marchand's inclining leftwards, as if it intended to turn the right flank of the light division—and the third held in reserve.

The brigade of General Simon led the attack—and reckless of the constant fusilade of the British light troops, and the

which they were placed, the heroes of Austerlitz, Esling, and Wagram, were hurled from the rocks by the Rangers of Connaught."—*Reminiscences of a Subaltern.*

* * * * * * *

"The 88th arriving to the assistance of their comrades, instantly charged, and the enemy were borne over the cliffs and crags with fearful rapidity, many of them being literally picked out of the holes in the rocks by the bayonets of our soldiers."—*Lord Londonderry.*

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"Referring to their conduct on this occasion, the Duke of Wellington observes in his despatch, that he never witnessed a more gallant attack than that made by these two regiments on the division of the enemy which had then reached the ridge of the Sierra. In addition to this flattering testimony of his Grace, and in further evidence of the gallantry they displayed, it will be sufficient to state, that the loss sustained by these two corps on the occasion amounted to sixteen officers, seven sergeants, and two hundred and sixty-one men, being nearly one-half of the whole British loss in the battle."—*Mackie.*

sweeping fire of the artillery, which literally ploughed through the advancing column, from its leading to its last section, the enemy came steadily and quickly on. The horse-artillery worked their guns with amazing rapidity—delivering round after round with such beautiful precision, that the wonder was, how any body of men could advance under such a withering and incessant cannonade. But nothing could surpass the gallantry of the assailants. On they came —and in a few moments, their skirmishers, "breathless, and begrimed with powder," topped the ridge of the Sierra. The British guns were instantly retired—the French cheers arose —and, in another second, their column topped the height.

General Craufurd, who had coolly watched the progress of the advance, called on the 43rd and 52nd to "Charge!" A cheer that pealed for miles over the Sierra answered the order, and "eighteen hundred British bayonets went sparkling over the brow of the hill." The head of the French column was overwhelmed in an instant; "both its flanks were lapped over by the English wings,"* while volley after volley, at a few yards' distance, completed its destruction—and marked with hundreds of its dead and dying, prostrate on the face of the Sierra, the course of its murderous discomfiture. Some of the light troops continued slaughtering the broken columns nearly to the bottom of the hill, until Ney's guns opened from the opposite side, and covered the escape of relics of Simon's division.

And yet the bravery of the French merited a better result —no troops advanced more gallantly; and when the British steel was glittering in their faces, as with resistless force the fatal rush was made over the crest of the Sierra, every man of the first section of the French raised and discharged his musket,† although before his finger parted from the trigger, he knew that an English bayonet would be quivering in his heart. Simon was wounded and left upon the field, and his division so totally shattered as to be unable to make any second attempt.

On the right, Marchand's brigades having gained the cover

* Napier.

† It was said that by this discharge, two officers and ten British soldiers fell. This is not surprising, as the bayonets were literally touching.

of a pine wood, threw out their skirmishers and endeavoured to surmount the broken surface that the hill everywhere presented. Pack held them in check—while the Guards, formed on the brow of the Sierra, were seen in such imposing force, as to render any attempt on the position useless. Craufurd's artillery flanked the pine wood, and maintained a rapid fire; when, finding his troops sinking under an unprofitable slaughter, Ney, after the effort of an hour, retired behind the rocks.

The roar of battle was stilled.* Each side removed their wounded men; and the moment the firing ceased, both parties amicably intermingled, and sought and brought off their disabled comrades. When this labour of humanity was over, a French company having taken possession of a village within pistol-shot of General Craufurd, stoutly refused to retire when directed. The commander of the light division turned his artillery on the post, overwhelmed it in an instant with his cannonade, and when the guns ceased firing, sent down a few companies of the 43rd to clear the ruins of any whom his grape might have left alive,—the obstinacy of the French officer having drawn upon him, most justly, the anger of the fiery leader of the light division.

The loss sustained by Massena in his attempt upon the British position at Busaco was immense.† A general of brigade, Graind'orge, and above a thousand men, were killed; Foy, Merle, and Simon, with four thousand five hundred, were wounded; and nearly three hundred taken prisoners. The

* Nearly at this moment the following incident occurred:—"A poor orphan Portuguese girl, about seventeen years of age, and very handsome, was seen coming down the mountain, driving an ass, loaded with all her property, through the French army. * * * She passed over the field of battle with a childish simplicity, unconscious of her perilous situation, and scarcely understanding which were the hostile, and which the friendly troops; for no man on either side was so brutal as to molest her."—*Napier.*

† The French loss was at first considerably exaggerated; and few English writers yet agree in estimating its amount. According to Colonel Jones, Massena's loss was two thousand killed, three hundred prisoners, and from five to six thousand wounded. Napier only makes their killed eight hundred, and their wounded and prisoners about three thousand seven hundred. Other writers differ as widely in their estimates. The number given above is probably nearer to the true amount.

allied casualties did not exceed twelve hundred and fifty men, of which nearly one half were Portuguese.

No battle witnessed more gallant efforts on the part of the enemy than Busaco; and that the British loss should be so disproportionate to that suffered by the French, can readily be conceived from the superior fire, particularly of cannon, which the position of Busaco enabled Lord Wellington to employ. The Portuguese troops behaved admirably—their steadiness and bravery were as creditable to the British officers who disciplined and led them on, as it was satisfactory to the Commander of the Allies—proving that the Lusitanian levies, when incorporated with his island soldiery, were an overmatch for the best troops in Europe.

RETREAT TO TORRES VEDRAS.

Massena's flank movement occasions Wellington to retire from Busaco.—Proclamation to the Portuguese.—It meets with general obedience.—Beautiful order of the retreat.—Trant captures the French hospitals at Coimbra.—Massena's supposed ignorance of the lines.—Position of Torres Vedras.

MASSENA had suffered too heavily in his attempt on the British position, to think of attacking the Sierra de Busaco a second time. Early on the 28th he commenced quietly retiring his advanced brigades, and in the evening, was reported to be marching with all his divisions on the Malhada road, after having set fire to the woods to conceal his movements, which was evidently intended to turn the British left. Orders were instantly given by Lord Wellington to abandon the Sierra; and at night-fall, Hill's division was again thrown across the river—the remainder of the brigades, defiling to their left, moved by the shorter road on Coimbra, and resumed the line of the Mondego on the 30th.

The celebrated proclamation to the Portuguese nation was issued by Lord Wellington previous to the commencement of his retreat. Determined to destroy any hope the French might have entertained of subsisting their armies on the resources of the country, the people were emphatically desired, on the approach of the enemy, to abandon their dwellings, drive off their cattle, destroy provisions and forage, and leave the villages and towns deserted of inhabitants, and devastated of everything which could be serviceable to the invaders. Generally, these orders were obeyed with a devotion that seems remarkable. Property was wasted or concealed*—and

* "The patron of a house, occupied by an officer of the adjutant-general's department, on arriving for other purposes, requested the servants to remove for a short time one of the horses out of a stall, where it had been

the shrine and cottage alike abandoned by their occupants—the peasant deserting the hearth where he had been nursed, and the monk the altar where he had worshipped from his boyhood. The fugitives accompanied the army on its march,—and when it halted in the lines, one portion of the wanderers proceeded to Lisbon, while the greater number crossed the Tagus, to seek on its southern shores a temporary retreat from those who had obliged them to sacrifice their possessions, and fly from the dwellings of their fathers.*

Nothing could surpass the fine attitude maintained by the British in their retreat on Torres Vedras, and every march was leisurely executed, as if no enemy were in the rear. By the great roads of Leiria and Espinal the receding movement was effected; and, with the exception of some affairs of cavalry, and a temporary embarrassment in passing through Condeixa, occasioned by a false alarm and narrow streets, a retreat of nearly two hundred miles was effected with as little confusion as attends an ordinary march. No portion of the field equipage—no baggage whatever, was captured—and still more strange, a greater number of prisoners were taken from

standing for some days. As soon as the animal was removed, he proceeded to dig, and speedily exhumed three thousand crusada novas, which he had buried some months previous."—*Life on Service.*

* "Fifty thousand of these fugitives found support and consolation in the hospitality and kindness of the citizens of Lisbon; but an equal number, who fled to the left bank of the Tagus, long remained exposed to the weather; and a large proportion miserably perished from hunger and disease before relief could be administered. Hard as was their lot, it was far more happy than that of the villagers in the rear, and on the skirts of the enemy's cantonments, whose habitations, plundered of everything, and occasionally occupied by detachments of French, afforded their owners no supplies, and only a precarious shelter. Many of these wretched creatures passed the whole season of winter exposed to its inclemencies in the neighbouring woods or mountains, subsisting merely on roots and herbs; and on the advance of the allies returned to their homes, their bodies emaciated from abstinence, and their intellects impaired by long-continued apprehension; amongst them were girls of sixteen, who, become idiots, resembled in person women of fifty. Numbers of children of either sex, who d survived the severe trial, flocked to the road-side as the army approached to demand relief; appearing so thin, pale, and haggard, that many a hardened veteran was observed to turn from the sight with disgust, as he compassionately bestowed on them a portion of the biscuit intended as his next day's support."—*Jones's Account of the War.*

the pursuers than lost by the pursued—a fact, in the history of retreats, without a parallel.

Whether the severity of the weather by which the roads were dreadfully cut up, or the privations which his army experienced in traversing an exhausted country, repressed his activity, Massena certainly did not press the British with the vigour that might have been expected from an army so immensely superior in its numbers, and particularly in cavalry, an arm so effective in pursuit.

The French had formed an imperfect estimate of the magnificent position upon which Wellington was retiring. In their rear, the allies had abundant supplies—while the French advance led through an exhausted district, an unfriendly population behind, and a host of irregulars around, waiting an opportunity to become actively aggressive. In the rear of the Prince of Esling, Trant, on the Coimbra road, had five thousand militia—Wilson was at Busaco, in similar strength—while from the north, Silviera was advancing with fifteen thousand men, and Bacillar with eight thousand.

The French marshal soon felt the activity of these partisans. Supposing that Coimbra was safe from aggression, he had left his hospitals there, as he believed, in perfect security, protected by a company of marines attached to the Imperial Guard. Trant, by a sudden and well-executed march, threw himself between Coimbra and the advancing army, and captured the entire of the hospitals and stores, with the marines left for their defence.*

It was said that the French were quite ignorant both of the position of the lines and the extent of their defences—and that they were unprepared for finding themselves totally barred from farther effort by works, embracing eight leagues of country, and stretching from the Tagus to the ocean. But that such an undertaking as fortifying Torres Vedras—a herculean task requiring the labour of thousands to effect, and

* "Above one hundred and fifty officers and five thousand men were made prisoners by this well-timed enterprise; three thousand five hundred muskets were taken, *nearly the whole of which were charged*, and hence the number of effective men may be estimated."

[A curious inference of Doctor Southey. Surely the muskets of wounded men would be just as likely to be found loaded, as those of soldiers who had escaped unhurt.]—*M.*

an enormous expenditure of money and stores to carry on—that this could have proceeded to its completion, without its progress being reported to the invaders, is nothing but a mere romance, and cannot for a moment be credited.*

Massena, after a three days' *reconnaissance*, and under the advice of his chief engineers, abandoned all hope of forcing this singular position—and when Torres Vedras is described, it will be admitted that the marshal's decision was correct.

These celebrated lines, constructed to protect an embarkation should it be necessary, and cover the capital from attack, were planned by Lord Wellington, and executed chiefly by Colonel Fletcher and Captain Jones of the engineers—and to describe them, the features of the country over which they extended must be briefly noticed.

The Peninsula on which Lisbon stands, is traversed by two lofty heights, which stretch from the Tagus to the ocean, varying in altitude and abruptness, and running in a parallel direction, at a distance of from six to nine miles. Through the passes in these mountains, the four great roads that communicate between Lisbon and the interior run. The line on the Sierra next the capital is the stronger of the two. It commences at Ribumar, on the Rio Lorenzo, runs by Mafra, Cabeca de Montachique, and the pass of Bucellas, and descends precipitously on the plain, about an English league from the Tagus. This latter is the only weak point—and every means that skill and labour could effect, was exhausted to fortify every spot that Nature had left open, and thus render Torres

* After driving the allied rear-guard from Sobral, "the French were pursuing their advantage," says Doctor Southey, "when a peasant fell into their hands, who, unlike his countrymen, answered without hesitation all the interrogatories which were put to him; he told the commander that they were close upon the British lines, and pointed out to him where the batteries were, in constructing which he had himself laboured. Had it not been for this warning," &c.—[Surely works that extended nearly thirty miles, for which fifty thousand trees had been allotted—on which three thousand artillerymen and engineers, and seven thousand peasants, had laboured—and on whose armament three hundred and nineteen heavy guns had been employed; works like these could not have been involved in all this mystery, and their very locality kept a secret from an officer like Massena, who commanded the most unbounded sources of information!]—*M*

Vedras—its extent considered—the strongest position in Europe.*

"In front of Via Longa, upon an eminence rising from the plain, at a short distance from the river, six redoubts were constructed, so situated, in consequence of the nearly circular formation of the plateau, as to command the approaches in every direction within the range of their artillery. Three of these immediately domineered the great route from Alhandra to Lisbon, to the right of which, upon a knoll, in front of the town of Povoa, another work was formed, sweeping the communication in the direction of Quintella. On the bank of the Tagus, a redoubt, armed with four twelve-pounders, terminated the line at its eastern extremity. Fifty-nine redoubts, containing two hundred and thirty-two pieces of cannon, estimated to require seventeen thousand five hundred men to garrison them, protected the weaker points, enfiladed the roads, or swept the ascent to the escarped mountains in the range of this extended position, occupying a front of twenty-two miles."

"The front line had been originally intended for one of isolated posts, rather than an unbroken extent of defensive ground, which it was subsequently made. It rests also on the Atlantic at the mouth of the Lozandra; its weakest point being in the rear of the village of Runa, where it stretches to Monte Agraça, and ample care was taken to correct this natural defect."

"On the Sierra, in the rear of Sobral, was constructed a redoubt of great magnitude, armed with twenty-five pieces of artillery, and prepared for a garrison of one thousand men. This formidable work, from its commanding and centrical situation, was the constant daily resort of Lord Wellington. There he came every morning, and continued until it was ascertained that no hostile movement had taken place, and until light permitted a *reconnaissance* of the enemy's troops encamped opposite. From the redoubt on Monte Agraça, the line continued, crossing the valleys of Arruda and Calhandriz, until it rested on the Tagus at Alhandra."

"Nature and art had rendered the ground from Calhandriz

* Leith Hay's description of the lines has been selected, as well for its graphic power as its fidelity.

to the river particularly strong; but to make the defences still more formidable, and to form an intermediate obstruction, redoubts were thrown up extending to the rear, nearly at right angles with the front line. These swept the whole portion of the valley, by which a column of infantry must penetrate, even had it succeeded in forcing an entrance into the ravine. Sixty-nine works of different descriptions fortified this line; in these were mounted three hundred and nineteen pieces of artillery, requiring upwards of eighteen thousand men to garrison them; and the extent, in a direct line from flank to flank, was twenty-five miles."

Colonel Leith Hay explains the mode in which those formidable lines would have been defended. "It has been erroneously supposed that the regular army was, in the event of an attack, to occupy the redoubts and other works in the lines, or, at all events, that a large proportion of the troops would of necessity defend these temporary fortifications. In this calculation of probable circumstances, no British soldiers, with the exception of artillery, would have acted within their walls. Some Portuguese infantry, with the militia and ordonanza, were destined to compose the garrisons; while the whole allied army, numerous, brilliant in equipment, high in spirit, confident in its great commander, was prepared to move in every direction to cover the summits of mountains, to descend into valleys, or to pour in torrents on any luckless column, that with diminished numbers might have forced past the almost impenetrable obstacles of this grand position."

"In addition to the works thrown up in either line, or in the intervening points of communication, rivers were obstructed in their course, flooding the valleys and rendering the country swampy and impassable; trenches were cut from whence infantry, perfectly protected, might fire on the advancing columns of an enemy; these being also flanked by artillery, sweeping the approaches to them in every direction. Mountains were scarped as above stated; abattis of the most formidable description, either closed the entrance to ravines, impeded an approach to the works, or blocked up roads, in which deep cuts were also marked out for excavation; routes conducting from the front were rendered impracticable; others within the lines either repaired, or formed to facilitate communication,

to admit the passage of artillery, or reduce the distance by which the troops had to move for the purposes of concentration or resistance; bridges were mined, and prepared for explosion. Telegraphs erected at Alhandra, Monte Agraça, Socorra, Torres Vedras, and in the rear of Ponte de Rol, rapidly communicated information from one extremity of the line to the other. These signal stations were in charge of seamen from the fleet in the Tagus. To complete the barriers, palisades, platforms, and planked bridges, leading into the works, fifty thousand trees were placed at the disposal of the engineer department, during the three months ending on the 7th of October, 1810."

"The cannon in the works were supplied by the Portuguese government. Cars, drawn by oxen, transported twelve-pounders where wheels had never previously rolled. Above three thousand officers and artillerymen of the country assisted in arming the redoubts, and were variously employed in the lines. At one period, exclusive of these, of the British engineers, artificers, or infantry soldiers, seven thousand peasantry worked as labourers in the completion of an undertaking only to have been accomplished under the most favourable circumstances, both with regard to cordiality of assistance, neighbouring arsenals, a British fleet in the Tagus, constant uninterrupted communication with a great capital, a regular remuneration to the labourers, an anxious and deep interest in the result to be accomplished by the assistance of the works in progress, and, above all, an intelligence and firmness in command that could at the same time extract the greatest benefits from these combinations, and urge exertion where it appeared to relax."

Such was the matchless position to which Wellington retired—and the allied army thus occupied the several posts. Monte Agraça was held by Pack, and a Portuguese brigade. The fifth division encamped on the reverse of the heights, behind the grand redoubt. Hill occupied Alhandra. The light division was posted at Arriada. The first, fourth, and sixth, were at Zibriera, Ribaldiera, and Runa; their right in contact with Leith; their left with Picton — who, with the third division, occupied Torres Vedras, and defended the Zezandra.

RETREAT OF MASSENA.

Massena retires from before the lines.—Falls back upon the frontier.—Operations during the French retreat.—Massena driven from Portugal.—Outrages committed by the French.—British head-quarters established at Villa Formosa.

After a three days' *reconnaissance*, nothing could surpass the chagrin and surprise that Junot exhibited to his staff, when, by personal observation, he had ascertained the full extent of the defences, with which British skill had perfected what nature had already done so much for. To attempt forcing Torres Vedras, must have ensured destruction; and nothing remained, but to take a position in its front, and observe that immense chain of posts, which it was found impossible to carry.

During the *reconnaissance* of the French marshal, an advanced redoubt, held by the 71st, had been furiously assaulted. But the attempt terminated in a severe repulse; — and in place of carrying the post, the French were driven from a field-work, thrown up upon ground which they called their own. Nor were Massena's surveys of the lines accomplished without attracting observation. The movement of a numerous staff excited the attention of the allies; and, on one occasion, when approaching closer than prudence would warrant, a round shot fell so near the marshal's horse, that the *reconnaissance* was terminated most abruptly, and the lines, for the future, were respected.

The Prince of Esling persevered, while any resources could be procured, in remaining before Torres Vedras. But though by cavalry patrols on the right bank of the Tagus and the detachment of a division to Thomar, he had enlarged the scope of country over which his foragers could operate, sup-

plies failed fast; and even French ingenuity* failed in discovering concealed magazines. Nothing remained but to retire from cantonments where provisions were no longer procurable — on the morning of the 15th, the French army broke up — and, favoured by thick weather, retired in beautiful order on Santarem and Torres Novas.

Wellington, on discovering the regressive movement of Massena, promptly despatched a division on either route, and speedily put his whole army in pursuit, leaving the lines secured by a sufficient force. He marched on the routes of the Mondega and the Zezere, it being uncertain by which of these roads the French should retreat from Portugal. The Zezere, however, was supposed to be the line. Hill was pushed over the Tagus, to march on Abrantes; and Lord Wellington, believing that Santarem was occupied only by a rear-guard, notwithstanding the nature of the ground rendered an attack difficult and hazardous, resolved to force it without delay.†

Every disposition was made; but fortunately the allied commander having remarked appearances, which induced him to suspect that recent field-works had been thrown up, on a closer examination detected such powerful means of defence, as occasioned him to countermand the order for advancing. Both armies went into cantonments; the allies with head-quarters at Cartaxo,—the French having chosen Torres Novas for theirs.

Little of military interest occurred for some time, ex-

* "The French plundered after the most scientific and approved methods; they used to throw water on suspected places, and watch its absorption, judging that the spot where it dried the quickest had been lately disturbed. No qualms of conscience prevented the orthodox catholic soldiery of the French army from rifling the most sacred places. The communion plate and silver lamps and candlesticks vanished in the twinkling of an eye. Not content with what the churches offered above ground, or from a zeal for antiquarian research, they despised a superficial or traditional account of former modes of burial, and investigated the point by breaking open the tombs."—*Southey.*

† Santarem stands on a hill which rises boldly from the banks of the Tagus. The road runs across an open plain, and a causeway that extends nearly eight hundred yards. This is the only approach, one side being surrounded by impassable marshes, and the other, which reaches to the river, by deep ditches overgrown with reeds, which are impracticable for either cavalry or guns.

cepting that the Portuguese militias, under their English officers, were incessant in harassing the French. Grant, with the corps he commanded, obliged Gardanne to fall back with the loss of his baggage, while attempting to protect a convoy of stores and ammunition to the French posts on the Zezere. But this was counterbalanced by a reverse of fortune. Too much excited by success, a part of the Portuguese ordonanza* attacked Claparede at Trarnosa. The result was what might have been expected from a collision with regular troops; they were severely checked, and driven with considerable loss across the Douro.

Time passed on, — nothing of moment occurred, — the British remaining quiet, in expectation of a reinforcement of troops from England. A strong *reconnaissance*, however, was made by the French at Rio Mayor, under the command of Junot, who was wounded on the occasion. A period of inaction succeeded — and each army rested in the other's presence.

The first movements that took place were an advance on Punhete by the allies, and the sudden retirement from Santarem by the French. Massena chose the left bank of the Mondego as his line of retreat, falling back on Guarda and Almeida. Wellington followed promptly; and on the 9th, Massena having halted in front of Pombal, the allies hastened forward to attack him. But the French Marshal declined an action, and fell back pressed closely by the British light troops, and covered by a splendid rear-guard which he had formed from his choicest battalions, and intrusted to the command of Marshal Ney.

At Redinha, the French made a daring stand; and though the heights on the left and right were simultaneously carried, Ney resolutely held his ground, until masses of British infantry coming up, obliged him to retire. This he effected by the ford and bridge of Redinha, masking his retreat by the fire of his musketry. By this daring halt he secured a start of many hours for the sick and wounded, who were moving on Condeixa with the baggage and field equipage of the army.

* Militia.

Massena continued retiring by Ponte Murcella, while Clausel moved by Ponte Cobreta, and kept his communications open with Loison, and the eighth corps.

Here, Massena had nearly been surprised. Believing himself perfectly secure, he was arranging a leisurely retreat, when the third division, which had passed the mountain by a difficult path, suddenly appeared in the rear of his left. An instant movement was necessary to save himself from being cut off from the road to Casa Nova; for the rapid advance of the British light troops had nearly succeeded in making Massena himself a prisoner.

The pursuit was actively continued, — in the eagerness of advancing, the light division had been imprudently pushed forward—and in the haze of the morning, the 52nd came unexpectedly in front of an entire corps. Of course, they were briskly attacked; and their being engaged, brought on a general affair, in which the whole light division took part, and thus prevented a flank movement by the third and fourth divisions from being effected, that promised a successful result. Ney retired in beautiful order by echelons of divisions, contesting every bridge and pass; and, under a constant fire of horse artillery, and the unremitting pursuit of light troops, he retreated safely on Miranda de Corvo, and united himself with the main body and cavalry of Montbrun.

Massena continued his retreat by the line of road between the Mondego and the mountains, while Ney again took a position at Fonte d'Aronce. There Lord Wellington attacked him vigorously. The third division, with their usual impetuosity, forced the French left, and the horse artillery completed their disorder. They passed the Ceira in great confusion,—many being trampled down upon the bridge, and more drowned in attempting to cross the river where the water was not fordable. The casualties on the part of the allies were trifling, but the French loss was estimated at five hundred men.

Ney, having blown up the bridge, necessarily delayed the British advance, while the engineers were throwing another over the Ceira. Immediately, Wellington passed his army over, and Massena had to fall back, and take up a position on the Sierra de Moita. From this, however, he was quickly

driven, and obliged to abandon any stores and baggage that were difficult of transport; while a number of his stragglers fell into the hands of the allies and Portuguese irregulars, which latter incessantly annoyed him by hanging on his route, and threatening his flanks and rear.

Having gained the position of the Guarda, Massena appeared determined to make a stand; but his opponent was equally resolved to expel him from the Portuguese territory, and preparations were made to effect it at daybreak.

The morning was extremely foggy—Beckwith's brigade of the light division prematurely crossed the river, and the rifles, in extended order, and the 43rd in column, mounted the heights. The French pickets were driven in—but when the haze suddenly dispersed, the British light troops found themselves immediately in front of Regnier's entire corps. Colonel Beckwith charged and won the height; but here he was furiously assailed,—and on front and flank, attacked by overwhelming numbers, while the fire of two guns at musket distance, poured in a deadly discharge of grape shot. Fortunately, a stone enclosure enabled him to obtain a temporary shelter from his assailants,—and the 43rd opened and sustained, from behind the low wall that covered them, a quick and murderous fire.* The remainder of the light division came on boldly to the relief of their comrades—and again Beckwith resumed the offensive, and, charging from the inclosure, captured a howitzer that had been advanced by the French to the brow of the hill. The fifth division had carried the bridge of Sabugal, and the third having gained ground on Regnier's right flank, obliged him to retire rapidly on Alfayates, leaving the battle-field in possession of the allies.

Had not the action of the Coa sufficiently established the character of the light division, that of Sabugal would have conferred on it a proud and well-deserved distinction. Lord

* "One squadron of dragoons surmounted the ascent, and, with incredible desperation, riding up to the wall, were in the act of firing over it with their pistols, when a rolling volley laid nearly the whole of them lifeless on the ground. By this time, however, a second and a stronger column of infantry had rushed up the face of the hill, endeavouring to break in and retake the howitzer, which was on the edge of the descent and only fifty yards from the wall; but no man could reach it and live—so deadly was the 43rd's fire."—*Napier.*

Wellington described it as "one of the most glorious actions that British troops were ever engaged in,"—and nothing could surpass the extraordinary daring with which a force, so immensely inferior, not only held its position when for a time isolated and unsupported, but afterwards, becoming assailants, captured and secured the trophy of their victory.

On the 5th of April, Massena crossed the frontier. Portugal was now without the presence of a Frenchman, except the garrison of Almeida, and those who had been taken prisoners in the numerous affairs between the British light troops and the enemy's rear-guard. Nothing could be bolder or more scientific than the whole course of Wellington's operations, from the time he left the lines, until Massena "changed his position from the Zezere to the Agueda."* Yet, it must be admitted, that the French retreat all through was conducted with consummate ability. Ney commanded the rear-guard with excellent judgment; his positions were admirably selected; and when assailed, they were defended as might have been expected from one who had already obtained the highest professional reputation.

In a military view, Massena's retreat was admirable, and reflected infinite credit on the generals who directed it; but, in a moral one, nothing could be more disgraceful. The country over which the retreating columns of the French army passed, was marked by bloodshed and devastation. Villages were every where destroyed,—property wasted or carried off,† the

* An ingenious phrase used by the Prince of Esling in his despatches, to evade the plain but unpalatable term of *retreat*.

† The French soldiers had been so long accustomed to plunder, that they proceeded in their researches for booty of every kind upon a regular system. They were provided with tools for the work of pillage, and every piece of furniture in which places of concealment could be constructed they broke open from behind, so that no valuables could be hidden from them by any contrivance of that kind. Having satisfied themselves that nothing was secreted above ground, they proceeded to examine whether there was any new masonry, or if any part of the cellar or ground-floor had been disturbed; if it appeared uneven, they dug there: where there was no such indication, they poured water, and if it were absorbed in one place faster than another, there they broke the earth. There were men who at the first glance could pronounce whether any thing had been buried beneath the soil, and when they probed with an iron rod, or, in default of it, with sword or bayonet, it was found that they were seldom mistaken

men shot in sheer wantonness,—the women villanously abused, —while thousands were driven for shelter to the mountains, where many perished from actual want. With gothic barbarity, the fine old city of Leria, and the church and convent of Alcabaca, with its library and relics, were ordered by Massena to be burned. The order was too faithfully executed; and places, for centuries objects of Portuguese veneration, were given to the flames; and those hallowed roofs, beneath which "the sage had studied and the saint had prayed," were reduced to ashes, to gratify a ruthless and vindictive spirit of revenge.

Almeida was closely blockaded, and the head-quarters of the allies established at Villa Formosa,* while their brigades

in their judgment. The habit of living by prey called forth, as in beasts, a faculty of discovering it: there was one soldier whose scent became so acute, that if he approached the place where wine had been concealed, he would go unerringly to the spot.

"Wherever the French bivouacked, the scene was such as might rather have been looked for in a camp of predatory Tartars than in that of a civilized people. Food and forage, and skins of wine, and clothes and church vestments, books and guitars, and all the bulkier articles of wasteful spoil, were heaped together in their huts with the planks and doors of the habitations which they had demolished. Some of the men, retaining amid this brutal service the characteristic activity and cleverness of their nation, fitted up their huts with hangings from their last scene of pillage, with a regard to comfort hardly to have been expected in their situation, and a love of gaiety only to be found in Frenchmen. The idlers were contented with a tub, and, *if the tub were large enough, three or four would stow themselves in it.*"—*Southey.*

It would appear that the English had some little experience in this line of business as well as the French.

"Some of the dragoons, with a quarter-master, immediately mounted and followed the French, who were now approaching their goal, and took little notice of these few horsemen. The quarter-master, however, saw an opportunity of doing a little business; observing, among those who lagged in the rear, one man with a ledger in the slings of his knapsack, he naturally concluded that such gear in the French, as in our service, belonged to those who carried the purse, and, on the strength of this analogy, he by degrees approached him of the ledger, and returning his sword, and advancing at speed, he pounced upon his prey, and seizing him by the collar, shook the musket out of his hands, and bore him off. He proved to be a paymaster's clerk, and carried sixty doubloons, then worth about four guineas each."—*The Hussar.*

* "For some time we contented ourselves with keeping pointers and greyhounds, and indulging as often as opportunities offered in the sports

were cantoned generally in advance. Finding himself enabled to quit the army for a time, Lord Wellington set out for the Alemtejo, to confer with Marshal Beresford, and inspect the detached divisions.

of shooting, coursing, and fishing; but now a taste for hunting began to prevail amongst us, and fox-hounds and harriers, more or less numerous and good, were established in the different divisions of the army. At head-quarters we were fortunate enough to become possessed of an excellent pack, which afforded us much amusement, and occupied time which otherwise would have hung heavily on our hands. In our quarters we lived gaily and well: a spirit of good-fellowship and hospitality every where prevailed; and in them, war, balls, private theatricals, and agreeable parties, were things of continual occurrence."—*Lord Londonderry.*

FALL OF BADAJOZ—TO THE BATTLE OF BAROSA.

Badajoz invested.—Death of Menacho.—Fall of the city.—French movements.—Affair at Campo Mayor.—Position of Beresford.—Expedition under Graham.—Battle of Barosa.

Badajoz had received an addition to its garrison from some Spanish troops who had escaped the slaughter at Gevora. The fortress was in excellent condition for defence, plentifully supplied with ammunition, and with abundant provisions for its defenders. All, of course, was in favour of its holding out; and Raphael Menacho, an officer of distinguished gallantry, had been appointed governor.

The French broke ground without loss of time, and sate down before the place; while the garrison exhibited the best spirit, and by their bold and frequent sallies, occasioned the greatest annoyance to the besiegers. Menacho retrenched the streets, and made necessary preparations for a stubborn defence, which equally evinced his ability as an officer and determination as a man.

On the 2nd of March, the French having pushed their approaches to the covered-way, to enable them to blow down the counterscarp,* the Spanish governor determined on a sally. It was bravely executed, and Menacho, in person, led the sortie. The batteries near the counterscarp were destroyed, the guns spiked, and the works ruined. But, alas! this success was dearly purchased, for the brave veteran was killed in the *mêlée*.

His successor, a dastardly and treacherous villain, obeyed the first summons—and having secured liberty for himself, at

* The *covered-way* is the space extending round the counterscarp. The *counterscarp*, the slope of the ditch, facing the body of the place.

once surrendered the fortress. To mark probably, their own sense of the dishonour this base act of cowardice had entailed upon the garrison, the Spanish workmen were obliged by the French to enlarge the breach, in order to admit the grenadiers to pass through it.

Soult, after the fall of Badajoz, returned to Seville; Mortier marched upon Campo Mayor; and Latour Maubourg occupied Albuquerque and Alcantara with the cavalry. Though but a weak place, and mounted with a few guns, Campo Mayor was bravely defended by a Portuguese officer named Tallia—and only surrendered to the French when a longer resistance was neither prudent nor practicable.

Beresford had received directions from Lord Wellington to reduce Badajoz, and relieve Campo Mayor. On the 26th, his advanced guard, consisting of a strong corps of infantry and two thousand British and Portuguese dragoons, appeared before Campo Mayor as the French were in the very act of retiring from the place, and removing their siege artillery under the protection of a large body of cavalry and field guns. Colborne marched with the infantry on the right—Head, with the 13th light dragoons, and two squadrons of Portuguese, on the left—and the heavy cavalry formed a reserve. Perceiving that their battering train was endangered, the French cavalry, as the ground over which they were retiring was favourable for the movement, charged the 13th. But they were vigorously repulsed; and, failing in breaking the British, the whole, consisting of four regiments, drew up in front, forming an imposing line. The 13th instantly formed and galloped forward—and nothing could have been more splendid than their charge. They rode fairly through the French,—overtook and cut down many of the gunners, and at last entirely headed the line of march, keeping up a fierce and straggling encounter with the broken horsemen of the enemy, until some of the English dragoons actually reached the gates of Badajoz, where a few of them were captured.*

* "After receiving the praise his gallantry merited, we have heard that Colonel Head was addressed, 'I believe, Colonel, that you would have galloped into Badajoz if the gates had been open.' 'Faith, General, I believe I would,' was the Irish answer."—*A Campaigner.*

It was a subject of regret that this dashing exploit of the light cavalry did not receive the support it merited. Had the heavy dragoons been vigorously pushed forward, the detachment and their guns must have been necessarily cut off. In the affair, the French lost nearly three hundred men, including a colonel of dragoons—and a howitzer was secured by the British.

Marshal Beresford continued his operations, and made preparations for the investment of Badajoz; Olivenza was reduced; the French nearly expelled from Estremadura; and in a cavalry affair at Santos Maimona, the enemy were charged and broken, with a considerable loss in killed and wounded, and nearly one hundred prisoners.

On the 21st, Lord Wellington arrived—and on the 22nd he passed the Caya with a strong corps of German and Portuguese cavalry, and made a *reconnaissance* of Badajoz. The governor showed him his garrison,—for, to save a convoy that was approaching, he marched all his disposable troops from the town.

To Marshal Beresford a trust of serious responsibility was confided. He had Badajoz to occupy him on one hand, with every reason to expect that Soult would advance, and raise the siege if possible—and under these circumstances, a battle might be anticipated. The marshal was also authorized by Lord Wellington, in the event of his being able to engage the French on fair terms, to accept battle at Albuera.

Another action, by a British general of division, occurred, arising from the attempt of an Anglo-Spanish army to raise the siege of Cadiz. All bade fair for success, as the French had scarcely ten thousand men in their lines, while in the city and Isle de Leon, the Spanish force was more than twenty thousand. On this occasion, Graham acted under the command of La Pena,—and eleven thousand allied troops were despatched from Cadiz to Tarifa, to operate against the enemy's rear at Chiclana; while it was arranged that Zayas, who commanded in the Isle de Leon, should pass his troops over San Petri near the sea, and unite in a combined attack.

After much delay, occasioned by tempestuous weather, the troops and artillery were safely assembled at Tarifa on the

27th; and when joined by the 28th regiment and the flank companies of the 9th and 82nd, they numbered about four thousand five hundred effective men.

General La Pena arrived the same day with seven thousand Spaniards; and on the next, the united force moved through the passes of the Ronda hills, and halted within four leagues of the French outposts. The commands of the allies were thus distributed,—the vanguard to Lardizable, the centre to the Prince of Anglona, the reserve to General Graham, and the cavalry to Colonel Whittingham. Victor, though apprized of the activity of the Spaniards, and the march of General Graham, could not correctly ascertain the point upon which their intended operations would be directed; and therefore, with eleven thousand choice troops, he took post in observation between the roads of Conil and Medina.

On the 2nd, the capture of Casa Viejas, increased La Pena's force by sixteen hundred infantry, and a number of guerilla horse. Until the 5th, he continued his movements—and, after his advanced guard had been roughly handled by a squadron of French dragoons, he halted on the Cerro de Puerco—more generally and gloriously known as the heights of Barosa.

Barosa, though not a high hill, rises considerably above the rugged plain it overlooks, and stands four miles inland from the débouchement of the Santi Petri. The plain is bounded on the right by the forest of Chiclana, on the left by cliffs on the sea-beach, and on the centre by a pine wood, beyond which the hill of Bermeja rises.

The irregularity and tardiness of the Spanish movements gave a portentous warning of what might be expected from them in the field. They occupied fifteen hours in executing a moderate march, passing over the ground in a rambling and disorderly manner, that seemed rather like peasants wandering from a fair, than troops moving in the presence of an enemy. La Pena, without waiting to correct his broken ranks, sent on a vanguard to Zayas; while his rear, entirely separated from the centre, was still straggling over the country,—and contrary to the expressed wishes of Graham, who implored him to hold Barosa, he declined his advice, and ordered the British to march through the pine wood on Ber-

meja. Graham, supposing that Anglona's division and the cavalry would continue to occupy the hill, leaving the flank companies of the 9th and 82nd to protect his baggage, obeyed the order, and commenced his march. But the astonishment of the English general was unbounded, when, on entering the wood, he saw La Pena moving his entire corps from the heights of Barosa, with the exception of three or four battalions and as many pieces of artillery.

Unfortunately, the English General was not the only person who had observed that Barosa was abandoned. Victor, concealed in the forest of Chiclana, anxiously watched the movements of the allies. He saw the fatal error committed by the Spanish leader—and instantly made dispositions to profit from the ignorance and obstinacy of his antagonist.

The French Marshal, having selected three grenadier battalions as reserves, strengthened his left wing with two, and three squadrons of cavalry, while the other was attached to his centre. Ruffin commanded the left, Laval the centre; while Villatte, with two thousand five hundred infantry, covered the camp, and watched the Spaniards at Santa Petri and Bermeja. The cavalry, stationed at Medina and Arcos, were ordered by Victor to move on Vejer and cut off the allies —for on their certain defeat the French General entertained no doubt.

The time was admirably chosen for a decisive movement. The British corps were defiling through the wood — the strength of the Spaniards posted on the Bermeja—another division pursued a straggling march on Vejer — and a fourth, in great confusion, was at Barosa, as a protection to the baggage. Making Villatte's division a pivot, Victor pushed Laval at once against the British,—and ascending the back of the hill with Ruffin's brigade, he threw himself between the Spaniards and Medina, dispersed the camp followers in an instant, and captured the guns and baggage.

Graham, when apprised of this sudden and unexpected movement, countermarched directly on the plain, to co-operate, as he believed, with La Pena, whom he calculated on finding on the heights—but never was reliance placed by a brave soldier on a more worthless ally. The Spaniard had deceived him—himself was gone—his mob-soldiery were fugitives—Ruffin

on the heights—the French cavalry between him and the sea —and Laval close on the left flank of the British.

It was indeed a most perilous situation—and in that extremity, the brave old man to whom the British had been fortunately confided, proved himself worthy of the trust. He saw the ruin of retreat,—safety lay in daring—and though the enemy held the key of the position with fresh troops, Graham boldly determined to attack them with his wearied ones.

The battle was instantly commenced. Duncan's artillery opened a furious cannonade on the column of Laval; and Colonel Barnard, with the rifles and Portuguese Caçadores, extended to the left and began firing. The rest of the British troops formed two masses, without regard to regiments or brigades; one, under General Dilkes, marched direct against Ruffin,—and the other under Colonel Whately, boldly attacked Laval. On both sides the guns poured a torrent of grape and canister over the field; the infantry kept up a withering fire; and both sides advanced, for both seemed anxious to bring the contest to an issue. Whately, when the lines approached, came forward to the charge—he drove the first line on the second, and routed both with slaughter.

Brown had marched at once on Ruffin, and though half his small number had been annihilated by an overwhelming fire, he held his ground till Dilkes came to his assistance. Never pausing to correct their formation, which the rugged hill had considerably disorganized, on came the British desperately—they were still struggling to attain the summit—and approaching the ridge, breathless and disordered, their opponents advanced to meet them. A furious combat, hand to hand ensued—for a moment victory seemed doubtful—but the British fought with a ferocity that nothing could oppose. Whole sections went down, but still the others pressed forward. Ruffin and Rousseau, who commanded the *élite* of the grenadiers, fell mortally wounded. The British never paused—on they went, delivering volley after volley—forcing the French over the heights, and defeating them with the loss of their guns.

The divisions of Victor, though dreadfully cut up, fell back on each other for mutual support, and endeavoured to rally—but Duncan's guns were moved forward, and opened a close

and murderous fire that prevented a possibility of reforming. Nothing could save the shattered battalions from that exterminating cannonade but an instant retreat — and Victor retired, leaving the British in undisputed possession of the field, from which want of food and continued fatigue, while under arms for four-and-twenty hours, of course prevented them from moving in pursuit.

Never was there a shorter, and never a bloodier conflict. Though it lasted scarcely an hour and a quarter, out of the handful of British troops engaged, a loss was sustained of fifty officers, sixty sergeants, and eleven hundred rank and file. The French, besides two thousand killed and wounded, lost six guns, an eagle, and two generals, with nearly five hundred prisoners.

Nothing could exceed the dastardly duplicity with which the Spanish general abandoned his gallant ally. La Pena never made a movement towards the succour of the British—and although the French cavalry scarcely exceeded two hundred men, and the Spanish, under Whittingham, amounted to more than six, the latter never drew a sabre. Never was there a finer field for cavalry to act upon with effect—Ruffin's left was perfectly open—and even a demonstration of attack must have turned defeat to ruin. Three troops of German hussars, under Ponsonby, reached the field at the close of the battle, just as the beaten divisions were attempting to unite. They charged through the French squadrons, overthrew them, captured two guns, and sabred many of Ruffin's grenadiers, while endeavouring to regain their ranks.

To paint the character of Barosa in a few words, Napier's will best describe it. "The contemptible feebleness of La Pena furnished a surprising contrast to the heroic vigour of Graham,* whose attack was an inspiration rather than a

* After the battle of Barosa, the wounded of both nations were, from want of means of transport, necessarily left upon the field of action the whole night, and part of the following day. General Rousseau, a French general of division, was of the number; his dog, a white one of the poodle kind, which had been left in quarters upon the advance of the French force, finding that the general returned not with those who escaped from the battle, set out in search of him; found him at night in his dreary resting-place, and expressed his affliction by moans, and by licking the hands and feet of his dying master. When the fatal crisis took place, some hours

resolution—so wise, so sudden was the decision, so swift, so conclusive was the execution."

after, he seemed fully aware of the dreadful change, attached himself closely to the body, and for three days refused the sustenance which was offered him.

Arrangements having been made for the interment of the dead, the body of the general was, like the rest, committed to its honourable grave; the dog lay down upon the earth, which covered the beloved remains, and evinced by silence and deep dejection his sorrow for the loss he had sustained. The English commander, General Graham, whose fine feelings had prompted him to superintend the last duties due to the gallant slain, observed the friendless mourner, drew him, now no longer resisting, from the spot, and gave him his protection, which he continued to him until his death, many years after, at the general's residence in Perthshire.

BATTLE OF FUENTES D'ONORO.

Massena takes the field.—Attempts to relieve Almeida.—Lord Wellington prevents it.—Battle of Fuentes d'Onoro.

THE army of Portugal, reinforced by that of the north, and two divisions of the ninth corps, mustering forty thousand infantry, and nearly four thousand horse, quitted their cantonments; while Wellington, apprised of this concentration, hastened from the south to Formosa, and resumed the command of the allies, whose force might be computed at thirty-two thousand infantry, and one thousand five hundred cavalry.

Massena's great object in taking the field again, was to raise the blockade of Almeida, then closely invested by Lord Wellington; while the English commander, determined that this important fortress should not be relieved, resolved, even on unfavourable ground and with an inferior force, to risk a battle.

The river Coa flows past Almeida—its banks are dangerous and steep, and its points of passage few. Beside the bridge of the city, there is a second, seven miles up the stream, at Castello Bom; and a third, twenty miles farther still, at Sabugal. To fight with the river in his rear was hazardous; but Wellington had decided on his course of action, and accordingly he selected the best position which a country of no great military strength would afford.

The Duas Casas runs in a northerly course and nearly parallel with the Coa, having on its left bank the village of Fuentes d'Onoro. It is a sweet hamlet, and prettily situated in front of a sloping hill of easy access, here and there intersprinkled with woods of cork and ilex. The village was a feature of considerable military importance, the channel of the Duas Casas being rocky and broken, and its banks generally steep. Fuentes was occupied by the light troops—the third division were posted on a ridge crossing the road to Villa Formosa—the brigades of Craufurd and Campbell had formed

behind the village of Alameda, to observe the bridge over the Duas Casas—Pack's division observed Almeida closely, and shut in the garrison—Erskine held the great road that crosses the Duas Casas by a ford—while the guerilla cavalry were placed in observation, two miles on the right, at the village of Nava-de-Aver. The position was very extensive, covering, from flank to flank, a surface of nearly six miles.

The military attitude which the allied commander held, compared with that of the preceding year, was singularly changed. Then, his being able to maintain himself in the country was more than questionable; now, and in the face of those corps who had driven him on Torres Vedras, he stood with a divided force—and while two sieges were being carried on, he protected the great roads, by which the divisions who conducted them were secured; and, as results best proved, attempted nothing beyond what he had means and talents to effect.

On the 1st and 2nd of May, Massena, with an immense convoy, passed the rivers Agueda and Azava, with the intention of relieving Almeida, and providing it with every means for insuring a protracted defence. On the 3rd, in the evening, the French sixth corps appeared on the heights above Fuentes d'Onoro, and commenced a lively cannonade. followed up by a furious assault upon the village. The light companies, who held Fuentes, sustained the attack bravely, until they were supported by the 71st, and, as the affair grew warmer, by the 79th and 24th. Colonel Williams was wounded—and the command devolving on Colonel Cameron, he remedied a temporary disorder that had been occasioned by the fall of several officers, and again restored the battle. The ground for a time gained by the French was inch by inch recovered; and, probably, during the Peninsular conflicts, a closer combat was never maintained, as, in the main street particularly, the rival troops fought fairly hand to hand.

The French were finally expelled from the village. Night was closing; undismayed by a heavy loss, and unwearied by a hardly-contested action, a cannon—as it appeared to be—being seen on the adjacent heights, the 71st dashed across the rivulet, and bearing down all resistance, reached and won the object of their enterprise. On reaching it, however, the High-

landers discovered that in the haze of evening they had mistaken a tumbrel for a gun—but they bore it off, a trophy of their gallantry.

The British regiments held the village. The next day passed quietly over, while Massena carefully reconnoitred the position of his opponent. It was suspected that he intended to change his plan of attack, and manœuvre on the right; and to secure that flank, Houston's division was moved to Posa Velha, the ground there being weak, and the river fordable. As had been anticipated, favoured by the darkness, Massena "marched his troops bodily to the left,"* placing his whole cavalry, with Junot's corps, right in front of Houston's division. A correspondent movement was consequently made; Spencer's and Picton's divisions moved to the right, and Crauford, with the cavalry, marched to support Houston.

At daybreak the attack was made. Junot carried the village of Posa Velha, and the French cavalry drove in that of the allies. But the infantry, supported by the horse artillery, repulsed the enemy and drove them back with loss.

A difficult and a daring change of position was now required; and Lord Wellington, abandoning his communication with the bridge at Sabugal, retired his right, and formed line at right angles with his first formation, extending from the Duas Casas, towards Frenada on the Coa.

This necessary operation obliged the seventh and light divisions, in the face of a bold and powerful cavalry, to retire nearly two miles; and it required all the steadiness and rapidity of British light infantry to effect the movement safely. Few as the British cavalry were, they charged the enemy frequently, and always with success; while the horse artillery sustained their well-earned reputation, acting with a boldness that at times almost exposed them to certain capture. Ramsay's troop was at one time actually cut off—but by the bravery of the men and the superior quality of his horses, he galloped through the surrounding hussars, and carried off his battery.† The infantry, in squares of battalions, repelled

* Narrative by Colonel Jones.

† At one place, however, the fury of the fight seemed for a time to centre. "A great commotion was observed among the French squadrons; men and officers closed in confusion towards one point where a thick dust

every charge; while the Chasseurs Brittanique kept up a flanking fire, that, while the retrogression of the British was being effected, entailed a considerable loss on the assailants who were pressing them closely.

The new position of the British was most formidable. The right appuied upon a hill, topped by an ancient tower, and the alignement was so judiciously taken up, that Massena did not venture to assail it.

While these operations were going on, a furious attack was repeated on Fuentes d'Onoro. Infantry, cavalry, and artillery, all were brought to bear — a tremendous cannonade opened on the devoted village—and the assault was made at the same moment on flanks and front together. Desperate fighting in the streets and churchyard took place. The French feeding the attacking troops with fresh numbers, pressed the three regiments,* that held the upper village, severely;—but after one of the closest and most desperate combats that has ever been maintained, a bayonet charge of the 88th decided the contest;† and the assailants, notwithstanding their vastly superior force, were driven with pro-

was rising, and where loud cries and the sparkling of blades and flashing of pistols indicated some extraordinary occurrence. Suddenly the multitude was violently agitated, an English shout arose, the mass was rent asunder, and Norman Ramsay burst forth at the head of his battery, his horses breathing fire, and stretching like greyhounds along the plain, his guns bounding like things of no weight, and the mounted gunners in close and compact order protecting the rear."—*Napier.*

* 74th, 83rd, and 88th.

† The final charge that decided the possession of the village, on the evening of the 5th, was made by the 88th. That it was a splendid affair may be inferred from the praise bestowed upon it by a man, who for some unknown reason, detested that gallant regiment, and sought every opportunity of exhibiting his feelings of dislike.

Speaking of the attack on Fuentes d'Onoro, Picton, in a letter to his uncle, says, "It was defended in the most determined manner by the 71st, 24th, and 79th. About two o'clock, however, these regiments began to give way, and fell back on more defensible ground in the rear of the village; when at this moment the 88th, under Colonel Wallace, and led on by Major-general Mackinnon, was ordered to move up and support them. This was done in admirable order; and they made so overwhelming a charge through the streets, that they drove the enemy from the village with immense loss." In fact, the charge of the 88th was so brilliant and decisive, that the French never ventured to enter the streets again.

digious slaughter from Fuentes; the upper village remaining in possession of its gallant defenders, and the lower in "the silent occupation of the dead."

Evening closed the combat. Massena's columns on the right were halted—and his sixth division, with which he had endeavoured to storm Fuentes d'Onoro, withdrawn—the whole French army bivouacking in the order in which they had stood when the engagement closed. The British lighted their fires, posted their pickets, and occupied the field they had so bravely held; and "both parties lay down to rest, with a confident assurance on their minds, that the battle was only intermitted till the return of daylight."

A brigade of the light division relieved the brave defenders of Fuentes,* and preparatory to the expected renewal of attack, they threw up some works to defend the upper village and the ground behind it. But these precautions were unnecessary; Massena remained for the next day in front of his antagonist—exhibiting no anxiety to renew the combat. The 7th found the British, as usual, under arms at dawn, but the day passed as quietly as the preceding one had done. On the 8th, however, the French columns were observed in full retreat, marching on the road to Ciudad Rodrigo. Massena, with an army reinforced by every battalion and squadron he could collect from Gallicia and Castile, had been completely beaten by a wing of the British army, consisting of three divisions only. With that unblushing assurance, for which the French marshals have been remarkable, of changing defeat into conquest, Massena did not hesitate to call Fuentes d'Onoro a victory. But the object for which the battle was fought was unattained—he failed in succouring the beleaguered city—and Almeida was left to its fate.

* The French officers were censured for continuing these attacks on the village, instead of assailing the right. "At Fuentes d'Onoro the British army stood, after the right wing was thrown back, on perfectly open and level ground, one point only resting on the strong village in question; yet was that strong point constantly attacked, while the army was left totally unassailed. At Albuera the French employed the whole of Godinot's division of infantry in the attack of the village that gives its name to the battle; yet, when evacuated by Alten's brigades, it proved of no use whatever, for the battle was fought and decided on open ground, at the other extremity of the field, where an entire division of infantry would probably have turned the fate of the day."—*Raoul.*

In a close and sanguinary contest, like that of Fuentes d'Onoro, the loss on both sides must necessarily be immense. The British had two hundred killed, one thousand and twenty-eight wounded, and two hundred and ninety-four missing. The French suffered much more heavily; and it was computed that nearly five thousand of Massena's army were rendered *hors de combat*. In the lower village of Fuentes alone, two hundred dead bodies were reckoned.

In the conduct of an affair which terminated so gloriously for the divisions engaged, the system of defence adopted by Lord Wellington was very masterly. Every arm of his force was happily employed, and all were well combined for mutual protection. Massena had every advantage for arranging his attack—for thick woods in front enabled him to form his columns unseen—and until the moment of their *débouchement*, none could tell their strength, or even guess the place on which they were about to be directed. Hence, the French marshal had the means of pouring a mass of infantry on any point he pleased—and of making a serious impression before troops could be moved forward to meet and repel the assault. His superiority in cavalry and artillery was great. He might, under a cannonade that the British guns could not have answered, have brought forward his cavalry *en masse*, supported by columns of infantry,—and the allied line, under a masked movement of this kind, would in all probability have been penetrated. Or, by bringing his cavalry round the right of the British flank, and crossing the Coa, he might have obliged Lord Wellington to pass the river under the greatest disadvantages. Indeed, this was apprehended on the 5th—and there was but one alternative, either to raise the blockade of Almeida, or relinquish the Sabugal road. The latter was done. "It was a bold measure, but it was not adopted without due consideration; and it received an ample reward in the successful termination of this hard-fought battle."

BRENNIER'S ESCAPE—AND SUBSEQUENT OPERATIONS.

Almeida closely blockaded.—Brennier destroys the works, and makes preparations for escaping—Breaks out from the fortress, and succeeds.—Badajoz invested.—Progress of the siege.—Interrupted by Soult's advance.—Beresford raises the siege—Unites with the Spanish army under Blake, and takes a position at Albuera.—Numbers of the rival armies.—Their composition.—Remarks.

Although the French moved so slowly on the Rodrigo road during the 9th, that it seemed a doubtful point whether this dubious retreat did not mask some other plan of Massena against the British position, the morning of the 10th dispelled all anxiety on that head—for then it was ascertained, that nothing but a few cavalry pickets remained on the line of the Azava.

Wellington, liberated from all fear of present annoyance, after strengthening the position at Fuentes with field-works, resumed the blockade of Almeida. To the sixth division, under General Campbell, that duty was intrusted—for, unfortunately, as the event turned out, that officer asked and obtained permission to reduce the place.

Too great confidence, either in the allied strength or the weakness of the garrison, most probably led him to adopt an imperfect system of blockade, which led to mortifying results. His dispositions were entirely erroneous. It is true that the right face of Almeida was vigilantly watched—but there, no movements could have been made with any prospect of succeeding—while the left unfortunately, was overlooked—and the banks of the Aqueda and bridge of Barba del Puerco, on the direct route to the French outposts, were left unguarded. This oversight was generally noticed—and though the blockade of the fortress had been in the first instance unreservedly confided to Campbell, the faulty method of his dispositions obliged Lord Wellington to order the division of Sir William

Erskine to march and observe the left face of the place. But this was not effected in proper time—and a delay in the transmission of orders produced a very annoying result, and enabled the French garrison to get away.

Massena, on crossing the Agueda, finding every effort to relieve the fortress impracticable, abandoned it to its fate, resigning thus the object for which he had sacrificed five thousand men, and at the same time, losing his last hold in Portugal. He transmitted orders to Brennier by a private soldier, who with great tact avoided the British posts, and reached Almeida safely. In these, the governor was directed to dismantle the works, quit the fortress in silence, force his way through the pickets, and march on Barba del Puerco, where a division of French cavalry and infantry would be ready to protect him.

The successful issue of the attempt, beleaguered as Almeida was by a force of such strength as the allied army, appeared a hopeless task ; but to the brave nothing is impossible, and the bold movement of Brennier obtained the good fortune which it deserved. Instantly, he proceeded to destroy the works—and wasted the ammunition, spiked the guns, or more effectually destroyed them, by discharging one cannon into another. Frequent explosions were heard during the 8th and 9th, announcing that the work of destruction was proceeding. This, however, was only believed to be an act preparatory to an unconditional surrender—and this added to the ill-judged confidence of the general who was intrusted with the observation of the town.

On the evening of the 10th the French governor assembled his superior officers, communicated Massena's instructions, and then issued his own. The soldiers were ordered to quit the town at ten o'clock—march in profound silence—and no matter what circumstances should occur, they were directed to receive the fire of the besiegers without returning a shot. By daylight Brennier calculated that they should have reached the bridge—but if delayed by accident, or attacked in force, the way was to be opened with the bayonet. The night march was pointed out from the ramparts—and at eleven o'clock, under cover of an immense explosion, the brave band

left the ruined fortress, and guided by the stars, pushed boldly for the French lines.

The springing of the mines was not particularly attended to —for on the preceding nights similar explosions had been heard. But suddenly a report was spread that Almeida was deserted—and that the garrison, with Brennier at their head. were marching rapidly on Barba del Puerco.

The pickets of Pack's brigade were at Malpartada ; and that general, in visiting his outposts, first ascertained the escape of the French, and gave an alarm. It was now too late—the first picket that opposed the garrison of Almeida had been bayoneted—and pushing through the others, who could offer but trifling opposition, Brennier marched rapidly on. Pack sent immediately to apprise Campbell of the occurrence, and in person he hung on the enemy's rear, indicating the line of the retreat by the flashes of his musketry, which were constantly kept up. Campbell, though he hurried to the point, appears to have issued no distinct orders, which should have produced an instant pursuit. The 4th regiment endeavoured to head the retreating column—but the latter marched too rapidly to be overtaken. Brennier's orders were strictly obeyed —the column hurried on—and not a shot was fired until it reached the Aqueda.

There the French halted for their stragglers to come up, for they had also diverged a little to the left of the proper route. These delays enabled the 2nd, 4th, and 36th, who had thrown aside their knapsacks, to overtake them in the act of crossing the bridge at Puerco. In passing they were exposed to a heavy fire, by which they lost one hundred men—while some squadrons of the Royals, and Pack's Portuguese light troops, captured ten officers and upwards of two hundred men.

The retreat of the garrison from Almeida was admirably planned and bravely executed. Three-fourths of the number were thus saved—and the doubt is, whether Massena's astonishment or Wellington's annoyance at Brennier's escape, was the greater. Indeed, fewer prosperous results succeeded the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro than might have been reasonably looked for. But such events are ever occurring, and form the proverbial uncertainty of *la fortune de la guerre.*

A general order of Lord Wellington, in alluding to this singular escape, sensibly remarks—"Officers of the army may depend upon it, that the enemy to whom they are opposed is not less prudent than powerful." The extreme ability with which Brennier had contrived not only to ruin the works,* but to pass his garrison in close column through the quarters of the reserves, proved the truth of Lord Wellington's estimate of the military ability of his opponents. Lord Londonderry, in noticing Brennier's exploit, says, "Not that we very deeply regretted the escape of the individuals; they were brave men, had made a bold venture, and deserved that it should be crowned with success." A remark we should have expected from a man, himself a stout and dashing officer.†

While Lord Wellington had been obliged to return to the north, in consequence of Massena's movements for the relief of Almeida, Beresford endeavoured to reduce Badajoz, and selected, as its weakest point, the junction of the Rivellas with the Guadiana, where the defences were restricted to a simple wall in front of the castle that commands the town.‡ The

* "He ruined all the principal bastions, and kept up a constant fire of the artillery in a singular manner, for always he fired several guns at one moment with very heavy charges, placing one across the muzzle of another, so that, while some shots flew towards the besiegers, and a loud explosion was heard, others destroyed pieces without attracting notice."—*Napier.*

† When Brennier's escape was reported to Picton by an Irish officer, the general, never remarkable for suavity of temper, hastily inquired, "What the devil were the ——th doing?"—"Faith," returned his informant, "I suppose they were asleep." "Asleep!"—What then was the ——th about?" and he named the next regiment in the line.—"Devil a one of me can tell," replied the Irishman coolly; "but maybe they were watching the ——th, for fear somebody would waken them!"

‡ "Observing that all the interior of the castle could be seen from a small fort situated on the heights of Christoval, on the Portuguese side of the Guadiana, and that the back of the front defence of the castle might be enfiladed from thence, it became clear, that should the fort be reduced, and heavy batteries erected within it, no body of men, exposed to their fire, could stand to dispute a breach in the wall, which formed the sole defence of the castle. That wall, from its uncovered position, appeared liable to be battered down from a distance; and as, when in possession of the castle, the resistance of the town must, under its commanding influence, cease, Badajoz might by this mode of attack be captured in a fortnight."—*Jones's Account of the War.*

marshal had hopes from the engineers, that the place might be taken in twelve or fourteen days. Preparations for the siege were made; bridges laid across the Guadiana on the 23rd—and the next day was appointed for a close investment of the fortress. That evening, unfortunately, the weather changed suddenly—the flood rose—the river in one night increased perpendicularly seven feet—and sweeping the bridges totally away, the materials were borne down the stream, and the communications with Portugal completely interrupted.

Another bridge was hastily constructed. On the 8th, ground was broken—and notwithstanding the rocky surface, moonlight, and the exposed situation on which the working parties were employed, occasioned heavy loss, a breaching battery opened on San Christoval on the 11th at daybreak. Its operation was found very indifferent. The Portuguese gunners who manned the batteries were, from their inexperience, unable to produce effect; the guns, also, were defective*—and

* Much of the success of a siege depends on the quality and endurance of its battering train, as well as the accurate service of the guns. In some of the sieges undertaken by the Duke of Wellington, his artillery were miserably deficient—and the wonder is how, with such inadequate means, he effected successful results in such brief time, and under the greatest disadvantages. A French engineer, in alluding to the sieges, makes the following observations:—"There sat down before the place a besieging army of fourteen or fifteen thousand men, including three thousand Spaniards, and two thousand Portuguese militia; and the artillery to be employed amounted to forty pieces, among which are to be numbered four 10-inch and six 8-inch howitzers. Of mortars we possessed none; eight, therefore, out of the ten howitzers were directed to be used as such; and our guns, of which two were 24-pounders, and four 16-pounders, were all brass, and of Portuguese manufacture. The engineers' stores collected on the occasion comprised three thousand five hundred intrenching tools, sixty thousand sand-bags, six hundred gabions, a very few fascines, and an extremely inadequate quantity of splinter-proof timber and planks; whilst, independently of the officers, there were attached to the department, one hundred and sixty-nine men of the line, to act as overseers, forty-eight carpenters, forty-eight miners, and twenty-five rank and file, of the corps of royal artificers. The chief engineer and principal director of the operations was Lieutenant-colonel Fletcher. Major Dixon, of the Portuguese artillery, was at the head of that department; and Captains Ross and MacLeod were put in charge of two depôts, which were established on each side of the river."

* * * * * *

"The first siege of Badajoz by the English, being attempted with forty

the firing of a few hours left them, with one exception, totally unserviceable.

At this time, intelligence reached the marshal, that Soult was marching from Larena. Beresford, of course, at once

bronze cannon of Portuguese construction, the whole were rendered unserviceable in a very short space of time, though loaded with powder not more than one-third of the weight of the balls, and discharged at the moderate rate of once only in eight minutes; and the siege miscarried. The English attributed the quick deterioration of the cannon to the strength of their powder, and consequently they determined to have no parks but such as were composed of cast-iron cannon from England. The latter was the description of artillery which they employed when they attacked Ciudad Rodrigo in the January following. They established their batteries at a distance of about 500 yards (*mètres*) from the escarp, and fired upon it incessantly, until they had opened two practicable breaches; this they effected in two-and-thirty hours and a half's firing, and they carried the place in five days. There was not a single cannon which burst, or suffered injury, though each was fired a very considerable number of times in constant succession. The siege of Badajoz was resumed a second time, and the breaching batteries were established at about 710 yards' distance (*mètres*). The number of cannon brought to bear was sixteen 24-pounders, twenty-four 18-pounders, and six mortars of five inches and a half diameter. The attack began on the 30th of March, and by the 6th of April three practicable breaches were effected; that in the curtain was forty feet broad; that on the flank ninety feet; and the third, which was on the face of the bastion, was 150 feet. The number of hours' firing was 104, and the number of projectiles discharged 35,246. The results were the same during this siege as at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo; not a single cannon burst, or became unserviceable, though the 24-pounders were fired in constant succession, at the rate of 1249 discharges each."

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"The siege of St. Sebastian affords a third instance of the extreme endurance of English cast-iron cannon. The breaching batteries, which were established at a distance of about 660 yards (*mètres*) from the place, opened a breach 100 feet broad in the escarp, against which they were directed, and it was rendered practicable on the third day after the firing was first opened. The batteries were composed of thirty-four cannon, of which twenty were 24-pounders. The same batteries being opened the next morning, to make a second breach, effected one of thirty feet in breadth, after fifteen hours and a half's firing. During this interval each cannon discharged from 300 to 350 shot without being injured. Had it been required to produce the same result with brass cannon, three times as many cannon would have been necessary, supposing the ordinary rate of firing to have been observed. During this siege, which was twice resumed, several of the pieces withstood the discharge upwards of 9,000 times in uninterrupted succession, without experiencing any material

abandoned the siege, removed the artillery and stores, and having united himself with Blake, Castanos, and Ballasteros, the combined armies took position behind the Albuera, where the Seville and Olivença roads separate.

On the westward of the ground where the allies determined to abide a battle, the surface undulated gently—and on the summit, and parallel with the river, their divisions were drawn up. The village of Albuera was in front of the left, and the right was formed on a succession of knolls, none of them of any strength, and having no particular appui. On the eastern side of the river, an open country extends for a considerable distance, terminating in thick woods; and in these Soult bivouacked on the night of the 15th, and there made his dispositions for attack.

The French army, though numerically weaker, was composed of veteran troops, and amounted to twenty thousand infantry, three thousand cavalry, and forty pieces of cannon. The allies numbered twenty-seven thousand infantry, two thousand cavalry, and thirty-two guns; but of this force, fourteen thousand were Spanish.

These last were formed in a double line upon the right—Stewart's division was in the centre—a Portuguese division on the left. The light infantry, under Alten, held the village—and the dragoons, under Lumley, were placed on the right flank of the Spaniards. Cole's division (the fusileers) and a Portuguese brigade, which came up after the action had commenced, were formed in rear of the centre.

Never did the *matériel* of an army so completely compensate for its inferior numbers as that of the Duke of Dalmatia. What though his infantry was weaker by eight or even ten thousand, his were among the finest battalions in the service of Napoleon. His cavalry was a third stronger, and his artillery more numerous and efficient. Beresford's was a medley

damage. Their fire was so accurate at the last attack, that they were employed in throwing shrapnel-shells, filled with powder and balls, over the heads of the besiegers, for the purpose of driving away the besieged who lined the top of the breach. It was one of these shells which set fire to a quantity of obusses and bombs that stood on the rampart, and occasioned an explosion, which created so much confusion in the place as to produce its fall."—*Thierry*.

of three nations. He had thirty thousand men in position, but not a fourth was British; while nearly one-half was composed of that worst of military mobs—the Spaniards—nor were these even brought up in time to admit of their being properly posted. Blake had promised that his corps should be on the hill of Albuera before noon on the 15th—and, with but a few miles to march, with excellent roads to traverse, the head of his columns reached the ground near midnight, and the rear at three on the morning of the 16th. Bad as Beresford's army was, had it been in hand, more might have been done with it. It was three o'clock on the 16th before Blake was fairly up, and six before the fourth division reached the ground; while three fine British regiments under Kemmis, and Madden's Portuguese cavalry, never appeared. As the event shewed, a few British soldiers would have proved invaluable —and these troops, though immediately contiguous during the long and doubtful struggle that ensued, remained *non-combattant.*

BATTLE OF ALBUERA.

Soult attacks the Spaniards.—Progress of the battle.—French defeated.—Remarks on Marshal Beresford.—Blake's conduct.—Soult retreats.—Badajoz invested.

Beresford's position had been carefully reconnoitred by Soult on the evening of the 15th, and aware that the fourth British division was still before Badajoz, and Blake not yet come up, he determined to attack the marshal without delay. A height, commanding the Valverde road, if a front attack were made, appeared, on his examination of the ground, to be the key of the position; and as Beresford had overlooked its occupation, Soult ably selected it as the point by which his principal effort should be made.

A wooded hill behind the Albuera, and within cannon-shot of the allied right, afforded the French marshal the means of forming a strong column for attack, without his design being noticed by his opponent. Covered by the darkness, he brought forward the artillery of Ruty, the fifth corps under Girard, with the cavalry of Latour Maubourg, and formed them for his intended assault; "thus concentrating fifteen thousand men and forty guns within ten minutes' march of Beresford's right wing, and yet that general could neither see a man, nor draw a sound conclusion as to the real plan of attack." * The remainder of his corps was placed in the wood on the banks of the Feria, to bear against Beresford's left, and by carrying the bridge and village sever the wings of the allied army.

The engagement commenced by Godinot debouching from the wood, and making a feint on the left, while the main body of the French ascended the heights on the right of the Spaniards. On perceiving the true object of Soult's attack,

* Napier.

Beresford, who had vainly endeavoured, through an aide-de-camp, to persuade Blake to change his front, rode to the Spanish post, pointed out the heads of the advancing columns, and induced his ally to take up a new alignement. It was scarcely done until the French bore down upon the Spanish infantry; and though at first they were stoutly opposed, the battalions gradually began to yield ground; and, being farther forced back, Soult commenced deploying on the most commanding point of the position. A serious attack was to be dreaded; the French cavalry sweeping round the allies, threatened their rear—and Godinot's column made fresh demonstrations of vigorously assailing the left.

All this was most alarming;—the Spanish line confusedly endeavouring to effect the difficult manœuvre of changing its front, while two-thirds of the French, in compact order of battle, were preparing to burst upon the disordered ranks, and insure their total destruction. The French guns had opened a furious cannonade,—the infantry were firing volley after volley,—the cavalry charging where the Spanish battalions seemed most disordered. Already their ranks were wavering—and Soult, determined to complete the ruin he had begun, ordered up the reserve, and advanced all his batteries.

At this perilous moment, when the day seemed lost, General Stewart pushed the leading brigade of the fourth division up the hill under Colonel Colborne, and it mounted by columns of companies. To form line on gaining the top, under a withering fire, was difficult; and while in the act of its being effected, a mist, accompanied by a heavy fall of rain, shut every object out from view, and enabled the whole of the light cavalry of Godinot's division to sweep round the right flank, and gallop on the rear of the companies, at the time they were in loose deployment. Half the brigade was cut to pieces—the 31st, who were still fortunately in column, alone escaping the lancers, who, with little resistance, were spearing right and left a body of men surprised on an open flat, and wanting the necessary formation which can alone enable infantry to resist a charge of horse.

This scene of slaughter, by a partial dispersion of the smoke and fog that had hitherto concealed the battle-ground, was

fortunately observed by General Lumley, and he ordered the British cavalry to gallop to the relief of the remnant of Colborne's brigade. They charged boldly; and, in turn, the lancers were taken in rear, and many fell beneath the sabres of the English.

The weather, that had caused the destruction of the British regiments, obscured the field of battle, and prevented Soult from taking an immediate advantage by exterminating that half-ruined brigade. Stewart brought up Houghton's corps; the artillery had come forward, and opened a furious cannonade on the dense masses of the French; and the 31st resolutely maintained its position on the height. Two Spanish brigades were advanced, and the action became hotter than ever. For a moment the French battalions recoiled,—but it was only to rally instantly, and come on with greater fury. A raging fire of artillery on both sides, sustained at little more than pistol range, with reiterated volleys of musketry, heaped the field with dead—while the French were vainly endeavouring to gain ground, and the British would not yield an inch. But the ranks of the island soldiery were thinning fast,—their ammunition was nearly exhausted,—their fire slackened,—and notwithstanding the cannonade checked the French movement for a time, Soult formed a column on the right flank of the British, and the lancers* charging furiously again, drove off the artillery-men and captured six guns. All now seemed lost—and a retreat appeared inevitable. The Portuguese were preparing to cover it, and the marshal was about to give the order, when Colonel Hardinge suggested that another effort should be made, and "boldly ordered General Cole to advance, and then riding to Colonel Abercrombie, who commanded the remaining brigade of the second division, directed him also to push forward into the fight."†

The order was instantly obeyed,—General Harvey, with the Portuguese regiments of the fourth division, moved on

* Marshal Beresford was furiously attacked by one of these desperadoes, who, under the influence of brandy, were riding recklessly about the field, and doing an infinity of mischief. The marshal seized the lancer's spear, unhorsed him by sheer strength, and his orderly dragoon despatched him by a *coup de sabre*.

† Napier.

between the British cavalry and the hill; and though charged home by the French dragoons, he checked them by a heavy fire and pushed forward steadily; while General Cole led on the 7th and 23rd fusileers in person.

In a few minutes more the remnant of the British must have abandoned the hill or perished. The French reserve was on its march to assist the front column of the enemy, while, with the allies all was in confusion; and as if the slaughter required an increase, a Spanish and an English regiment were firing in mutual mistake upon each other. Six guns were in possession of the French, and their lancers, riding furiously over the field, threatened the feeble remnant of the British still in line, and speared the wounded without mercy.* At this fearful moment the boundless gallantry of British officers displayed itself; Colonel Arbuthnot, under the double musketry, rushed between the mistaken regiments, and stopped the firing; Cole pushed up the hill, scattered the lancers, recovered the guns, and passed the right of the skeleton of Houghton's brigade, at the same instant that Abercrombie appeared upon its left. Leaving the broken regiments in its rear, the fusileer brigade came forward with imposing gallantry, and boldly confronted the French, now reinforced by a part of its reserve, and who were, as they believed, coming forward to annihilate the "feeble few" that had still survived the murderous contest. From the daring attitude of the fresh regiments, Soult perceived, too late, that the battle was not yet won; and, under a tremendous fire of artillery, he endeavoured to break up his close formation and extend his front. For a moment the storm of grape, poured from Ruty's well-served artillery, staggered the fusileers,—but it was only for a moment. Though Soult rushed into the thickest of the fire, and encouraged and animated his men,—though the cavalry gathered on their flank and threatened it with destruction, on went these noble regiments; volley after volley falling into the crowded ranks of their enemy, and cheer after

* "Fields far on the rear of the allies were strewed with the bodies of Polish lancers who had penetrated singly beyond the contending parties. These desperadoes galloped about in all directions, spearing the wounded men and their defenceless supporters."—*Jones's History.*

cheer pealing to Heaven, in answer to the clamorous outcry of the French, as the boldest urged the others forward.

Nothing could check the fusileers; they kept gradually advancing, while the incessant rolling of their musketry slaughtered the crowded sections of the French, and each moment embarrassed more and more Soult's efforts to open out his encumbered line. The reserve, coming to support their comrades—now forced to the very edge of the plateau—increased the crowd without remedying the disorder. The English volleys rolled on faster and more deadly than ever; a horrid carnage made all attempts to hold the hill vain—and uselessly increased an unavailing slaughter. Unable to bear the withering fire, the shattered columns of the French were no longer able to sustain themselves,—the mass were driven over the ridge,—and trampling each other down, the shattered column sought refuge at the bottom of the hill.

On that bloody height stood the conquerors. From fifteen hundred muskets a parting volley fell upon the routed column as it hurried down the Sierra. Where was the remainder of the proud army of England, that on the morning had exceeded six thousand combatants?—Stretched coldly in the sleep of death, or bleeding on the battle-ground!

During the time this desperate effort of the fusileer brigade had been in progress, Beresford, to assist Hardinge, moved Blake's first line on Albuera—and with the German light troops, and two Portuguese divisions, advanced to support the 7th and 23rd, while Lautour Maubourg's flank attack was repelled by the fire of Lefebre's guns, and a threatened charge by Lumley. But the fusileers had driven the French over the heights before any assistance reached them—and Beresford was enabled to form a fresh line upon the hill, parallel to that by which Soult had made his attack in the morning. For a short time the battle continued at Albuera—but the French finally withdrew from the village, and at three o'clock in the evening, the firing had totally ceased.

There is not on record a bloodier struggle. In four hours' fighting, fifteen thousand men were *hors de combat*. The allied loss was frightful; it amounted to nearly seven thousand in killed, wounded, and missing. Almost all its general officers were included in the melancholy list: Houghton,

Myers, and Duckworth in the killed; and Cole, Stewart, Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshaw among the wounded. The loss of some regiments was terrible; the 57th came into action with five hundred and seventy bayonets—and at the close it had lost its colonel (Inglis), twenty-two officers, and four hundred rank and file. The proportion of the allied casualties told how fatal Albuera had proved to the British: two thousand Spaniards, and six hundred German and Portuguese, were returned as their killed and wounded, leaving the remainder to be completed from the British regiments. Hence, the unexampled loss of more than four thousand men, out of a corps little exceeding six, was sustained in this sanguinary battle by the British.

Never was more heroism displayed than by the British regiments engaged in the murderous conflict of Albuera. The soldiers dropped by whole ranks, but never thought of turning. When a too ardent wish to succour those pressed upon the hill, induced Stewart to hurry Colborne's brigade into action, without allowing it a momentary pause to halt and form,—and in the mist, that unluckily favoured the lancer charge, the companies were unexpectedly assailed,—though fighting at dreadful disadvantage, the men resisted to the last. Numbers perished by the lance-blade; but still the dead Poles, that were found intermingled with the fallen English, shewed that the gallant islanders had not died without exacting blood for blood.

The French exceeded the British by at least a thousand. Of their worst wounded, eight hundred were left upon the field. Their loss in superior officers, like that of the British, had been most severe—two generals having been killed, and three severely wounded.

To a victory both sides laid claim—the French resting theirs on the capture of some colours, the taking of a howitzer, with some five hundred prisoners whom they had secured unwounded. But the British kept the battle-ground; and though neither cannon nor eagle remained with them, a field covered with carcases, and heaped with bleeding enemies, was the best trophy of their valour, and clearly established to whom conquest in reality belonged.

Much military controversy has arisen from the fight of Albuera—and Marshal Beresford has received some praise and more censure. Probably the battle should not have been fought at all; or, if it were unavoidable, greater care might have been bestowed in taking the position—and, certainly, the investment of Badajoz should not have been continued so long. Much, however, can be urged in favour of Marshal Beresford—for his was a most embarrassing command, and he had numerous and unexpected difficulties to contend with. Opposed to him was one of the ablest of Napoleon's generals, and an army formed of the finest *matériel*, complete in every arm, and under the orders of the best officers of France. How differently was his force constructed:—a small portion of the whole were British: on another part of it, the Portuguese, some fair reliance might be placed; but the half of his army were an ill-commanded and ill-disciplined force, half-starved, half-armed, worn down by fatigue, and beaten repeatedly by the very troops they were again obliged to encounter. Little dependence could be placed on such worthless levies—and still less on their stubborn commander. When the real attack of the French marshal was apparent to everybody, Blake, with proverbial obstinacy, refused to alter his formation until his clumsy battalions had not sufficient time to change their front, and the French columns were actually mounting the hill to attack him. This was bad enough, yet, after all, it was but an error of the head. But the man was radically worthless. When Beresford's pickets had been established for the night, the British brigades were so miserably reduced, that they could not furnish men to carry off the wounded. In this wretched situation, when an enemy would have freely succoured him, Beresford despatched Hardinge to his ally, to beg him to lend assistance; and the brutal answer of the Spaniard was, "that each of the allied powers must take care of its own wounded;" and he declined extending the least relief to these heroic sufferers, who, by a prodigal expenditure of their blood, alone had saved his sluggish legions from extermination.

If Beresford's judgment be open to censure, his personal intrepidity must be admitted and admired. No man could make greater exertions to retrieve the day when defeat ap-

peared all but certain. When Stewart's imprudence, in loosely bringing Colborne's brigade into action, had occasioned it a loss only short of annihilation,—and the Spaniards, though they could not be induced to advance, fired without ceasing, with an English regiment in their front, Beresford actually seized an ensign and dragged him forward with the colours, hoping that these worthless troops would be inspirited to follow. Not a man stirred—and the standard-bearer, when the marshal's grasp relaxed, instantly flew back to herd with his cold-blooded associates. In every change of the fight, and on every part of the field, Beresford was seen conspicuously; and whatever might have been his failing as a general, his bravery as a man should have commanded the respect of many who treated his arrangements with unsparing severity.

A painful night succeeded that sanguinary day. The moaning of the wounded and the groans of the dying were heard on every side; and it was to be dreaded that Soult, who had still fifteen thousand troops fit for action, would renew the battle. On the next day, however, three fresh British regiments joined the marshal by a forced march; and on the 18th, Soult retreated on the road of Solano, covered by the heavy cavalry of Lautour Maubourg. He had previously despatched such of his wounded as could bear removal towards Seville, leaving the remainder to the generous protection of the British commander.*

* "The wounded of both armies were brought in promiscuously, and many of them laid in the streets and in the squares, till shelter could be allotted them; even for this inevitable necessity no order having been taken by the Spanish authorities. It is worthy of notice, that a greater proportion recovered of those who were left a night upon the field than of such as were earlier housed; and this is explained by the effect of free air in preventing fever."

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The following is a graphic but faithful description of a military hospital after a battle:—

"In the yard of a quinta, or nobleman's house, I looked through the grating and saw about 200 wounded soldiers waiting to have their limbs amputated, while others were arriving every moment. It would be difficult to convey an idea of the frightful appearance of these men; they had been wounded on the 5th, and this was the 7th; their limbs were swollen to an enormous size, and the smell from the gun-shot wounds was dread-

Badajoz was partially blockaded on the 19th, by the Portuguese, under General Hamilton. On the second day after, Lord Wellington arrived, and ordered up the third and seventh divisions to complete the investment of that important fortress.

ful. Some were sitting upright against a wall, under the shade of a number of chestnut-trees, and, as many of them were wounded in the head as well as in limbs, the ghastly countenances of those poor fellows presented a dismal sight. The streams of gore which had trickled down their cheeks were quite hardened with the sun, and gave their faces a glazed and copper-coloured hue; their eyes were sunk and fixed; and what between the effects of the sun, of exhaustion, and despair, they resembled more a group of bronze figures than any thing human. There they sat, silent and statue-like, waiting for their turn to be carried to the amputating tables. At the other side of the yard lay several whose state was too hopeless for them to sit up; a feeble cry from them occasionally, to those who were passing, for a drink of water, was all they uttered.

"A little farther on, in an inner court, were the surgeons. They were stripped to their shirts and bloody. Curiosity led me forward: a number of doors, placed on barrels, served as temporary tables, and on these lay the different subjects upon whom the surgeons were operating; to the right and left were arms and legs, flung here and there without distinction, and the ground was dyed with blood."

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"In an inner room was a young officer shot through the head,—his was a hopeless case. He was quite delirious, and obliged to be held down by two men; his strength was astonishing, and more than once, while I remained, he succeeded in escaping from the grasp of his attendants. The Scotch officer's servant soon after came in, and stooping down inquired of his master how he felt, but received no reply; he had half-turned on his face; the man took hold of his master's hand—it was still warm, but the pulse had ceased—he was dead."—*Reminiscences of a Subaltern.*

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"We were about to leave the room when we perceived a *paillasse* in the corner, which had hitherto escaped our notice; a pelisse of the 18th hussars served as a coverlet, a little round head was upon the pillow; a vivid eye, with the countenance of a deadly pallid hue, bespoke a wounded Irishman. 'Do you belong to the 18th?'—'Yes, plase your honour;' (the right hand at the same time carried up to the forelock.) 'Are you wounded?'—'Yes, plase your honour;' (again the hand to the head.) 'Where?'—'Run through the body, plase your honour.' (We verily believe he said twice through the body, but cannot charge our memory.) 'Are you in pain?'—'Och! plase your honour, I 'm tolerably asy; the Frinch daacter blid me, and to-morrow I shall see the old rigiment.' It is needless to say that we were deeply interested in this gallant fellow, who bore his dangerous wounds with so much composure; and it is a

Soult continued retreating, and Beresford followed him, by order of the allied commander.

pleasing sequel to this anecdote to be able to state that he finally recovered."

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"Two singular cases of contusion of the brain were observed at this time in the hospitals: one man did nothing but count, with a loud and deliberate voice, from forty to seventy, always beginning at one number and ending at the other, and this incessantly through the whole night. Another continually uttered the most extraordinary blasphemies and curses, exhausting the whole vocabulary of malediction, without any apparent emotion of anger. This case did not prove fatal, but the man was left in a state of helpless idiocy.'

SIEGE OF BADAJOZ, AND AFFAIR OF EL BODON.

Badajoz besieged.—Castle breached and unsuccessfully assaulted.—A second attempt fails.—Siege raised.—French advance.—Badajoz relieved.—Montbrun attacks the allies.—Affair of El Bodon.—Wellington's dangerous situation.—He retreats on the Coa—Offers battle there, which Soult and Marmont decline.—French retire.

It certainly was a bold design, and one that many considered as little removed ftom rashness, for Lord Wellington to attempt Badajoz a second time, limited as he was in every necessary for a siege, and by no means secure from molestation. He had obtained, by the victories of Fuentes d'Onoro and Albuera, a temporary superiority of force on the Guadiana; but it was not likely that Soult and Marmont would let a fortress to which they attached so much importance fall, without making a vigorous effort for its relief—nor could a rapid reduction of Badajoz be accomplished. The siege trains were wretchedly defective; and the guns, originally bad, had been ruined or disabled during Beresford's recent attempt; and the engineers reported, that eleven days would be required before they could be remounted and placed in battery; while in twenty, a force quite sufficient to disturb all operations, could easily reach the Alemtejo from Salamanca, by the passes of Banos or Gata, while the Tagus was fordable at Alcantara.

Operations commenced on the night of the 30th of May, in front of the castle, by sixteen hundred workmen, covered by a protecting party of twelve hundred. The first parallel, extending one thousand yards, was completed, and no interruption given by the besieged. A lesser party commenced a parallel before San Christoval; but the rocky soil could not be broken without causing alarm, and a severe fire was directed on the workmen, which occasioned a consi lerable loss.

The approaches were ably pushed on, but great difficulties

had to be overcome by the besiegers. Before San Christoval, the stony surface required a supply of earth and woolpacks, to form an artificial covering for the engineers and fatigue parties; while the workmen were exposed to the fire of several sixteen and eighteen inch mortars, which threw their enormous shells with a precision that threatened ruin to every thing within their range.

When the batteries opened on the morning of the 3rd of June, the imperfect supply of bullets was soon exhausted, and the artillery were obliged to use the shot intended for guns of an inferior calibre—consequently, the windage was so great, that the service was very indifferent; and several guns, from the defective quality of their metal, became unserviceable after a few discharges.

A siege, where the means of aggression were so imperfect, could only have been carried on by the unremitted exertions of every arm engaged—and with various casualties, that of Badajoz continued until the 6th, when two breaches in San Christoval were reported practicable; and it was decided by Lord Wellington that they should be stormed without loss of time.

All was accordingly prepared; the storming party gained the ditch, but the foot of the breach had been cleared, and a sheer ascent of full seven feet of wall unexpectedly presented itself. Without sufficient means for escalade, success was hopeless—and the more prudent plan would have been to retire instantly, when the actual state of the breach was ascertained. But British blood was roused; the assailants were bravely led,* and for nearly an hour, in an unavailing effort to surmount an impracticable barrier, the forlorn hope and storming party persevered, until three-fourths of their number were destroyed. Nothing had been omitted by the enemy both for defence and annoyance. The rubbish had been cleared away, and the parapet lined with shells, grenades, stones, and powder-bags, which were rolled into the ditch, and by their repeated explosions, destroyed all within their reach. After desperate but unavailing exertions, the few that remained were with-

* Major M'Intosh commanded, Dyas led the forlorn hope, and Forster, of the Engineers, guided the party

drawn,—and with some iron guns which had been obtained, the engineers immediately resumed breaching the castle walls.

The fire speedily brought down the ancient masonry, and a bank of clay against which the wall had been erected. An engineer officer examined the breach, and reported that it was practicable—although he received his death-wound in the attempt, and had only strength left to announce that he had done the duty on which he had been employed. But the besieged were indefatigable in repairing by night, the damages their works received from the English batteries, and the breach was provided with every means for desperate defence. A more vigorous assault was arranged, and a better hour was selected; the troops were equally ardent and as boldly led—but the result was similar; and the second assault failed with as great a loss of life, and as little chance of succeeding, as that which marked the former storm.

It was now quite apparent that additional siege artillery must be procured to insure the fall of Badajoz; while information was received by Lord Wellington, that Soult and Marmont were making rapid movements to relieve the fortress. To persevere longer would have been madness;—the siege was therefore, necessarily raised, and the guns and stores removed without any molestation. A blockade was established; and while the Spaniards were sent across the Guadiana, to operate against the French posts, Lord Wellington took a position in front of Albuera. On the 19th, the allies retired on the Caya, and Soult's advanced guard entered Badajoz.

The united force of the French marshals was greatly superior, particularly in cavalry, to that of Wellington;* but the Caya afforded a strong position, and the British general determined to abide a battle.

A *reconnaissance* by Soult and Marmont, on the 22nd of June, induced a belief that an action would result. Wellington, with admirable tact, kept his masses out of sight, and the marshals failed in discovering his dispositions. The British

* The French united corps amounted to sixty thousand infantry, and seven thousand six hundred dragoons. The allied force had probably fifty-five thousand infantry, and some four thousand cavalry. As only a portion of the latter arm was British, in quality, as well as numbers, it was much inferior to the French.

bivouacs were in the woods contiguous to the river :—head-quarters at Vicente, Hill's corps at Torre de More on the right, and Picton's division, on the left, at Campo Mayor.

On the same morning that the French marshals had examined the allied position, a strong cavalry force was detached from the enemy's posts, to cross the Guadiana and move towards Elvas. Nothing would have particularly marked this demonstration, had not an English picket of sixty men, with three officers, been cut off and made prisoners, by mistaking the French for Portuguese dragoons. The absurd fancy indulged in at home, of imitating foreign patterns in clothing the cavalry, led to numerous mistakes; while it greatly embarrassed officers, in ascertaining correctly whether troops, when at a trifling distance, were in reality friends or foes.

For a month the French marshals remained together; their numerous cavalry scouring the face of the country to an immense extent, and wasting it of every thing that was convertible into sustenance for either men or horses. At last, these precarious supplies, obtained from an impoverished country, failed altogether; and Soult and Marmont retired from Estramadura,—the latter, marching northwards, and the former falling back upon Seville.

On this movement being made, Wellington instantly changed his quarters, first to Portalegre, and afterwards to Fuente Guinaldo. The occupation of the posts and villages contiguous to Ciudad Rodrigo, must, of necessity, cut off from that garrison every chance of a casual supply; while the distance of the French cantonments (sixty miles) would make it impossible for either of the marshals to introduce a convoy, unless it were accompanied and protected by an entire *corps d'armée*. Wellington had calculated on these difficulties; his plans were soundly conceived; and they were carried out with that steady resolution, which has always characterized the greatest general that Britain ever claimed.

As had been anticipated, Ciudad Rodrigo became exceedingly straitened; and the French marshals, at great inconvenience, were obliged to concentrate at Salamanca, to cover the introduction of supplies, which at every cost, must be thrown

into the fortress. Rumour, of course, was busy; one report making them fifty thousand, and another swelling their numbers to eighty. The allied general, however, determined to retain his cantonments; and the position of Guinaldo was strenghtened by field-works; while the different divisions were posted so as to admit of speedy concentration. On the right bank of the Agueda, the light division guarded the Sierra de Gata,—while Picton held the more advanced position of El Bodon.

The position was too extensive to be strong—and its communications were liable to interruption, as the fords of the Agueda were frequently rendered impassable by sudden rains. The heights of El Bodon and Pastores were on either side encircled by plains, partially wooded, and reaching from Rodrigo to the Coa. Hence, the position was unsafe; for, if its flanks were turned, the retirement of a corps that held it on Guinaldo, would have become a very doubtful matter.

On the 23rd, the French moved forward from Tamames, and reconnoitred the British position; and on the next day they pushed a convoy into Badajoz, protected by four divisions of infantry and six thousand cavalry. On the 25th, the English pickets were driven across the Azava—while crossing the Agueda in great force, Montbrun moved directly on Guinaldo, and turned the heights on which Picton's division had been posted. Considerably detached, as from the extent of the position the British regiments necessarily were, their situation became all but desperate. Picton, with the right brigade, was at El Bodon; two regiments at Pastores; while the 5th and 77th British, the 21st Portuguese, two brigades of guns, and three squadrons of German and English cavalry, occupied the height over which the Guinaldo road passes.

Lord Wellington ordered up assistance, on perceiving how dangerously the third division was circumstanced; but before any reached the scene of action, its own and often-tried resource had saved it,—the daring gallantry, that neither an isolated situation nor an overwhelming enemy could disturb.

The advance of the French cavalry was beautiful; the sun shone brilliantly out, and as their numerous squadrons, in long array, approached the heights occupied by the British infantry,

nothing could be more imposing than their military attitude.* The cool and steady determination with which Colville's brigade waited the enemy's attack was truly British. While the French masses were defiling along the road, the English infantry remained in columns of battalions behind the ridge, and the cavalry stood dismounted—each dragoon with the bridle on his arm, and apparently as careless to coming events, as if he were on the parade-ground of his barrack, waiting for the trumpet call to "fall in." But when the advanced squadrons were about to mount the ridge, the infantry formed line; the

* "Nothing but the greatest discipline, the most undaunted bravery and a firm reliance on their officers, could have saved those devoted soldiers from total annihilation. They were attacked, with a fury unexampled, on three sides of the square; the French horsemen rode upon their bayonets; but, unshaken by the desperate position in which they were placed, they poured in their fire with such quickness and precision, that the cavalry retired in disorder."

* * * * * *

"At the charge made by the whole of the French cavalry at El Bodon on the square formed by the 5th and 77th regiments, a French officer had his horse shot under him, and both fell together. The officer, although not much hurt, lay on the ground as if dead, and in this situation would, in all probability, have escaped, as the French infantry were fast advancing to the relief of their cavalry, had it not been for a German hussar, one squadron of whom were engaged in the conflict, who rode up to the spot, and made a cut at the officer lying on the ground; on which, he immediately sprang up, and, with his sword at the guard, set the German at defiance. Another of the King's German hussars then galloped up, and desired the French officer to surrender, which he refused to do. The appearance of the officer in this position was truly heroic: he stood without his cap; his head was bare, and some marks of blood were on his face. From the fine attitude he presented, and being a tall, athletic man, he strongly impressed the beholders with the belief that he would defend himself against both the hussars. At this time, Ensign Canch, of the 5th, ran out of the square, and was proceeding rapidly to the place, in the hope of inducing the officer to surrender himself a prisoner; but the hussars, finding they were baffled, and could not subdue this brave man with the sword, had recourse to the pistol, with which they killed him, to the great regret of the British regiments that were looking on. This affair took place about halfway between the square already mentioned and the French cavalry, who were hovering about, after being repulsed by the 5th and 77th regiments.

"We were informed by a prisoner taken at the time, that the officer who defended himself so gallantly against the two hussars, was an Irishman, and the major of his regiment."—*Reminiscences of a Subaltern.*

dragoons sprang to their saddles; and the artillery, which had occasionally cannonaded the hostile squadrons as they came within their range, opened with additional spirit, and poured from the height a torrent of grape and case shot that occasioned a serious loss to the enemy.

The French appeared to feel sensibly the effect produced by the fire, and a brigade cheered and charged up the heights. The men stood by their guns to the last, but eventually they were obliged to retire—and the French dragoons gained the battery, and the cannon were taken.

Their possession by the enemy was but for a moment. The 5th regiment came steadily forward in line, and after delivering a shattering volley, lowered their bayonets, and boldly advanced to charge the cavalry. This—the first instance of horsemen being assailed by infantry in line—was brilliantly successful. The French were hurried down the height—and the guns recaptured, were limbered up, and brought away.

Nor on the other side of the position were the British and German cavalry less gloriously engaged. Again and again, the French dragoons charged up the hill—and as regularly were they met sword to sword, repulsed and beaten back.

But the hill could not be held with such inferior numbers as the British. A column of great strength got unperceived in the rear of the right—not a moment could be lost—and an instant retreat was unavoidable. Indeed, the escape of these devoted regiments seemed hopeless. Montbrun brought forward overwhelming numbers against the left flank—and the French dragoons had cut the right off from its communication with El Bodon. The 83rd united itself with the 5th and 77th, and the Portuguese 21st had already commenced retreating, and gained the plain. The cavalry, finding itself almost surrounded, galloped off at speed—and the British regiments were left alone, to save themselves or perish.

They reached the plain,—Montbrun's numerous squadrons came on with loud huzzas, and in such force, that the annihilation of these weak battalions seemed inevitable. But the French had yet to learn of what stern stuff the British soldier is composed. In a moment, the 5th and 77th formed square, and in steady silence awaited the coming onset. The charge

was made—the cheering of the dragoons pealed over the battle field as they came on at speed, and with a fiery determination that nothing could withstand. Against every face of the square a hostile squadron galloped; the earth shook—the cheers rose louder—another moment of that headlong speed must bring the dragoons upon the bayonets of the kneeling front rank. Then, from the British square a shattering volley was poured in,—the smoke cleared away,—and, but a few yards from the faces of the square, men and horses were rolling on the plain in death. The charge was repulsed—the ranks disordered—and the French dragoons, recoiling from that fearless array which they had vainly striven to penetrate, rode hastily off to reform their broken ranks, and remove themselves from an incessant stream of musketry that had already proved so fatal.

In the mean time, Picton had disengaged the regiments of the right brigade from the enclosures of El Bodon, and joined the 5th and 77th—and the whole retreated across the plain in beautiful order, presenting so bold an attitude, whenever the French made any demonstrations of charging, that they never attempted to close on the squares again. Still, Montbrun hung upon the rear and flanks of the allies, maintaining a trifling cannonade—while his guns were warmly replied to by the English artillery. On getting near Guinaldo, a support of both infantry and cavalry came forward—and the French abandoned the pursuit, after being roughly handled by the fire of the British musketry, and the bold charges of the few squadrons on the field, whose conduct all through that trying day had been most gallant.

The British position was infinitely too extensive for divisions weak as those of Cole and Picton to hold with safety. Lord Wellington had therefore decided on retiring to the Coa, and halt there upon his selected battle-ground; but unfortunately the light division had taken a mountain route instead of fording the Agueda; and General Craufurd, ignorant that Gata and Perales were in possession of the French, was marching directly on the enemy. This mistake might have not only occasioned the loss of the light division, but seriously endangered Cole and Picton at Guinaldo. Nor was the alarm lessened on the morning of the 26th, when Marmont got under

arms, and exhibited sixty thousand splendid troops,* within little more than cannon-shot of the two isolated divisions who held the heights above. Fortunately, the French marshal had little suspicion of his rival's weakness, and amused himself with manœuvring his splendid army, instead of overwhelming the allied brigades, which were completely within his reach—alone and unsupported.

On the preceding night, the 60th and 74th, who had been in position at Pastores, and cut off by Montbrun in his attack on El Bodon, forded the Agueda, moved along its right bank, and, after an extraordinary march of fifteen hours, reached the British cantonments in safety. At three in the afternoon, the light division joined; and at night the whole retired towards the position where Wellington had resolved to offer battle.

On the 27th, the French pushed forward a strong corps, and a sharp affair occurred at Aldea de Ponte. The village was twice carried by the French,—and as often retaken by Pakenham, with the fusileer brigade and Portuguese Caçadores.

That night Lord Wellington fell back and occupied his

* "Marmont contented himself with making an exhibition of his force, and causing it to execute a variety of manœuvres in our presence; and it must be confessed, that a spectacle more striking has rarely been seen. The large body of cavalry which followed us to our position, and had bivouacked during the night in the woods adjoining, were first drawn up in compact array, as if waiting for the signal to push on. By and by, nine battalions of infantry, attended by a proportionate quantity of artillery, made their appearance, and formed into columns, lines, echelons, and squares. Towards noon, twelve battalions of the Imperial Guard came upon the ground in one solid mass; and as each soldier was decked out with feathers and shoulder-knots of a bloody hue, their appearance was certainly imposing in no ordinary degree. The solid column, however, soon deployed into columns of battalions—a movement which was executed with a degree of quickness and accuracy quite admirable; and then, after having performed several other evolutions with equal precision, the Guards piled their arms, and prepared to bivouac. Next came another division of infantry in rear of the Guards, and then a fresh column of cavalry, till it was computed that the enemy had collected on this single point a force of not less than twenty-five thousand men. Nor did the muster cease to go on as long as daylight lasted. To the very latest moment we could observe men, horses, guns, carriages, tumbrils, and ammunition-waggons, flocking into the encampment; as if it were the design of the French general to bring his whole disposable force to bear against the position of Fuente Guinaldo."—*Lord Londonderry.*

selected ground. The Coa was in his rear,—his right extending to the Sierra de Mesas, his centre occupying the village of Soita, and his left resting on the river at Rendo.

This position was too formidable, from its narrow front, to be easily assailed, and the enemy declined an attack. Soon after the French corps separated, and resumed their former cantonments. Marmont retired on the valley of the Tagus, Dorsenne fell back on Salamanca, Girard moved to Mafra, and Foy proceeded to Placentia. The French operations, on the whole, were a miserable failure. It is true, that Rodrigo was relieved—but in every other essay their designs had failed; and Wellington, with an inferior force, completely checked them.

ARROYO DE MOLINOS, AND SIEGE OF TARIFA.

Girard invades Estremadura.—Hill marches against him.—Surprises him at Arroyo de Molinos.—Spanish affairs.—Fall of Tarragona. Proceedings of the French.—Siege of Tarifa.—Total defeat of Laval.

General Hill had established his head-quarters at Portalegre, and cantoned his division in the surrounding villages. The position was well chosen; and while it enabled him to observe Badajoz closely, he had the power of concentrating his troops at the shortest notice; while no movement of any consequence could be made by the enemy without the knowledge of the English general.

After retiring from Ciudad Rodrigo, Soult had turned his attention against the newly-raised army of Castanos; and Girard, with a moveable column, was despatched into Estremadura, to narrow his line of action and cripple his supplies.

Girard's presence was most injurious, and threatened the very existence of an army whose means of sustenance must be drawn from the country alone. Throughout the Peninsular war, the Spanish commissariate was but a name. Castanos' support, therefore, depended on his own exertions; and it was absolutely necessary that the French should be driven from that portion of Estremadura, or the Spanish general could not subsist his raw and ill-appointed levies.

That task was consigned to Hill, assisted by some Spanish troops, under the command of Giron and Penne Villemur. Apprised of the advance of the allies, Girard fell back from Aliseda; and, after a cavalry affair with Villemur, he retired, first to Arroyo Puerco—and then, passing Caceres, marched on Tollemacha. Hill, on gaining correct intelligence of his route, proceeded by the shorter road of Alcuescar de Cano and Casa Antonio; while Girard, leaving a rear-guard at Albola, fell back on the morning of the 27th upon Arroyo de Molinos.

This little town stands at the base of a steep and rugged

mountain, one of the extreme ridges of the Sierra de Montanches. The height that overlooks it is nearly inaccessible, forming a crescent behind the town, whose points are about two miles apart. Beneath the eastern point, the Truxillo road is carried; while that of Merida runs at right angles with that of Alcuescar—and the Medellin road between the former two. A plain stretches between Arroyo and Alcuescar, interspered with a few patches of oaks and cork-trees. To occupy these several roads, and thus cut off Girard's retreat, was Hill's great object. By a forced march he reached Alcuescar in the evening, lay under arms for the night, moved at two in the morning, and, undiscovered, halted within half a mile of the French corps, who were leisurely preparing to resume their march, and little dreamed of his dangerous proximity. The bad roads, however, delayed Hill's advance; and it was past six o'clock before the columns of attack were formed.

The first brigade, under Lieutenant-colonel Stewart, was ordered to attack the town. The second, under Howard, moved rapidly to the right of Arroyo, and occupied the Medellin road. Between these columns, the cavalry of Villemur was posted, to charge, if necessary, or support either corps that might require it.

The weather, though distressing to the troops, was favourable for a surprise. It rained heavily, and a storm of wind was raging. No enemy interrupted the allied advance—for their outlying picket had returned to the town, as Girard had ordered his division to march at daybreak.

When the attack was being made, the first French brigade were filing from the streets of Arroyo by the Merida road, under a perfect assurance that their march would be unmolested; when suddenly a dragoon galloped in, announcing that a body of men were marching rapidly towards the town, but the mist was too thick to permit their uniform to be seen.

Girard was convinced that these troops were Spanish, and jocosely remarked, that "Messieurs les Anglois lay too long a-bed, to be stirring by times on such a morning." But a few minutes undeceived him,—a loud cheer was heard, and instantly the Highland regiments appeared, their bagpipes playing "Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye waking yet?" They

entered with unloaded muskets—the bayonet was to do all—no prisoners were to be secured—they were directed to press on—bear down all resistance—and push directly for the point of the mountain.

The French corps that had already commenced its march, formed in squares of regiments outside the town, between the roads of Medellin and Merida, with the cavalry on the left—and Stewart's brigade pressed forward through the streets, leaving to a wing of the 50th, the task of securing such of the enemy, as this sudden attack prevented from escaping with the columns. Finding the French in square, the 71st lined the fences, while the 92nd formed and opened its fire. The cavalry (Spanish), joined by a few English hussars, charged and routed the horsemen of Girard, just as Wilson's Portuguese brigade broke through the mist, and appeared on the left and rear of this devoted band. The French cavalry instantly galloped off; and the infantry threw down their arms, and endeavoured to escape by the mountain. The paths over the Sierra, difficult at all times, were now a wretched route to retreat by,—the advanced British regiment was already mixed with the rear of the fugitives—and a scrambling pursuit succeeded. In a regular rout resistance is seldom offered; and a number of prisoners, the arms, baggage—in short, the whole *matériel* of Girard's division, were taken by the victors with trifling loss.

After this successful expedition, Hill retired again to Portalegre; the troops took up their old cantonments—and for a time active operations terminated.

The success of the British arms had a very powerful effect in rousing the spirits of the Spaniards, whose armies had hitherto been so frequently and signally defeated. The irregular bands of guerilla leaders every where increased—and their activity and enterprise crippled the resources of the French, and caused them much alarm and embarrassment. Although generally unfortunate in the field, in desultory warfare the Spanish partisans were formidable; and in the south it required incessant vigilance on the part of the invaders, to secure their detached posts, and move their convoys through the country.

One of those fortunate affairs—few and far between—that shed a passing gleam of glory upon the Spanish arms, occurred

at Vals, between Eugene and Sarsfield. The French were completely beaten, and Eugene himself killed.

Other operations of no great moment were attended with varied success. Suchet had succeeded Macdonald; and by his activity the province of Catalonia was overrun, the Spanish strongholds gradually wrested from their possession, and Tarragona regularly besieged.

From the strength of the place, and the number of the garrison, the city was obstinately held against the French. But one after the other, its defences were carried by storm—and as no quarter was given, scenes, too horrible for conception, were enacted. The men were savagely butchered,—the women exposed to the most dreadful indignities,—and in the annals of war, among many instances of frightful excesses perpetrated by an infuriated soldiery, those occurring at the storm of Tarragona* will be found the worst.

In the south of Spain, Ballasteros had been successful in

* "The French batteries opened at daylight on the 28th June, and by ten o'clock a practicable breach was formed: the besiegers then appeared perfectly quiet, firing only an occasional round or two; but when the heat of the day was a little past, they suddenly rushed to the assault. The defenders made but a slight resistance, and in a few minutes the French columns were in the streets, and immediately gave loose to every species of licentiousness. Some thousands of the citizens perished by individual atrocity; whilst a continued fire from the batteries swept away crowds of trembling fugitives, who fled to the sea-side and sought refuge in the boats of the squadron. The British seamen gallantly rescued many within reach of the very sabres of the enemy's dragoons, who charged amongst the defenceless mass, cutting and slashing in every direction. In a word, it was a French army licensed to pursue its own inclinations; and scenes such as are read with distrust in the ancient historians, are attested by some thousand witnesses yet alive to have been acted here."—*Jones's Account of the War.*

General Suchet's own statement is as follows: "The rage of the soldiers was increased by the obstinacy of the garrison, who expected to be relieved, and who were prepared to sally out. The fiftieth assault made yesterday in the middle of the day to the inner works was followed by a frightful massacre, with little loss on our side. The terrible example, which I foresaw with regret in my last report to your Highness, has taken place, and will be long remembered in Spain. Four thousand men were killed in the streets; ten or twelve thousand attempted to save themselves by getting over the walls, a thousand of whom were sabred or drowned; we have made 10,000 prisoners, including 500 officers, and in the hospitals remain 1,500 wounded, whose lives have been spared."

some affairs with the French detachments; and the people of Ronda, a mountain district of great strength, were up in arms. In consequence, Godinot was despatched by Soult with a division against Ballasteros, who was eventually driven to the extremity of the Peninsula, and obliged to obtain protection under the guns of Gibraltar.

A corps of British and Spanish troops had, in this interim, been landed from Cadiz, and took possession of Tarifa, and Godinot put his division in motion to attack them. His line of march was by the coast—and some British vessels having been apprised that he was advancing, had anchored close to the pass of La Pena. On attempting to get forward, the ships opened their batteries, and swept the road with such excellent effect, that Godinot abandoned the route, and hastily retreated.

Soult, however, had determined that Tarifa should be reduced; and Laval, with considerable reinforcements, was directed to invest it without delay. Tarifa was a place of little strength—an old slight wall, connecting a number of towers, forming its whole protection. The town is traversed by a mountain river, whose entrance is secured by a tower and portcullis, while the bed of the stream was strongly palisaded. The outlet was defended by an old castle and tower called the Guzmans. Tarifa joins a promontory of small extent, by a sandy spot of land and a causeway; and on the highest sandhill, called Catalina, a field-work, armed with a twelve-pounder, had been hastily thrown up. The presence of a British line-of-battle ship and frigate in the bay secured the island, and prevented any operations from being attempted within the range of their powerful batteries.

On the 20th, the place was invested by Laval. The siege commenced with an evil omen; for on the next morning a French picket having incautiously advanced, was suddenly cut off by a party of the 11th regiment, and captured.

A daring sally was made next day. Some of the English garrison penetrated the French camp and seized a gun; of course they were unable to carry it away, but they managed to draw the enemy under the fire of the ships and tower, by which they suffered considerably.

On the 22nd, Laval broke ground, and pushed forward his

approaches by the eastern front until the 26th. On the 29th, the French having received their siege artillery, the guns opened on the wall, while their howitzers shelled the island. A very few discharges shook the old and feeble masonry—and in a few hours it came down in such masses, as formed an enormous breach, and left the place equally open to assault or escalade.

The street of Tarifa immediately behind the breach was fourteen feet beneath its level. Every preparation was made to receive the assault, the houses that commanded the breach being fortified and garrisoned, the street effectually barricaded, and the troops carefully distributed. To the 47th and Spaniards the defence of the breach was entrusted—the 87th held the portcullis, tower, and rampart; while a rifle company connected the regiments with each other.

Although for sixty feet the breach was open, and offered an easy ascent, the French did not venture to storm. At night, salvos of grape were fired by the French batteries—but in the intervals between the discharges, the garrison cleared the foot of the breach, and enlarged their means of defence behind it.

On the night of the 30th, a tremendous rain increased the river to such a height, that the torrent, sweeping all before it, broke down the palisades and injured the portcullis. But this calamity did not daunt the British; they laboured vigorously all night, and by morning the defences were restored.

The mountain flood subsided quickly, and at daylight, a battalion of French grenadiers quietly approached by the river bed, and rushed forward to break down the stockade. Not a shot had been fired by the British, who waited their approach with perfect coolness; but when they touched the portcullis, a rolling volley was delivered with such terrible effect, that the head of the column was annihilated, and all that composed it perished, from the officer that led, to the poor drum-boy who beat the *pas de charge*. The river bed was choked with corpses—that approach was effectually barricaded by the dead, —while rushing up the banks, the French grenadiers opened their musketry, assisted by a fire from the trenches, and a number of pits in front of their lines, which had been dug by Laval to afford a cover for his sharpshooters. But the column

had been too much shattered by the first discharge to recover its courage—a sustained fire of British musketry, closely and efficiently kept up, cut off the boldest of the French soldiers who still made any thing like an effort at advancing—while a six-pounder on the town wall, enfiladed the assailants at scarcely pistol distance, and kept up an unceasing torrent of grape, that tore up the masses of the enemy, and drove them once more for shelter to the hollow. It was hopeless to continue longer under this murderous fire—and the French retired at speed to their trenches, leaving the bed and banks of the stream heaped with corpses; while the cheering of the garrison, and the band of the 87th, as it struck up a national quickstep, strangely contrasted with the groans of dying men, and the still more harrowing outcries of the wounded.

Every kindness was bestowed upon these sufferers by their generous enemy. Those who could be carried off the field were brought through the breach and dressed by English surgeons, or allowed to be removed to their own camp. The weather became horrible—rain fell in torrents—the besiegers and besieged were equally inconvenienced—and on the night of the 4th, Laval having destroyed part of his artillery and buried the remainder, retreated, and abandoned the siege. During the time the French remained before Tarifa, their loss exceeded a thousand men, while the British casualties did not reach much above one hundred.*

The Spanish armies continued their operations, and generally with indifferent success. Blake and the army of Murcia were totally defeated by Soult at Lorca. The Spanish general afterwards assumed the command of the troops in Valencia—and Suchet entered that province in considerable force.

At Murviedro, the French marshal, attempting by a *coup de main* to carry the place, was repulsed with considerable loss; but, having brought up his siege artillery, he reduced the castle of Oropesa, and renewed his efforts with additional means and increased vigour. His first assault failed; and Blake advancing to raise the siege, Suchet determined to offer battle—and on the 24th the French and Spaniards made their disposi-

* The duration of the siege was seventeen days, and for seven the breach had been perfectly open.

tions, and formed in each other's front. Early on the 25th, the latter advanced, and attacked their enemy. For a time the Spanish wings drove back the French, gained ground on either flank and carried an important height; but, unfortunately, they had endangered their centre by a too great extension of their line; and Suchet, bringing up his reserve, strengthened his left wing, and burst upon Blake's weak point with a fury not to be resisted. The Spaniards were broken, their left wing cut to pieces in detail; while the right, by a gallant effort, retreated in good order by the Valencia road. The Spanish loss was estimated at seven thousand *hors de combat;* and Murviedro surrendered on the following day.

Blake, after his defeat, took a strong position under the walls of Valencia, threw up field-works, destroyed some bridges, and fortified the others; while Suchet established himself on the left bank of the Guadalavia, and waited for the reinforcements for which he had applied. On Christmas-day a strong corps arrived from Catalonia, and strengthened the French army by ten thousand men; and on the next morning Suchet crossed the river, drove the Spanish left from their intrenchments, and obliged Blake, with the remainder of his army, to shut himself up in Valencia.

Overburthened by a population and troops amounting to one hundred thousand souls, the city could not hold out long. Blake unsuccessfully endeavoured to force Suchet's line, but was again driven into the town. A bombardment ensued; and on the 8th of January, a capitulation took place; the Spanish army becoming prisoners of war, and Valencia opening its gates to the conqueror.

SIEGE OF CIUDAD RODRIGO.

Lord Wellington makes secret preparations to besiege Ciudad Rodrigo.—Siege commences.—City carried by assault—and given up to plunder.

A CAMPAIGN highly honourable to the British arms had ended, and the rival armies had taken up cantonments for the winter months, each covering an extensive range of country, for the better obtaining of forage and supplies. Active operations for a season were suspended—and officers, whose private concerns or bad health required a temporary leave of absence, had asked and received permission to revisit England. The restoration of the works of Almeida, which the French had half destroyed, occupied the leisure time of the British and Portuguese artificers—while, for the ostensible purpose of arming that fortress, siege stores and a battering train were conveyed thither by water carriage—the Douro having been rendered navigable by the English engineers for an extended distance of forty miles.

But the arming of Almeida was but a feint—the reduction of Ciudad Rodrigo was the real object of Lord Wellington,—and with indefatigable zeal he applied himself to obtain the means. A waggon train was organized—six hundred carts, on an improved construction, were built; and while the French marshal, supposing that the weakness of Lord Wellington was a security against any act of aggression upon his part, detached Montbrun to Valencia, and Dorsenne to the Asturias and Montana, the English general was quietly preparing to strike a sudden and unexpected blow, and completed his necessary arrangements for investing Rodrigo the 6th of January.

Considering the season of the year, and the nakedness of the country for many miles around the threatened fortress, the intended operation was bold to a degree. The horses had scarcely any forage, and the men were literally destitute of

bread or shelter. The new year came in inclemently—rain fell in torrents—and though the investment was delayed two days, the brigade (Mackinnon's) that marched from Aldea de Ponte, left nearly four hundred men behind, in a route of only four-and-twenty miles, numbers of whom perished on the line of march, or died subsequently from the fatigue they had endured.

Ciudad Rodrigo stands on high ground, in the centre of an extensive plain it domineers. The city is erected on the right bank of the Agueda, which there branches into numerous channels, and forms a number of small islands. The citadel commands the town, and standing on an elevated mound is difficult of access on every side. Since their late occupation, the French had added considerably to the strength of the place. The suburbs were secured against a *coup de main*, by fortifying two convents on their flanks, and another nearly in the centre. On the north side the ground rises in two places; that furthest from the works is thirteen feet above the level of the ramparts, from which it is distant six hundred yards. The other, of lesser altitude, is scarcely two hundred paces. On the former the enemy had erected a redoubt; it was protected by a fortified convent called San Francisco, as well as the artillery of the place, which commanded the approaches from the hill.

The Agueda is fordable in several places, the best passage being within pistol-shot of the walls. In winter, from the sudden floodings of the river, these fords cannot be relied upon—and a bridge of eighteen trestles, with a platform four hundred feet long, was secretly constructed in the citadel of Almeida and conveyed to Salices.

Four divisions were entrusted with the duties of the siege. They took their turns in course—each for twenty-four hours furnishing the requisite guards and working parties.

On the night of the 8th of January, the investment was regularly commenced, and the redoubt on the upper Teson stormed by three companies of the 52nd with trifling loss. Ground was broken on its flank—and by the morning the trench was four feet wide and three in depth. On the following night the first parallel was opened; and the outlines of three batteries, for eleven guns each, were traced.

The weather continued dreadfully inclement; and as it was believed that Marmont would endeavour to raise the siege, Wellington decided on rapid operations, and resolved to attempt a storm even with the counterscarps entire. Both the besiegers and the besieged were active in their operations. On the night of the 13th, the convent of Santa Cruz was taken; and on the 14th, while the division was coming to relieve the working parties, the garrison made a sortie, overturned the gabions in advance of the parallel, and would have succeeded in spiking the guns, but for the spirited opposition of a few workmen and engineers, who checked the attempt, until the head of the division closing up obliged the French to retire.

On the morning of the 14th, the batteries were nearly ready for breaching, mounted with twenty-three 24-pounders and two eighteens. At four o'clock in the afternoon their fire commenced,—and a spectacle more strikingly magnificent, it has rarely been the good fortune even of a British soldier to witness.

"The evening chanced to be remarkably beautiful and still; there was not a cloud in the sky, nor a breath of wind astir, when suddenly the roar of artillery broke in upon its calmness, and volumes of smoke rose slowly from the batteries. These floating gently towards the town, soon enveloped the lower part of the hill, and even the ramparts and bastions in a dense veil; while the towers and summits lifting their heads over the haze, showed like fairy buildings, or those unsubstantial castles which are sometimes seen in the clouds on a summer's day. The flashes from the British guns, answered as they were from the artillery in the front, and the roar of their thunder reverberating among the remote mountains of the Sierra de Francisca; these, with the rattle of the balls against the walls, proved altogether a scene which, to be rightly understood, must be experienced."*

That night the convent of San Francisco was escaladed by a wing of the 40th,—and the French having abandoned the suburbs, they were occupied by the besiegers.

At daybreak on the 15th the batteries resumed their fire,

* Lord Londonderry.

and at sunset the walls of the main scarp and fausse braye* were visibly shaken.† Under cover of a fog on the 16th, the second parallel was prolonged; but the front of the works was so limited, and the fire of the enemy so concentrated and correct, that it required immense time to throw up a battery. The difficulty may be readily imagined, from the fact of the French having discharged at the approaches, upwards of twenty thousand shot and shells. Another battery of seven guns was opened on the 18th. On the 19th, two breaches were distinctly visible from the trenches, and on being carefully reconnoitred, they were declared practicable. Lord

* The probability of hitting the same object at different ranges, with the same gun, may be considered to be in the inverse ratio of the distances respectively; the advantage, however, being always in favour of guns at or under the line of metal.

The probabilities of hitting objects of various size, the gun and range being the same, are somewhat in the ratio of the square roots of the surfaces fired at.

Of any given number of rounds, with 24-pounders of nine feet six inches, under favourable circumstances, the range being accurately ascertained, the object on, or nearly on, a level with the gun—the traverse or trunnion—axis of the gun—being horizontal, the following proportion of shot may be expected to hit without grazing:

Range in yards . .	600	900	1200	1500	1800
A six feet target, 36 square ft.	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{3}$	$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{2}{5}$	$\frac{1}{7}$
A nine feet target, 81 square ft.	$\frac{7}{8}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{5}$	$\frac{3}{14}$

Ranges of a 32-pounder long gun, $9\frac{1}{2}$ feet, charge 10 lbs. 11 oz. powder, single shot, initial velocity 1600 feet.

Elevation in Degrees.

RL | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 1 | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | 2 | $2\frac{1}{2}$ | 3 | $3\frac{1}{2}$ | 4 | $4\frac{1}{2}$ | 5 | $5\frac{1}{2}$ | 6

Range in Yards.

100 | 390 | 670 | 900 | 1000 | 1250 | 1390 | 1515 | 1630 | 1740 | 1850 | 1955 | 2055

First Differences.

280 | 230 | 190 | 160 | 140 | 125 | 115 | 110 | 110 | 105 | 100

Second Differences.

50 | 40 | 30 | 20 | 15 | 10 | 5 | 0 | 5 | 5

† The beautiful artillery practice at this siege was attributed to an accidental circumstance,—the shot brought from Almeida to the batteries, being of a larger size than that which is commonly employed; consequently the windage was diminished, and the firing became so singularly correct, that every shot struck the wall with a precision which ordinary bullets, discharged from the same gun and with equal care, could not effect.

Wellington examined them in person,—decided on storming them that evening,—and from behind the reverse of one of the approaches, issued written orders for the assault.

The French were not inactive. The larger breach, exposing a shattered front of more than one hundred feet, had been carefully mined—the base of the wall strewn with shells and grenades, and the top, where troops might escalade, similarly defended. Behind, a deep retrenchment was cut to insulate the broken rampart, in the event of its being carried by storm. The lesser breach was narrow at the top, exceedingly steep, with a four-and-twenty-pounder turned sideways, that blocked the passage up, except an opening between the muzzle and the wall, by which two files might enter.

Early in the evening, the third and light divisions were moved from their cantonments. At six, the third moved to the rear of the first parallel, two gun-shots from the main breach,—while the light formed behind a convent, three hundred yards in front of the smaller one. Darkness came on,—and with it came the order to "Stand to arms." With calm determination, the soldiers of the third division heard their commanding officer announce the main breach as the object of attack; and every man prepared himself promptly for the desperate struggle. Off went the packs,—the stocks were unbuckled,—the cartouch box arranged to meet the hand more readily,—flints were screwed home,—every one after his individual fancy, fitting himself for action. The companies were carefully told off—the sergeants called the rolls,—and not a man was missing.

The town clock struck seven,—and its sonorous bell knelled the fate of hundreds. Presently the forlorn hope formed under the leading of the senior subaltern of the 88th, William Mackie; and Picton and Mackinnon rode up and joined the division. The former's address to the Connaught Rangers was brief, it was to "Spare powder, and trust entirely to cold iron." The word was given,—"Forward!" was repeated in under tones,—the forlorn hope led the way,—the storming party, carrying bags filled with dry grass, followed,—the division in column succeeded,—all moved on in desperate silence, and of the third division not a file hung back.

The fifth regiment joined from the right, and all pressed

forward to the breach. The bags, thrown into the ditch by the sappers, reduced the depth one half; ladders were instantly raised, the storming party mounted, and after a short but severe struggle, the breach was won.

Before the storming party had entered the ditch, the shells and combustibles had been prematurely exploded, occasioning but trifling loss to the assailants. The French instantly abandoned the breach, sprang the mines, and fell back behind the retrenchment, from which, and from the neighbouring houses, they maintained a murderous fire.

In the mean time the light division had stormed the lesser breach. It was most gallantly carried; and the loss would not have been severe, but for the accidental explosion of a service magazine behind the traverse, by which several officers and a number of men were destroyed. Directed by the heavy fire at the main breach, part of the 43rd and 95th rushed along the ramparts to assist their comrades of the third division; and Pack's brigade, having converted their feint upon the southern face of the works into a real attack, entered the "fausse braye," and drove the French before them with the bayonet. Thus threatened in their rear, the enemy abandoned the retrenchment; and, still resisting, were driven from street to street, until they flung down their arms, and asked and received that quarter which the laws of war denied, and the fury of an excited soldiery left them but little hope of obtaining.

The town was won; but, alas! many of the best and bravest had fallen. Craufurd* was mortally wounded in leading

* General Craufurd entered the army at an early age, and had seen much and varied service. In the short interval of peace, he visited the Continent to improve himself in the scientific branches of his profession, and afterwards served in two Indian campaigns under Lord Cornwallis. After some unimportant employments on the Continent, he joined the disgraceful expedition against Buenos Ayres, and subsequently served with the army of Sir John Moore, in command of the light brigade. After the retreat, he joined Sir Arthur Wellesley the morning after Talavera, and became most deservedly a favourite of that commander.

Craufurd's military talents are admitted to have been of the first order. An enthusiast regarding martial glory, he sought every opportunity to distinguish himself. In the affair of the Coa—at Busaco and Fuentes d'Onoro, he established an undying reputation. Wellington's despatch contained his well-earned eulogy—and the breach before which he fell

the light division to the lesser breach; and Mackinnon* blown up, after having gained the ramparts of the great one.

was fitly chosen as a last resting-place for the fearless leader of the gallant light brigade.

The following very able sketch of the respective dispositions and abilities of Craufurd and Picton, places their characters in a striking light. We agree with Colonel Napier, in awarding to Craufurd the possession of higher military talents than Picton ever exhibited—and we are convinced, had both lived, and both been employed in active service, that Craufurd would have shewed himself the abler officer. To compare either to Wellington, is nothing but egregious folly. Both undoubtedly were brave, ready, and intelligent—but to name them with the master-spirit of the age, is an act of very injudicious friendship.

"Picton and Craufurd were, however, not formed by nature to act cordially together. The stern countenance, robust frame, saturnine complexion, caustic speech, and austere demeanour of the first, promised little sympathy with the short thick figure, dark flashing eyes, quick movements, and fiery temper of the second; nor, indeed, did they often meet without a quarrel. Nevertheless, they had many points of resemblance in their characters and fortunes. Both were inclined to harshness, and rigid in command; both prone to disobedience, yet exacting entire submission from inferiors; and they were alike ambitious and craving of glory. They both possessed decided military talents—were enterprising, and intrepid; yet neither were remarkable for skill in handling troops under fire. This, also, they had in common, they both, after distinguished services, perished in arms fighting gallantly, and being celebrated as generals of division while living, have since their death been injudiciously spoken of as rivalling their great leader in war. That they were officers of mark and pretension is unquestionable, and Craufurd more so than Picton, because the latter never had a separate command, and his opportunities were necessarily more circumscribed; but to compare either to the Duke of Wellington, displays ignorance of the men, and of the art they professed. If they had even comprehended the profound military and political combinations he was conducting, the one would carefully have avoided fighting on the Coa, and the other, far from refusing, would have eagerly proffered his support."—*Napier.*

* General Mackinnon was the younger son of the chieftain of Clan Mackinnon. He was born near Winchester, and commenced his military education in France. At fifteen he entered the army, served three years as lieutenant in the 43rd, raised an independent company, and exchanged into the Coldstream Guards. In Ireland he was brigade-major to General Nugent, and served at the Helder, in Egypt, and at Copenhagen. In 1809, he joined Sir Arthur Wellesley, was present at the passage of the Douro, and had two horses killed at Talavera. At Busaco he received thanks upon the field—and after some sharp affairs with the French rear-guard during Massena's retreat, led the last charge in person at Fuentes d'Onoro, which left the British in undisputed possession of the field.

In Mackinnon's character there was no trait wanting to form the per-

During the siege, the allies lost three officers and seventy-seven killed; twenty-four officers and five hundred men wounded; while in the storm, six officers and one hundred and forty men fell, and sixty officers and nearly five hundred men were wounded. The French loss was severe; and the commandant, General Barrie, with eighty officers and seventeen hundred men, were taken prisoners. There were found upon the works one hundred and nine pieces of artillery, a battering train of forty-four guns, and an armoury and arsenal filled with military stores.

Thus fell Rodrigo. On the evening of the 8th the first ground was broken,—on that of the 19th the British colours were flying on the ramparts. Massena, after a tedious bombardment, took a full month to reduce it; Wellington carried it by assault in eleven days. No wonder that Marmont, in

fect soldier. To the highest intellectual endowments, he united, "a gentle manner, with a dauntless soul." Married to a woman worthy of a brave man's love, his passion for military glory had allowed him little space to enjoy that quiet happiness that generally waits on wedded life. His selected profession demanded the sacrifice—a command was offered—he accepted it, and left a happy home. At last his health declined—a change of air was recommended—he reluctantly consented to leave the Peninsula for a season—and, for the last time, revisited England.

Walking one evening in the garden, his lady led him to a spot where, with all a woman's pride, she had planted a laurel to commemorate every action in which her beloved one had been victorious. Mackinnon, deeply affected, turned away, whispering, "Alas! love, the cypress will be the next!"

No leader was ever more deeply regretted. The brigade immediately under his command adored him; and those who survived the explosion, dug a grave inside the breach, and there hastily entombed the body of their gallant general. After the confusion ceased, the officers of the Coldstream Guards raised his honoured remains, and interred them at Espeja with military honours.

But this lamented chief found a mourner even in an enemy. During Mackinnon's earlier residence in France, Napoleon, then a military student in Dauphine, formed an intimacy with the family of the deceased. Consequently, he became a regular visitor at their chateau, and it would appear, that in after-days of pride and power, he never forgot the hospitality offered to him, when he was but a nameless cadet. At the peace of Amiens he invited the family to visit France—and when he heard Mackinnon named among those who had fallen at Ciudad Rodrigo, it is said that Napoleon betrayed unwonted regret at the decease of a youthful friend, who seemed to hold a place in earlier affections, before war and conquest had "steeled his heart, and seared his brow."

his despatch to Berthier, was puzzled to account for the rapid reduction of a place, respecting whose present safety and ultimate relief, he had previously forwarded the most encouraging assurances.*

After all resistance had ceased, the usual scene of riot, plunder, and confusion, which by prescriptive right the stormers of a town enjoy, occurred. Every house was entered and despoiled; the spirit stores were forced open; the soldiery got desperately excited; and in the madness of their intoxication, committed many acts of silly and wanton violence. All plundered what they could — and in turn they were robbed by their own companions. Brawls and bloodshed resulted—and the same men who, shoulder to shoulder, had won their way over the "imminent deadly breach," fought with demoniac ferocity for some disputed article of plunder. At last, worn out by fatigue, and stupified with brandy, they sank into brutal insensibility; and on the second day, with few exceptions, rejoined their regiments; the assault and sacking of Rodrigo appearing in their confused imaginations, rather like some troubled dream than a desperate and blood-stained reality.

On the second day, order was tolerably restored; stragglers had returned to their regiments; the breaches were repaired,

* "The letter in question was dated from Merida, at a period posterior to the relief of Badajoz, and the consequent retrogression of our divisions. It began by informing his Excellency the Prince of Neufchatel, that having succeeded, in conjunction with the Duke of Dalmatia, in raising the siege of Badajoz, the writer had since directed his undivided attention to the reorganization and re-establishment of discipline in the army of Portugal. The system of requisitions, and the irregularity of supply, had been carried, it was continued, to so great a height, that the army was become little better than a rabble of banditti; nor could any thing be attempted, with the slightest prospect of success, till the method should be entirely changed, and the troops provided and paid in such a manner as to render them both contented and manageable. To accomplish this the marshal was then devising plans; and he earnestly pressed for instructions and assistance from the Emperor in carrying them into execution.

"In addition to this despatch from Marmont, a letter from General Tresion, chief of the staff, was likewise intercepted; but it contained little calculated to interest, except an explicit declaration that the French troops were unable to cope with the English, and that their best chance of success lay in manœuvring."—*Lord Londonderry.*

the trenches filled in, and the place being once more perfectly defensible, was given up by Lord Wellington to Castanos, the captain-general of the province, who had been present at the siege. Additional honours were deservedly conferred upon the conqueror of Rodrigo. Wellington was created an English earl and a Spanish duke—and a farther annuity of 2,000*l.* a year was voted by a grateful country, to support the dignities she had so deservedly conferred.

But another and a bolder blow was yet to be struck. Again the troops were put in motion, and the order was obeyed with pleasure, all being too happy to quit a place where every supply had been exhausted, and every object recalled the loss of relatives and friends.* Leaving a division

* "The first men that surmounted the difficulties the breach presented, were a sergeant and two privates of the 88th. The French, who still remained beside the gun, whose sweeping fire had hitherto been so fatal to those who led the storm, attacked these brave men furiously—a desperate hand-to-hand encounter succeeded. The Irishmen, undaunted by the superior number of their assailants, laid five or six of the gunners at their feet. The struggle was observed—and some soldiers of the 5th regiment scrambled up to the assistance of their gallant comrades—and the remnant of the French gunners perished by their bayonets.

* * * * * *

"Lieutenant Mackie, who led the forlorn-hope, had miraculously escaped without a wound—and pressing 'over the dying and the dead,' he reached the further bank of the retrenchment, and found himself in solitary possession of the street beyond the breach, while the battle still raged behind him."[1]

The following anecdote is descriptive of those personal affairs that the *mêlée* attendant on the first entrance of a defended town so frequently produces. The actor, since dead, was a personal and an attached friend of the author.

"Each affray in the streets was conducted in the best manner the moment would admit of, and decided more by personal valour than discipline, and in some instances officers as well as privates had to combat with the imperial troops. In one of those encounters, Lieutenant George Faris, of the 88th, by an accident so likely to occur in an affair of this kind, separated a little too far from a dozen or so of his regiment, found himself opposed to a French soldier, who apparently was similarly placed: it

[1] The selection of anecdotes connected with an Irish regiment might appear a national partiality: but at this period of the campaign the Rangers had been heavily engaged. Their casualties, from the investment of Rodrigo to the fall of Badajoz—six-and-twenty days—amounted to twenty-five officers and five hundred and fifty-six men!

of infantry on the Agueda, the remainder of the army moved rapidly back upon the Tagus, and, crossing the river, head-quarters were established at Elvas, on the 11th. There every preparation was completed for one of the boldest of Lord Wellington's attempts,—for on the 16th, a pontoon bridge across the Guadiana was traversed by the light, third, and fourth divisions—and Badajoz regularly invested.*

was a curious coincidence, and it would seem as if each felt that *he* individually was the representative of the country to which he belonged; and had the fate of the two nations hung upon the issue of the combat I am about to describe, it could not have been more heroically contested. The Frenchman fired at, and wounded Faris in the thigh, and made a desperate push with his bayonet at his body, but Faris parried the thrust, and the bayonet only lodged in his leg; he saw at a glance the peril of his situation, and that nothing short of a miracle could save him; the odds against him were too great, and if he continued a scientific fight, he must inevitably be vanquished; he sprang forward, and seizing hold of the Frenchman by the collar, a struggle of a most nervous kind took place; in their mutual efforts to gain an advantage, they lost their caps, and as they were men of nearly equal strength, it was doubtful what the issue would be. They were so entangled with each other, their weapons were of no avail, but Faris at length disengaged himself from the grasp which held him, and he was able to use his sabre; he pushed the Frenchman from him, and ere he could recover himself, he laid his head open nearly to the chin; his sword-blade, a heavy, soft, ill-made Portuguese one, was doubled up with the force of the blow, and retained some pieces of skull and clotted hair! At this moment I reached the spot with about twenty men, composed of different regiments, all being by this time mixed pell-mell with each other. I ran up to Faris—he was nearly exhausted, but he was safe. The French grenadier lay upon the pavement, while Faris, though tottering from fatigue, held his sword firmly in his grasp, and it was crimsoned to the very hilt."—*Grattan.*

It is strange how the lighter occurrences of human life ridiculously intermingle with its graver concerns. An officer with a shattered leg crawled into the corner of a traverse to avoid the rush of friends and foes, each equally fatal. Presently the contest changed from his neighbourhood, and the adjacent streets were deserted.

An hour passed—none disturbed his melancholy rest—when a footstep was heard, and an 88th man staggered round the corner with a bundle of sundry articles he had managed to collect. Unable to get further, he placed it beneath his head—fixed his bayonet—and lay down to sleep in peace. In a few moments a Portuguese camp-follower peeped round the corner, looked suspiciously about, substituted a truss of straw for the bundle, and absconded with the plunder the drunken Ranger had, as he imagined, so carefully secured.

* "Ill as I was, in common with many others, who, like myself, lay wounded, and were unable to accompany our friends, I arose from my

truss of straw to take a parting look at the remnant of my regiment as it mustered on the parade; but, in place of upwards of seven hundred gallant soldiers, and six-and-twenty officers, of the former there were not three hundred, and of the latter but five!

* * * * * *

"The drums of the division beat a ruffle; the officers took their stations; the bands played; the soldiers cheered; and, in less than half an hour, the spot which, since the 17th of the preceding month, had been a scene of the greatest excitement, was now a lone and deserted waste, having no other occupants than disabled or dying officers and soldiers, or the corpses of those that had fallen in the strife. The contrast was indeed great, and of that cast that made the most unreflecting think, and the reflecting feel. The sound of the drums died away; the division was no longer visible, except by the glittering of their firelocks: at length we lost sight of even this; and we were left alone, like so many outcasts, to make the best of our way to the hospitals in Badajoz."—*Grattan, Reminiscences, &c.*

SIEGE OF BADAJOZ.

Siege of Badajoz.—The Castle assaulted, and carried by escalade.—Philippon surrenders.—Town given up to the soldiery, and sacked.

THE secrecy and despatch with which Lord Wellington had formed or collected all necessary *matériel* for besieging the formidable place on whose reduction he had determined, was astonishing. The heavy guns had been brought by sea from Lisbon, transhipped into craft of easy draught of water, and thus conveyed up the river until they reached the banks of the Guadiana. Gabions and fascines* were prepared in the surrounding woods—intrenching-tools provided—the pontoon bridge brought up from Abrantez—and the battering train, comprising sixteen 24 and twenty 18-pounders, with sixteen 24-pound howitzers, were forwarded from Almeida, and parked upon the glacis of Elvas, in readiness for the opening of the siege.

Though not entirely aware of the extent of these hostile preparations, Philippon, the governor of Badajoz, had apprised Marshal Soult that the fortress was threatened, and demanded a supply of shells and gunpowder. This requisition, though immediately complied with, was not obtained—for Sir Rowland Hill, with his characteristic activity, prevented the convoy from reaching its destination. Indeed nothing which could secure the place had been forgotten or neglected by its governor. The forts of San Christoval and Pardelaras had been considerably strengthened and enlarged,—the former by a lunette,† magazine and bomb-proof, and the latter by a

* *Fascines* are small branches of trees bound together. They are used for filling ditches, masking batteries, &c. &c.

† A work on either side of a ravelin, with one perpendicular face. They are also sometimes thrown up beyond the second ditch, opposite the places of arms.

general repair. Badajoz was provisioned for five weeks,—the garrison was numerous and well appointed,—and, confident in his own resources and skill, Philippon, after two successful defences, resolutely prepared himself for a third—and with a perfect conviction that, like the others, it, too, would prove successful.

The force that invested the fortress on the 16th was placed under the command of Marshal Beresford, and consisted of the divisions of Barnard, Picton, and Colville. The first, sixth, and seventh divisions, with the cavalry of La Marchant and Slade, were placed in advance, at Larena, Mafra, and Los Santos, to observe the movements of Soult; while the second British division, and the Portuguese under General Hamilton, with a cavalry brigade attached, occupied Merida and Almendralajo, to prevent any junction between Soult and Marmont, should the latter attempt to unite his forces with those of the Duke of Dalmatia.

Badajoz is easily described. Round one portion of the town, the rivulets Calamon and Rivellas sweep, and unite with the Guadiana, which flows in the face of the works, and in front of the heights of San Christoval. The castle stands above the union of these rivers. The fortifications are exceedingly strong—the bastions and curtains regular—while formidable outworks, the forts of Pardelaras, Picarina, and San Christoval, complete the exterior defences.*

* "The town of Badajoz contains a population of about 16,000, and, within the space of thirteen months, experienced the miseries attendant upon a state of siege three several times. The first was undertaken by Lord Beresford, towards the end of April, 1811, who was obliged to abandon operations by Soult advancing to its relief, and which led to the battle of Albuera on the 16th of May.

"The second siege was by Lord Wellington in person, who, after the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro, directed his steps towards the south with a portion of the allied army. Operations commenced on the 30th of May, and continued till the 10th of June, when the siege was again abandoned; Soult having a second time advanced in combined operation with the army of Marmont from the north. The allies continued the blockade of the town till the 17th, when they recrossed the Guadiana, and took up a position on the Caya.

"The third siege, again undertaken by Lord Wellington in person, was begun on the 17th of March, 1812, and continued without interruption till the 6th of April, when it fell by assault, after a most determined and gallant resistance on the part of the French."—*Mackie.*

A close *reconnaissance* at once convinced Lord Wellington that the defences had been amazingly improved—and, as time pressed, and the means of regular investment were but indifferent, he determined that the bastion of La Trinidad, from its unfinished counterguard,* should be battered. To effect this, the Picarina redoubt, forming nearly an angle with the bastion, and the lunette of San Rocque, must necessarily be carried.

The night of the 16th was bad enough to mask any daring essay—and rain, darkness, and storm favoured the bold attempt. Ground was accordingly broken—and though but one hundred and seventy yards from the covered-way, the working parties were neither heard nor molested. The 17th and 18th were similarly employed—but under a heavy fire from the Picarina fort, and such of the guns upon the works as could be turned by the garrison on the approaches.

The evening of the 18th, however, produced a very different scene—for the enemy became assailant—and a *sortie* was made with fifteen hundred men, accompanied by some forty cavalry. To the works, this sudden assault occasioned but little mischief. The gabions† were overturned, some intrenching tools captured, and great confusion caused among the working parties; but the French were speedily driven back, after causing much alarm, and a loss of one hundred and fifty in killed and wounded. Colonel Fletcher, the chief of the engineers, was unfortunately among the latter.

The weather was in every way unfavourable for prosecuting the siege, and elemental influences seemed to have united with Philippon against the allied commander. The rain fell in torrents—the river rose far beyond its customary height,—the pontoons swamped at their moorings—and all were swept away. From the violence of the current, the flying bridges worked but slowly, and serious apprehensions were entertained lest the communications should be interrupted with the

* *Counterguards* are small ramparts, with parapets and ditches, erected in front of a bastion or ravelin, to secure the opposite flanks from being open to the covert-way.

† *Gabions* are large circular baskets, filled with earth or sand, and used for forming parapets, covering working parties, &c. &c.

other side, and, of necessity, that the siege must be raised. To forward the works required incredible fatigue ; the ground was soaked with moisture ; the trenches more than knee-deep with mud and rain ; the revêtements* of the batteries crumbled away under any pressure, and it was almost impossible to lay platforms for the guns. Indeed, had the works been ready for their reception, the task of transporting heavy artillery across a surface, rendered a perfect swamp by the incessant torrents which had fallen for days without any intermission, would have been a most laborious duty. Fortunately, the weather changed, the ground dried partially, and the works were carried on with additional spirit. By employing teams of oxen, assisted by numerous fatigue parties, the guns were brought forward, and the batteries armed—and on the 25th they opened on the Picarina and the place itself, with excellent effect, while Philippon returned the fire from every gun upon the ramparts that could be brought to bear.

Perceiving the true object of the besiegers, and certain that the Picarina would be assailed, ample measures were taken for its defence. The ditch was deepened, the gorge secured by an additional palisade ; under the angles of the glacis fougasses† were placed, and shells and grenades laid along the parapet, to roll down upon the storming party at the moment of attack. The ditch was exposed to a flanking fire, and two hundred spare muskets were ranged along the banquet. Every means, in short, were adopted that could insure a vigorous and successful resistance.

That night, at ten o'clock, the fort was attacked and carried by five hundred men of the third division, under Major-

* *Revêtement* of a battery is the exterior front, formed of masonry or fascines, which keeps the bank of the work from falling.

† The reader, who may not be acquainted with terms used by engineers, will find a brief explanation of those of frequent recurrence serviceable.

The glacis is the part beyond the covert-way to which it forms the parapet.

The flank is any part of a work which defends another.

The epaule is the shoulder of the bastion.

The gorge is next the body of the place where there is no rampart.

Fougasse is a small mine, six or seven feet under ground, generally formed in the glacis or dry ditch.

Curtain, the wall that connects bastions.

general Kempt. One party was directed to attempt the gorge, another prevented the place from being succoured from the city, and at the same time cut off the garrison from retreat; and a third were to distract the attention of the French, and assist their comrades by making a front attack.

The first detachment reached the gorge undiscovered, but failed in forcing the palisades, from the heavy fire of musketry poured on them by the garrison. Retiring from a place where success was hopeless, the storming party moved round the left flank, and escaladed and won the parapet; while another forced the salient angle simultaneously. The French retreated to a guard-house, which they barricaded and defended most obstinately. Alarmed by a false report that a large body of the besieged had sallied from the town to relieve the fort, the troops were about to abandon these advantages, and quit a place their bravery had already won; but General Kempt dispelled the panic, led them forward, and attacked the garrison again, who fought to the very last; and, with the exception of some seventy, perished while desperately resisting. The taking of Picarina was gallantly effected, but it cost the British dear—the casualties, in killed and wounded, being nineteen officers and upwards of three hundred men.

The capture of the fort enabled the second parallel to be pushed on, and breaching batteries to be completed. The guns maintained a heavy fire on the bastion of La Trinidad; and the sappers directed their efforts against the lunette of San Rocque. The progress of the siege was slow; and though two breaches were made, the certainty that both were retrenched* and secured by interior defences, rendered an assault too hazardous an experiment to be ventured. Lord Wellington was critically circumstanced; Marmont had made some forward movements in front of Beira—and Soult was advancing, determined to relieve the place. His light troops were already at Larena; the covering army under Hill had been obliged to retreat; and after blowing up two arches of the bridge of Merida, had taken post in front of Talavera. In consequence, the fifth division was ordered to advance,

* *Retrench*, in fortification, means the isolating of a breach by forming inner defences; as cutting a trench, palisading, erecting barricades, &c.

leaving the observation of San Christoval to the Portuguese cavalry; the British general having decided on leaving a corps of ten thousand men to protect the trenches, and with the remainder of his force bring Soult to action.

At noon, on the 5th, the breaches were reconnoitred and declared practicable; but the assault was deferred for another day to allow the artillery time to batter down the curtain, connecting the bastion with an unfinished ravelin. The concentrated fire of the British batteries fell upon the old wall with irresistible force; it was breached in a single day, and thus three points for assault were thrown open. The report of the engineers was encouraging; the main breach was sufficiently wide, and the ascent to all three easy enough for troops to mount.

Ten o'clock on the night of the 6th was appointed for the assault to be attempted, and the necessary orders were issued accordingly. The castle was to be attacked by the third division—the bastion of La Trinidad by the fourth—that of Santa Maria by the light division—the lunette of San Rocque by a party from the trenches; while the fifth should distract the garrison by a false attack on the Pardelaras, and the works contiguous to San Vicente.

Philippon, well aware that an assault might be expected, had employed every resource that skill and ingenuity could devise to render the attempt a failure. As Lord Wellington had neither time nor means to destroy the counterscarps, the French were enabled to raise the most formidable obstructions at their foot, and insulate the breaches effectually. At night, the rubbish was removed, retrenchments formed, and the battered parapets repaired by sand-bags, casks, and woolpacks. Powder-barrels and grenades were laid along the trenches—and at the foot of the breach sixty fourteen-inch shells, communicating with hoses and bedded in earth, were placed ready for explosion. A chevaux-de-frieze* was stretched across the rampart, and planks studded with spikes covered the slopes of the breaches. Every species of combustible was

* *Chevaux-de-frieze* are wooden spars, spiked at one end, and set into a piece of timber. They were originally used as a defence against cavalry, but are now commonly employed in strengthening outworks, stopping breaches, &c.

employed, and a cartridge specially prepared for the musketry, formed of buck-shot and slugs; and when the distance was so close, nothing would prove more mischievous.

The day was remarkably fine—and the troops, in high spirits, heard the orders for the assault, and proceeded to clean their appointments, as if a dress parade only was intended. Evening came,—darkness shut distant objects out,—the regiments formed,—the roll was called in an under-voice,—the forlorn hope stepped out,—the storming party was told off,—all were in readiness, and "eager for the fray."

Shortly before ten, a beautiful firework rose from the town, and shewed the outline of Badajoz and every object that lay within several hundred yards of the works. The flame of the carcase died gradually away—and darkness, apparently more dense, succeeded this short and brilliant illumination.

The word was given, the forlorn hope moved forward, the storming parties succeeded, and the divisions, in columns, closed the whole. Of these splendid troops, now all life and daring, how many were living in an hour?

At that moment the deep bell of the cathedral of St. John struck ten; the most perfect silence reigned around, and except the softened footsteps of the storming parties, as they fell upon the turf with military precision, not a movement was audible. A terrible suspense,—a horrible stillness,—darkness,—a compression of the breathing,—the dull and ill-defined outline of the town,—the knowledge that similar and simultaneous movements were making on other points,—the certainty that two or three minutes would probably involve the forlorn hope in ruin, or make it the beacon-light to conquest,—all these made the heart throb quicker, and long for the bursting of the storm, when victory should crown daring with success, or hope and life should end together.

On went the storming parties—one solitary musket was discharged beside the breach—but none answered it. The light division moved forward, rapidly closing up in columns at quarter distance. The ditch was gained,—the ladders were lowered,—on rushed the forlorn hope, with the storming party close behind them. The divisions were now on the brink of the sheer descent, when a gun boomed from the

parapet. The earth trembled,—a mine was fired,—an explosion,—and an infernal hissing from lighted fusees succeeded,—and, like the rising of a curtain on the stage, in the hellish glare that suddenly burst out around the breaches, the French lining the ramparts in crowds, and the English descending the ditch, were placed as distinctly visible to each other as if the hour were noontide!

A tremendous fire from the guns, a number of which had been laid upon the approaches to the breach, followed the explosion; but, all undaunted, the storming party cheered—and undauntedly the French answered it. A murderous scene ensued, for the breach was utterly impassable. Notwithstanding the withering fire of musketry from the parapets, with light artillery directed immediately on the breach, and grape from every gun upon the works that could play upon the assailants and the supporting columns, the British mounted. Hundreds were thrown back, and hundreds as promptly succeeded them. Almost unharmed themselves, the French dealt death around; and secure within defences, that even in daylight and to a force unopposed, proved afterwards nearly insurmountable, they ridiculed the mad attempt; and while they viewed from the parapets a thousand victims writhing in the ditch, they called in derision to the broken columns, and invited them to come on.

While the assaults upon the breaches were thus fatally unsuccessful, the third and fifth divisions had moved to their respective points of attack. Picton's, to whom the citadel was assigned, found difficulties nearly equal to those encountered at the breaches. Thither Philippon had determined to retire, if the assault upon the other defences should succeed, and, in that event, hold the castle and San Christoval to the last. To render the place more secure, he had caused the gates to be built up, and the ramparts were lined with shells, cart-wheels, stones, and every destructive missile. Fireballs betrayed the movements of the assailants; and, for a time, every attempt at escalade failed with prodigious loss. At last one ladder was planted,—a few daring spirits gained the ramparts,—crowds followed them,—and in an incredibly short time the castle was won. Philippon heard of the disaster too late to redeem its loss. The troops despatched from the breaches and

elsewhere were unable to recover it,—a British jacket waved from the flag-staff, and in the first dawn of morning announced the downfal of Badajoz.

The fifth division were equally successful; though General Leith had to delay his attack till eleven o'clock, from the party who had charge of the ladders losing their way.

The attempt on San Vicente succeeded, notwithstanding every preparation had been made for its defence; Major-general Walker overcame all opposition, and established himself securely in the place.

"And yet it is astonishing, even in the spring-tide of success, how the most trivial circumstances will damp the courage of the bravest, and check the most desperate in their career. The storming party of the fifth had escaladed a wall of thirty feet with wretched ladders, forced an uninjured palisade, descended a deep counterscarp, crossed the lunette behind it, and this was effected under a converging fire from the bastions, and a well-sustained fusilade, while but a few of the assailants could force their way together, and form on the rampart when they got up. But the leading sections persevered until the brigade was completely lodged within the parapet; and now united, and supported by the division who followed fast, what could withstand their advance?

"They were sweeping forward with the bayonet,—the French were broken and dispersed—when at this moment of brilliant success, a port-fire, which a retreating gunner had flung upon the rampart, was casually discovered. A vague alarm seized the leading files—they fancied some mischief was intended,—and imagined the success, which their own desperate gallantry had achieved, was but a *ruse* of the enemy to lure them to destruction. 'It is a mine,—and they are springing it!' shouted a soldier. Instantly the leaders of the storming party turned—and it was impossible for their officers to undeceive them. The French perceived the panic,—rallied and pursued,—and friends and foes came rushing back tumultuously upon a supporting regiment (the 38th) that was fortunately formed in reserve upon the ramparts. This momentary success of the besieged was dearly purchased; a volley was thrown closely in, a bayonet rush succeeded, and the French were scattered before the fresh assailants, never to form again.

The fifth division rushed on; every thing gave way that opposed it—the cheering arose above the firing—the bugles sounded an advance,—the enemy became distracted and disheartened—and again the light and fourth divisions,—or, alas! their skeletons, assisted by Hay's brigade, advanced to the breaches. No opposition was made; they entered, and Badajoz was their own! Philippon, finding that all was lost, retired across the river to San Christoval; and early next day, surrendered unconditionally."

The loss sustained by the allies in the reduction of this well-defended fortress was awful. In the assault alone, the British casualties were fifty-nine officers and seven hundred and forty-four men killed. Two hundred and fifty-eight officers, and two thousand six hundred men wounded!

Lord Wellington had stationed himself on the high ground behind San Christoval, to view the progress of the assault. During a contest so doubtful and protracted, his anxiety was painfully acute. What a period of dreadful suspense must have ensued, from the time the striking of the town clock announced the marching of the divisions, until the thunder of artillery told the British leader that the conflict had begun! For a minute, the fireworks thrown from the place, showed the columns at the breaches. Darkness followed—stillness more horrible yet—and then the sudden burst of light, as shells and mines exploded. The main breach was literally in a blaze—sheets of fire mounted to the sky, accompanied by a continued roaring of hellish noises, as every villanous combustible was ignited to discover or destroy the assailants.

The wounded came fast to the rear, but they could tell little how matters were progressing. At last a mounted officer rode up. He was the bearer of evil tidings—the attack upon the breaches had failed—the majority of the officers had fallen—the men, left without leaders to direct them, were straggling about the ditch, and unless instant assistance was sent, the assault must fail entirely. Pale but collected, the British general heard the disastrous communication, and issued orders to send forward a fresh brigade (Hay's) to the breaches. Half an hour passed, and another officer appeared. He came from Picton to say the castle had been escaladed, and that the third division was actually in the town.

Instantly staff officers were despatched to the castle with orders that it should be retained, and that the divisions, or rather their relics, should be withdrawn from the breaches.

Though the regular assaults had been sanguinary failures, the detached attacks upon the castle and San Vincente were brilliantly successful, and either of them must have next day produced the fall of Badajoz. In fact, the city was doubly won; and had Leith's division obtained their ladders in proper order, the place would have fallen in half the time, and a frightful loss of life have been consequently avoided.

It may be readily imagined that such a fierce resistance as that made by the French would provoke a desperate retaliation from the victors; and as the city was given up to the excited soldiery, for a day and two nights it presented a fearful scene of rapine and riot. The streets were heaped with the drunken and the dead—and very many of the conquerors, who had escaped uninjured in the storm, fell by the bayonets of their comrades.

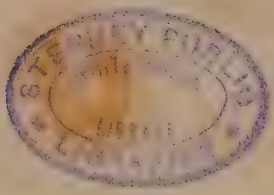
No language can depict the horrors which succeed a storm; and the following vivid but faithful picture of Badajoz, as it appeared on the evening after it had been carried, will convey some idea of the dreadful outrages that ensued.

"It was nearly dusk, and the few hours while I slept had made a frightful change in the condition and temper of the soldiery. In the morning they were obedient to their officers, and preserved the semblance of subordination; now they were in a state of furious intoxication—discipline was forgotten—and the splendid troops of yesterday had become a fierce and sanguinary rabble, dead to every touch of human feeling, and filled with every demoniac passion that can brutalize the man. The town was in terrible confusion, and on every side frightful tokens of military license met the eye.

"One street, as I approached the castle, was almost choked up with broken furniture; for the houses had been gutted from the cellar to the garret, the partitions torn down, and even the beds ripped and scattered to the winds, in the hope that gold might be found concealed. A convent* at the end

* "A general officer had one of the soldiers' wives stripped of her under petticoat, by the provost, of which he had got an inkling, either by secret information, or by its obtruding itself on his notice, from being of

M Pitton.



of the strada of Saint John was in flames; and I saw more than one wretched nun in the arms of a drunken soldier.

"Farther on, the confusion seemed greater. Brandy and wine casks were rolled out before the stores; some were full, some half drunk, but more staved in mere wantonness, and the liquors running through the kennel. Many a harrowing scream saluted the ear of the passer-by; many a female supplication was heard asking in vain for mercy. How could it be otherwise, when it is remembered that twenty thousand furious and licentious madmen were loosed upon an immense population, among which many of the loveliest women upon earth might be found? All within that devoted city was at the disposal of an infuriated army, over whom for the time control was lost, aided by an infamous collection of camp followers, who were, if possible, more sanguinary and pitiless even than those who had survived the storm!

"It is useless to dwell upon a scene from which the heart revolts. Few females in this beautiful town were saved that night from insult. The noblest and the beggar—the nun, and the wife and daughter of the artisan—youth and age, all were involved in general ruin. None were respected, and few consequently escaped. The madness of those desperate brigands was variously exhibited; some fired through doors and windows; others at the church-bells; many at the wretched inhabitants as they fled into the streets to escape the bayonets of the savages who were demolishing their property within doors; while some wretches, as if blood had not flowed in sufficient torrents already, shot from the windows their own companions as they staggered on below. What chances had the miserable inhabitants of escaping death when more than one officer perished by the bullets and bayonets of the very men whom a few hours before he had led to the assault?"*

Strict measures were taken on the second day by Lord Wellington to repress these desperate excesses,† and save the

red velvet bordered with gold-lace six inches deep, evidently the *covering of a communion-table."—A Campaigner.*

* "The Bivouac."

† "G. O.

"Camp before Badajoz, 7th April 1812.

"It is now full time that the plunder of Badajoz should cease."

infuriated soldiery from the fatal consequences their own debauchery produced;* a Portuguese brigade was brought from the rear, and sent into the town, accompanied by the provost marshal and the gallows. This demonstration had its due effect, and one rope carried terror to rioters, whom the bayonets of a whole regiment could not appal.

"G. O.

2. "The Commander of the Forces has ordered the provost-marshal into the town; he has orders to execute any men he may find in the act of plunder after he shall arrive there."

"G. O.

"Camp before Badajoz, 8th April 1812.

3. "The Commander of the Forces is sorry to learn, that the brigade in Badajoz, instead of being a protection to the people, plunder them *more* than those who stormed the town.

6. "The Commander of the Forces calls upon the staff-officers of the army, and the commanding and other officers of regiments, to assist him in putting an end to the disgraceful scenes of drunkenness and plunder, which are going on in Badajoz."

"G. O.

"Fuente Guinaldo, 10th June 1812.

7. "The Commander of the Forces is sorry to observe, that the outrages so frequently committed by soldiers when absent from their regiments, and the disgraceful scenes which have occurred upon the storming of Badajoz, have had the effect of rendering the people of the country enemies instead of friends to the army."

* "On entering the cathedral I saw three British soldiers *literally drowned in brandy*. A spacious vault had been converted into a spirit depôt for the garrison; the casks had been perforated by musket-balls, and their contents escaping, formed a pool of some depth. These men becoming intoxicated, had fallen head foremost into the liquor, and were suffocated as I found them."—*Table Talk of a Campaigner.*

RETREAT OF THE FRENCH.

Soult retreats.—Cavalry affair at Usagre.—Marmont invades Portugal.—Affair with the militias.—Retires into Spain.—Surprise and destruction of the works and bridge at Almarez.—Failure of Ballasteros at Bornos.

Marshal Soult had come up within two marches of Badajoz before he was apprised that the city had been carried by assault. Nothing could exceed his astonishmont,* for he had been perfectly assured that the fortress was in no immediate danger; and he felt confident with Marmont's assistance, by attacking the covering army, to save Badajoz from falling. On ascertaining the disastrous issue of the siege, the French

* "At the period of the re-capture of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, Buonaparte stood on the pinnacle of fame and power: his empire stretched from the Elbe to the Pyrenées, and from the shores of the northern to those of the Adriatic Sea: whilst throughout all continental Europe his military supremacy was admitted and feared. As proof of the latter assertion, it need only be recalled to memory, that the various arbitrary decrees which, in the arrogance of uncontrolled authority, he from time to time issued, to cramp and confine the industry of the world, were obeyed without a hostile movement. The powerful and the weak equally yielded them a full though reluctant compliance: even Russia, doubly secured against his interference by her immense extent and distant situation, deemed it prudent to submit; till at length the prosperity of her empire being threatened by a long adhesion, she endeavoured, by friendly representations, to obtain an exemption. These failing in effect, the discussion had, at this time, assumed the character of angry remonstrance, the usual precursor of war; but, as a long series of overbearing conduct and insulting replies had failed to drive her into open resistance, it cannot be doubted that it depended on Buonaparte, by conciliatory and friendly attention, to preserve her as an ally. No external interference, or the apprehension of it, therefore, existed, to divert his attention from the affairs of Spain; and the impartial historian, of whatever country he may be, is bound to record, that those brilliant triumphs over the French armies were obtained by the Portuguese and British, when Buonaparte was in amity with all the rest of the world, and his military empire in the zenith of its strength and glory."—*Jones's Account of the War.*

marshal instantly retreated, and the British cavalry actively pursued him.

At Usagre, by a rapid night-march of Anson's and Le Marchant's brigades, Sir Stapleton Cotton overtook Soult's rear-guard, under the command of Peyreymont. The French having only observed Ponsonby, who led the advance, supposed that he was unsupported, and formed on a rising ground behind the Benvenida road. For a time, the English general delayed them by skirmishing, while Le Marchant, concealed by the heights, was getting quickly in their rear. This effected, Ponsonby charged boldly in front, while the fifth dragoon guards galloped round the hill, and unexpectedly threw themselves upon their flank. The French broke, and retired in great disorder, followed by the English cavalry, who for several miles pursued the flying enemy, cutting down numbers, and securing one hundred and thirty prisoners. The affair was a very gallant one,—and the more creditable to the victor, as the force on each side was nearly equal.*

Marmont, on his advance from Salamanca, after blockading Ciudad Rodrigo and investing Almeida, had pushed forward into Portugal, driving the militia back. Their leaders, Trant and Wilson, expecting assistance from Silviera, took a position at Guarda, to protect the magazines at Celerico; while the French marauding parties overran the lower Beira, wasting and plundering the country, and treating the peasantry with shameful cruelty. Unable from his weakness, to hold Castello Branco longer, Le Cor, after removing the hospitals and destroying the magazines, fell back to Sarnadas.

Trant had formed the bold design of surprising Marmont at Sabugal, but was in turn surprised himself. His outposts were cut off, and the French were almost entering the streets, when accident alarmed the marshal, and prevented him from profiting by the earlier success of his night-march over the mountain.

Trant fell back on the Mondego, and for a time the battalions retired in good order; but the rear-guard, on being pressed by Marmont's cavalry, gave way and abandoning

* The numbers, French and English, were about two thousand sabres each.

their arms and colours, endeavoured to cross the river.* Some were cut down, but many more were drowned in their ignominious attempt to escape; and to the humanity of the French marshal the greater portion of the fugitives owed their safety —as Marmont discontinued the pursuit and arrested the work of slaughter.

Wilson remained in charge of the magazines at Celerico, until the French had advanced close to the place, and driven in his outposts. The Portuguese general then issued orders to destroy the stores; fortunately, they were but partially obeyed, for Marmont immediately retired, left Guarda to the militia, and consequently a part of the magazines was saved.

Finding that his indefatigable opponent was marching northwards, Marmont fell farther back on Sabugal, and after raising the blockade of Rodrigo, again retreated on Salamanca.

The allied army immediately took up cantonments on the Coa and Agueda; and as an ample commissariat had been established behind the Douro, the troops were abundantly supplied.

The head-quarters were removed to Fuente Guinaldo, and Lord Wellington determined to re-establish his own communications across the Tagus,† and destroy those of the enemy. Both designs were accomplished with his usual success; and, as military operations, the science displayed in the execution of the one, was only equalled by the boldness that marked the daring manner with which the other was effected.

To interrupt the communications of the French marshals, to whom he was about to oppose himself, was an object of paramount importance, and it was determined that an attempt should be made upon the pontoons and works at Almarez, it being the only passage practicable to an army, since the permanent bridges on the Tagus, from Arzobispo downwards, had been blown up. The French, aware of the value of this im-

* Marshal Beresford disbanded these regiments for their cowardice, and had a few of the runaways tried and executed at Coimbra.

† The bridge at Alcantara had been rendered impassable by the blowing up of one of the arches. The ingenuity displayed by the engineers in rendering it available for the passage of an army, was most creditable to that department.

portant passage, adopted every means within their power to protect it from being surprised, or assaulted with success. Both banks of the river were jealously fortified—the left of the Tagus being protected by a *tête-du-pont*,* regularly intrenched and flanked, and commanded by Fort Napoleon—a strong redoubt placed on the high ground above the bridge. The fort was secured by an interior intrenchment, with a loop-holed tower in the centre armed with nine pieces of cannon, and a garrison of four hundred men. Fort Ragusa, similar in strength and construction, commanded the right bank : it flanked the bridge with which it was connected by a *flêche*. At a league's distance, a pass for carriages, called the Puerto de Miravete, winds through a steep sierra, and opens on an expanse of barren country entirely overrun with the gum-cistus.† There an old castle, standing on the crest of the heights, was fortified and surrounded by an enciente twelve feet high. The large venta on the road side was formed into a place of defence—and with the two smaller works that connected it with the castle on the brow of the hill, altogether formed a line of very considerable strength.

To destroy the bridge and works was a task intrusted to Sir Rowland Hill; and on the 12th of May, he moved from Almandralejo, with part of the second division and six 24-pound howitzers. He reached Jaraicejo early on the 16th, within eight miles of the summit of the pass—and there dividing his force into three columns, to each a separate duty was assigned. The left brigade under General Chowne, were

* *Têtes-des-ponts* are thrown up to cover a communication across a river, and favour the movements of an army advancing into, or retreating from, an enemy's country. The form, size, and strength of a *tête-du-pont* must be entirely regulated by locality and circumstances. A *tête-du-pont* may be composed of a horn-work defended by batteries on the opposite bank—or it may be a half square fort with bastions—or half a star fort—or redoubts disposed to flank each other.

† " Coming from Castile, the traveller descends from this ridge into a country, where, for the first time, the gum-cistus appears as lord of the waste ; the most beautiful of all shrubs in the Peninsula for the profusion of its delicate flowers, and one of the most delightful for the rich balsamic odour which its leaves exude under a southern sun, but which overspreads such extensive tracts, where it suffers nothing else to grow, that in many parts both of Portugal and Spain, it becomes the very emblem of desolation."—*Southey*.

directed to escalade the castle of Miravete, and for this purpose were provided with ropes and ladders. The centre, under General Long, with the howitzers, marched by the great road to attack the Puerto; while by a devious and rugged footway, Sir Rowland himself moved by Romangordo, to carry the bridge-works upon the right. The columns moved the same evening, but owing to the difficulties of the ground they could not reach their intended points of attack before daybreak. Sir Rowland, therefore, deferred the attempt until he should personally examine the works, and the troops bivouacked on the sierra.

It proved that the castle, from its peculiar position, would require time to secure its reduction—and the least delay must prove fatal to success. General Chowne was therefore ordered to make a false attack with the left brigade, while the right, under General Howard, should steal down the broken side of the sierra, and attempt Fort Napoleon by a *coup de main*.

The plan, notwithstanding that many unexpected obstacles delayed the columns of attack, succeeded. The French, never supposing that the bridge would be attempted until the pass was first carried, and a passage opened for the guns, were astounded soon after daybreak, on seeing the 50th and a wing of the 71st rush from the cover of a hill, and commence an escalade in three different places. After a sharp resistance, they abandoned the fort, and rushing through the *tête-du-pont*, retreated over the bridge to find shelter, as they hoped, in Fort Ragusa. But the coward who commanded there, panic-struck, had already destroyed the communication; and in a vain attempt to avoid the bayonets of their assailants who followed them pell-mell, many perished in the Tagus, and the remainder, amounting to two hundred and fifty, including the governor, were made prisoners. Fort Ragusa was abandoned by the commandant, and the redoubt, *tête-du-pont*, pontoons, and carriages, with an immense quantity of stores, were destroyed, the victors in this brilliant affair having sustained but a very inconsiderable loss. The commandant of Fort Ragusa retreated to Navalmoral. There he was placed under arrest—tried by a court-martial, and shot at Talavera, a

fate the cowardly desertion of his own comrades so richly merited.*

Sir Rowland retired without molestation by the Truxillo road, and took up his former quarters at Merida. Too late, the intelligence of his march had reached the French marshals — and though both took instant measures to save the bridge and intercept the expedition, their efforts were unavailing. Marmont reached the Tagus "too late to prevent the evil, and without the means of repairing it;" and Soult, finding that the British rear-guard had already passed Truxillo, gave up the hope of overtaking it, and retired to Seville.

A less fortunate attempt by Ballasteros, was made on the French works on the line of the Guadalete. A division of the army of Andalusia, of four thousand five hundred men, under General Corvoux, having occupied Bornos, the Spanish general assembled a force of six thousand at Majada de Ruiz over night, and crossed the Guadalete unnoticed. But, notwithstanding a surprise, the French easily repulsed the attack; and Ballasteros was driven across the river in confusion, and with the loss of a fourth of his entire force.

Nothing can prove the miserable inefficiency of the Spanish troops more strongly, than the result of this wretched attempt on Bornos Every circumstance favoured it: in force they were stronger by a fourth; and yet an enemy inferior in number, and taken by surprise, not only routed their assailants, but would have literally destroyed them, had not the friendly waters of the Guadalete covered their ignominious flight.

* *Leith Hay's* account of the destruction of the bridge differs from *Southey's*. "Those who first succeeded in gaining the right bank cut away the three boats nearest to that end of the bridge, by which means the survivors of the garrisons of Fort Napoleon and the *tête-du-pont* were prevented escaping."

ADVANCE FROM THE AGUEDA, TO THE BATTLE OF SALAMANCA.

Lord Wellington crosses the frontier.—Advances on Salamanca.—The convents besieged.—Marmont attempts their relief.—Operations of the French army.—Assault on Cayetano fails.—San Vicente set on fire.—Cayetano breached.—Both carried by the allies.—Marmont retires.—Is reinforced and advances.—Wellington falls back.—Operations on both sides.—A tempestuous night.—Observations.

EARLY in June, the British divisions began to concentrate; and on the 13th, the cantonments on the Agueda were broken up, and Lord Wellington crossed the frontier.

The condition of the army was excellent, and the most exact discipline was preserved, while all unnecessary parades were dispensed with. The march ended, the soldier enjoyed all the comforts he could command—if foot-sore, he had rest to recruit; if untired, he had permission to amuse himself. His arms and appointments were rigidly inspected, his supper cooked, his bivouac formed,* and at sunrise he rose at the *reveille*, to resume, with light heart and "gallant hope," the march that was to lead to victory.

* "Our bivouac, as may be supposed, presented an animated appearance; groups of soldiers cooking in one place; in another, some dozens collected together, listening to accounts brought from the works by some of their companions whom curiosity had led thither; others relating their past battles to any of the young soldiers who had not as yet come hand-to-hand with a Frenchman; others dancing and singing; officers' servants preparing dinner for their masters, and officers themselves, dressed in whatever way best suited their taste or convenience, mixed with the men, without any distinguishing mark of uniform to denote their rank."

* * * * * *

"The whole appearance of what had been a French bivouac for a fortnight was perfectly characteristic of that nation. Some clever contrivances for cooking, rude arm-racks, a rough table, and benches to sit round it, still remained; while one gentleman had amused himself by drawing likenesses of British officers with a burnt stick, in which face, figure, and costume, were most ridiculously caricatured; while another, a

The weather was fine—and as the route lay principally through forest lands, nothing could be more picturesque and beautiful than the country which the line of march presented. The wooded landscape displayed its verdure under the sunny influence of a cloudless sky, and singularly contrasted its summer green with the snow-topped pinnacles of the Sierra de Gata. No enemy appeared—for days the march was leisurely continued—until, on clearing the forest at Valmasa, the Ger-

votary of the gentle art of poesy, had immortalized the charms of his mistress in doggrel verses, scratched upon the boards with the point of a bayonet."—*The Bivouac.*

* * * * * *

"In bivouacs, the squabble for quarters is extended and transferred to a choice and dispute for the possession of trees, and I have heard of officers being, sorely against their will, flushed like owls, and made to decamp from an evergreen oak, or other umbrageous tree.

"Nothing more exemplifies the vicissitudes of a soldier's life, than the different roofs that cover our heads within a week: one day we have all the advantages of a palace, and the next the dirt and misery of the worst *chaumiere*, sometimes even in the same day. A fortnight ago, just after the battle of Orthez, opposite Aire, our regiment being in the advance, we established ourselves in a magnificent chateau, certainly the best furnished house I have seen since I left England, decorated with a profusion of fine or-molu clocks. Just as we had congratulated ourselves on our good luck, and prospect of comfort, and I had chosen for myself a red damask bed, an awful bustle was heard, indicative of no good, as was speedily proved to our discomfiture. Whether it was a judgment upon us for looking so high as a chateau, on the principle of those who exalt themselves being abased, I leave to divines to decide; but we quickly learned, that in consequence of the fourth division treading on our heels, and Sir Lowry Cole having as sharp an eye for an eligible chateau as ourselves, he had ordered his aide-de-camp to oust all its inmates under the rank of a major-general.

"Though possession, in civil matters, is said to be nine points of the law, it does not hold good in military affairs; and as the articles of war, as well as the gospel, teach us to avoid kicking against the pricks, like the *well-bred dog* (I dare say you have heard of), we walked out to prevent being more forcibly ejected.

"This highly satisfactory incident took place in a shower of rain; and the only building near the manor-house was a mill, belonging to the estate, and into this we crept, and were doomed, instead of splendour, quiet, and cleanliness, and the harmonious chiming of the or-molu clocks, to put up (certainly not to be satisfied) with the bare walls, the eternal clack of the mill, and a considerable loss of good English blood, from the attacks of thousands of hostile French fleas."—*Hussar's Life on Service.*

man Hussars in advance, had a slight skirmish with a French picket in front of Salamanca.

This city, celebrated for its antiquity, and noted in the middle ages as foremost among the most celebrated schools of learning, was destined to witness a fresh triumph of British bravery. The situation of Salamanca is bold and imposing, standing on high ground on the right bank of the Tormes, and surrounded by a fine champaign country, divested of wood, but interspersed with numerous clay-built villages. A Roman road can still be traced without the town—while a portion of the bridge across the Tormes, consisting of twenty-seven arches, is supposed to have been constructed when the Eternal City was mistress of the world.

The Duke of Ragusa, aware of the advance of the allies, collected all his disposable force, and occupied the heights south of the river; but during the night he evacuated the city—leaving the forts he had constructed, amply stored with provisions and ammunition, and garrisoned by eight hundred men.

Early next morning, the light brigade advanced, and cautiously felt its way through the villages which were found to be unoccupied. The whole army approached the city by brigades, and passing in open column of companies, the divisions moved barely out of cannon-shot of the fort, and directed their march on the fords of Santa Martha and El Campo, while the French stood upon the ramparts of San Vicente, looking with marked interest on the allied masses as they defiled across the plain.

The sixth division took possession of the city, while the others bivouacked in its immediate vicinity—and nothing could surpass the delight of the inhabitants, when they found themselves liberated from a bondage which they had endured for three long years. The men shouted their vivas,—the women caressed their deliverers,—while in the evening, music and dancing marked the general joy; and the illuminated streets might have been seen at the distance of many leagues.

But it was only for a brief time that the advance of the allies was interrupted. The convent of San Vicente, placed on a perpendicular cliff rising from the bed of the Tormes, had been fortified by Marmont with admirable skill. It was con-

nected at either side with the old wall by a line of works, its windows built up and crenellated, and the re-entering angle secured by a fascine battery, palisaded in front, and defended by a loop-holed wall. A steep descent towards the bridge was separated from the opposite high grounds by a small rivulet that joined the Tormes—while the convents of La Merced and Cayetano, on the farther bank of the stream, were converted into strong redoubts, and ditched, escarped, and casemated. No pains had been spared by the French engineers to render these works respectable. The inhabitants had been obliged to lend their unwilling assistance ; while, from the ruins of thirteen convents, and two-and-twenty colleges, the best materials for gates, palisades, and drawbridges, had been obtained. A place so capable of defence, could not be left occupied by a hostile garrison in the rear of an advancing army. It must of necessity be reduced—and on the night of the 17th, the sixth division broke ground, and in full moonlight commenced erecting a breaching battery.

Unforseen obstacles in warfare will frequently render the best-devised plans abortive. The vigilance of a dog saved the counterscarp of San Vicente from being blown up, and the miners failed, after suffering a heavy loss from a plunging fire, from which they could not protect themselves. Carcasses were tried without effect. The guns, four long eighteens, and four 24-pound howitzers, breached slowly, and it was the third morning before the lower wall of the convent was blown down. Its sudden fall brought the roof along with it, and a number of the defenders, then firing through the loop-holes, were buried in the ruins.

Marmont, who had retired from Salamanca with great reluctance, was actively engaged, in the mean time, in collecting reinforcements to enable him to recover the position he had abandoned. Breaking up from Fuente Sabrico he advanced with sixty thousand men, determined to offer battle. A sustained cannonade along his line of march apprized the besieged garrisons that succour was approaching, and Lord Wellington made the necessary dispositions for a battle. The allied army were drawn up upon the heights ; the left resting on a chapel and ravine,—the centre occupying the village of San Chris-

tolat,*—and the right formed on a high ground in front of Castellanos de los Moriscos. The advanced posts retired, and a smart cannonade was maintained by the batteries on both sides—and although both were ready for a battle, neither would give a chance away. Several well-executed manœuvres in front of the British position producing no important result, Marmont fell back upon the flat grounds beside the village of Villares, his right upon the road to Toro, and his left in Castellanos.

Morning broke, and found the allies under arms. That day some reinforcements reached the French, but Marmont would not venture to attack. Wellington remained on the defensive, and the rival armies bivouacked quietly in each other's presence. The weather was sultry; the heights unsheltered by a single tree; and as both wood and water were of necessity brought from Salamanca, the allies had but an indifferent supply of either. The French were better off; their bivouacs embraced several villages in the plain, the roofs and woodwork of the houses yielding materials for their watchfires, while the wells afforded a sufficiency of water,—an immense advantage indeed to an army when operating beneath an ardent sun.

Another day passed; but during the night Marmont seized an eminence on the right flank of the allied line, and occupied it in some strength, and it was deemed necessary to dislodge him. The 58th and 61st were ordered to attack the height: it was carried in fine style, and no attempt was made by the French marshal to retake it.

On the following evening, Marmont changed his position, and endeavoured to communicate with the garrisons of San Vicente and the redoubts. His right now occupied the heights at Cabeza Vellosa, his left rested on the Tormes at Huerta, and his centre in Aldea Rubia. A correspondent movement was made by Lord Wellington. His right was extended to San Martha, his advance to Aldea Lingua, and the heavy cavalry were detached across the river to check any attempt upon the fords.

The weather continued warm and dry, and as the whole surface of the position was covered with ripe corn, it supplied,

* De la Cuesta.

in ample quantity forage for the horses and beds to the soldiery. The country was unwooded, and the only shelter from an ardent sun was obtained by stretching blankets over sticks, and securing the edges to the ground. For this simple luxury, Lord Wellington was indebted to a private of the 43rd, as his own accommodation was on a par with the humblest soldier. From break of day he occupied a height in the centre of the position, watching the movements of the French; his staff, from time to time, visiting him for orders. His meals were plainly served and rapidly despatched—and when night came, wrapped in his cloak, "the earth his bed, the sky his canopy," he slept on the same sward upon which his splendid divisions were reposing.

While the allied forces remained in position on the heights, the 6th division pressed the siege of San Vicente and the dependent forts, as vigorously as their very limited means of aggression would permit. The breaching battery erected against Cayetano having destroyed the palisades and injured the parapet, General Bowes, considering that an assault might succeed, attempted to carry it by escalade. Under a tremendous fire two ladders were reared against the wall; but the foremost of the assailants were shot, and the storming party were repulsed with the loss of their gallant leader, and one hundred and twenty killed and wounded. As the attack was made at sunset, the increased firing was distinctly heard by both armies. Gradually it slackened,—at length nearly died away,—and three rockets, thrown up from the fort, apprized Marmont that the assault had failed. The signal was answered by several rounds of artillery from the French position on the right. The musketry than ceased totally, and the remainder of the night passed undisturbed.

The morning of the 24th was obscured by a dense fog;—a brisk firing was heard beyond the river, but it was impossible to ascertain, from the thickness of the atmosphere, in what numbers the French movement was being made. At last the sun broke out, and Bock's heavy dragoons were seen retiring before a division which Marmont had thrown across the Tormes before daylight. Directly, the 1st and 7th divisions were sent to support the cavalry. The French hesitated to attack,—manœuvred until evening,—then repassed the river,

and bivouacked on the ground they had quitted in the morning.

A quiet day succeeded. A supply of ammunition for the breaching batteries had arrived from Almeida, a spirited cannonade ensued, the British guns firing on San Vicente with hot shot. The inflammable materials with which the fort was built could not endure this destructive cannonade. The square tower was speedily in a blaze—and in a brief space of time it was totally consumed, while during the night the outworks were frequently on fire, and at ten o'clock next morning the whole convent was in flames. A breach had been made in the gorge of Cayetano, and the troops formed for the assault, when a white flag from the forts and redoubt announced that the garrisons of both would treat for a surrender. But delay appeared the chief object of the French commandant. Three hours were required by him before he should capitulate, and five minutes was the brief space that would be granted by the besiegers, and when that time elapsed the storming parties rushed forward,—the bastions were carried with feeble resistance, and San Vicente with trifling loss. Thirty-six pieces of cannon, seven hundred prisoners, and a quantity of stores and clothing, fell into the hands of the victors, who had lost some valuable officers and four hundred and fifty men before these well-defended works.

At midnight Marmont commenced retiring,—and when day broke, his columns were in full march, and his rear-guard quitting its ground. The French set fire to the villages they had occupied, leaving behind them an exhausted country and an exasperated people. Nothing, indeed, could exceed the deadly hatred that actuated the peasantry against their oppressors, while the friendliest feelings were manifested towards the British, who were by every class regarded as deliverers. In Salamanca all was triumph and festivity. High mass was celebrated in the cathedral,* a grand dinner

* "The scene was grand and impressive, the spacious, noble building crowded to excess, and the ceremony performed with all the pomp and splendour of Catholic worship. The pealing organ never poured its tones over a more brilliant, varied, or chivalrous audience. To describe the variety of groups would be endless: the eye, wandering through the

given by the commander of the allies, and a ball by the Junta in the evening was attended by the noblesse of the city, and witnessed the beauty of Spain united to the chivalry of Britain.

Marmont retired by Tora and Tordesillas on the Douro, and the allies, following his line of march, bivouacked on the Guarena. The French marshal frequently made demonstrations as if he intended to make a stand; but aware that he should soon possess a numerical superiority over his able opponent, he only manœuvred to gain time, while leisurely falling back upon the line of the Douro, of which he possessed the whole command. This gave the French marshal an immense advantage over his antagonist. He held the bridges, and of course had the means of crossing when he pleased—while on the whole river from the mouth of the Pisuerga to Zamora, the ford of Castro Nuno, three leagues above Toro, was the only point by which an army could be passed over in the presence of an enemy.

If the French marshal had this admitted advantage on his side, in the possession of the line of the Douro, he had certainly other difficulties to embarrass him. The guerillas were in force on his flanks and in his rear, intercepting his convoys, and giving full occupation to a part of his corps that were required for a different service. These irregular bands were incessantly on the alert, crippling his resources, and cutting off stragglers and supplies. Sormel and Bombon were on his right; Julian Sanchez on the left; Porlier disturbed the country between him and the Asturias; and Mina and Duran infested Navarre and Aragon. No wonder that Marmont awaited Bonnet's junction, with a portion of the army of the north, with great anxiety. It was effected safely, and the

expanse of building, could seldom rest twice on objects of similarity. All the pomp of a great episcopal seat was displayed on the occasion. Contrasted with the sombre dresses of the numerous officiating clergy, the scarlet uniforms of the British were held in relief by the dark Spanish or Portuguese costume. The Spanish peasant, in all the simplicity and cleanliness of his dress, appeared by the mustached and fierce-looking guerilla; while the numerous mantillas and waving fans of the Spanish ladies attracted attention to the dark voluptuous beauties of Castile."—*Leith Hay.*

Duke of Ragusa was now numerically superior to his rival, the entire French *corps d'armée*, amounting to forty-seven thousand men.

This increase of strength, when united to other considerations, induced Wellington to decide on falling back towards the frontier of Portugal. His military chest was nearly exhausted—supplies must be exacted, after the iniquitous system of the French, or the army subjected to privations; and the very difficulty he must have found in removing his wounded to the frontier, in the event of a hostile collision, would have been quite sufficient to deter a cautious general, and one so particular in attention to his troops when disabled, from courting a battle on the banks of the Douro.

Marmont lost no time in concentrating between Toro and San Roman. He passed the river on the evening of the 16th, while Wellington moved the allies to Camzal and Fuente le Pena. This was, however, a feint on the French marshal's part. At night he recrossed the Douro, made a rapid movement on Tordesillas, passed the river there, and early on the 18th reached the Trebancos, after marching forty miles. This movement was well designed and ably executed. By it Marmont had placed himself in direct communication with the army of the Centre, then moving from the capital to his support—while an advance to Castrejon, endangered Anson's brigade of cavalry, and the fourth and light divisions.

As morning broke, the outlying pickets in front of Castrejon were alarmed by a distant firing, which momently became louder and more sustained. Presently Bock's brigade were observed retiring before the enemy's dragoons and light artillery. The British retreated by scattered squadrons, and thus avoided the certain loss that a cannonade would occasion cavalry retiring in dense masses. The infantry fell back in perfect order—and though severely pressed by the French divisions, threatened by the dragoons, and occasionally under a fire of forty guns, reached the Guarena with trifling loss.*

The bed of the river was nearly dry, but the troops found its scanty waters a luxury above price, after a ten miles' march

* Casualties of the allies on the 18th July, 1812:—Killed 95; wounded 393; missing 54; total 542.—*Wellington's Despatches.*

at times over vast corn-fields reaching above the knee, and under a vertical sun, whose heat was most oppressive. The retreat was resumed again, when the French cavalry galloped up a hill commanding the line of march, with the intention of holding the division in check, until the infantry could overtake and bring it to action. But the British had neared their reserves, and, tired of retreating, halted and shewed front. A French brigade accepted the challenge, and advanced instantly to the attack. The 27th and 40th regiments, led on by General Cole, threw in a close volley, cheered, and crossed bayonets; the enemy broke, the English cavalry galloped in — and a general (Carrier), one gun, and three hundred prisoners, were captured in the charge. The allied loss in the different affairs of the 18th amounted to five hundred *hors de combat.*

That night, the allied troops halted on the Guarena, their right extending beyond Canizal, and the left resting on Castrillo, while the French bivouacked on the opposite side of the valley. Fires blazed along the lines of either army, and the outposts lay so near each other "*that the fixed sentinels almost received the secret whispers of each other's watch.*"

The night passed without alarm—all remained quiet until the following day — when, at two o'clock, Marmont again marched by his left on Tanazora, endeavouring to turn the right of the allies. A counter movement was made by Lord Wellington, both armies marching in nearly parallel lines,— while an occasional cannonade, and an extensive conflagration of corn ready for the sickle, told, at an immense distance, that the game of war was going on.

It was generally believed that a battle on the plains of Valesa was inevitable; and the troops bivouacked in two lines, and before daybreak were under arms. But with the first light, Marmont was seen again extending by his left, and the allies moved consequently in a parallel direction. Either commander might provoke an action, but neither seemed inclined to risk one. The French marshal's design was very apparent. He kept the high ground, manœuvred to out-flank his opponent, and, should opportunity permit, attack him at advantage. His able antagonist, however, never gave the chance. The day passed in manœuvring, and that night the

French held Babila, Fuente, and Villamesa ; the allies, Cabesa and Aldea Lingua.

The 21st was also spent in flank marching, during which both commanders crossed the Tormes ; the French by the fords of Alba and Huerta, and the allies by Santa Martha and the bridge of Salamanca. The hostile armies bivouacked again that night, and such a night can scarcely be imagined.

The evening was calm and sultry—but the extreme verge of the horizon became heavily overcast, and persons conversant with "skyey influences" might have easily foretold a coming storm. It was now dusk—big drops began to fall, some of the brigades had already reached the ground marked out for their night positions, the guns were parked, and the horses of the cavalry picketed. Others were, however, only moving to their bivouacs ; and Pakenham's, the third division, being separated from the remainder of the army by the Tormes, had guarded against sudden attack by intrenching the commanding height it rested on. Suddenly a torrent fell—the wind rose and swept across the open hills with amazing violence—the thunder-clouds burst—and, by the glare of lightning, the sparkling arms of infantry masses were visible over the whole extent of the position, as the last brigades pressed through the tempest to occupy their ground. No shelter the allied army could obtain could have averted a summer shower—and all in a few minutes were drenched to the skin ; while the cavalry horses, scared by the lightning, broke from their picketings, and trampling upon their riders rushed madly to and fro, occasioning indescribable confusion. Many of the animals were recovered by the exertions of the dragoons, but numbers of the men were injured in the attempt, and thirty horses, having got within Marmont's lines, were secured by the French. The allied position had its right upon one of two hills called the Arapiles ; its left below the ford of Santa Martha ; while its cavalry held Calvarasa de Abaxo. Marmont occupied Calvarasa de Arriba and a contiguous hill, called Neustra Senora de la Pena.

Nothing could be more imposing than the parallel movements of the rival armies during the last three days. Far as the eye could range, masses, apparently interminable, pursued

their march with beautiful regularity—now displayed in brilliant sunshine as they swept over a contiguous height—now lost where an accidental dipping of the ground for a time concealed the column. Generally both armies abstained from hostile collision, by a sort of mutual consent; and excepting where the line of march brought the light troops into immediate proximity, or the occupation of a village produced a trifling fusilade, the grand movements of the rival hosts exhibited a "ceaseless march," the leading columns pressing forward toward the Tormes, and the rear hidden from view "by dust and distance."

The whole system of manœuvres, which marked the operations of the French marshal since Bonnet's division had joined him on the Douro, shewed clearly that he only waited for a fitting moment to attack. The French army were in high spirits; while in numerical force they were formidable indeed, numbering forty-five thousand men, of whom four thousand were cavalry. Other circumstances were favourable to the commencement of active aggression by the French. The communications with the capital were open—reinforcements constantly arriving—while a powerful accession of strength had approached the immediate neighbourhood of the scene of operations from the army of the North; a part of its cavalry and horse-artillery having already reached Pollos.

If Marmont was anxious to offer battle, the British general, for obvious reasons, was as willing to accept it. Aware of his opponent's abilities in tactics, and apprised of the fine *matériel* of the army he commanded, Lord Wellington was as confident in his own resources as in the indomitable courage of that soldiery which, under his leading, had been frequently assailed and never beaten. His own position was daily becoming more unsafe. For security, the stores deposited at Salamanca had been removed to the rear, consequently the maintenance of his army was endangered, as supplies from the depôts were tardily obtained. No difficulty, however, was experienced by the French in provisioning their army—every procurable necessary was exacted from the wretched inhabitants, who might curse, while they durst not oppose those who despoiled them of their property. Both commanders were

anxious to try the issue of a contest. Vanity, in the one, urged Marmont to offer battle upon ground favourable for the movements of a force superior in number and perfect in every arm. Prudence, in Lord Wellington, aimed at results only to be effected by a victory. No wonder, then, that with such dispositions a conflict was inevitable. The decree had gone forth—a fiery trial of skill and valour must ensue—and well did a fearful night harbinger "a bloody morrow."

BATTLE OF SALAMANCA.

Preliminary dispositions.—Marmont manœuvres to turn the right of the Allies.—A false movement is seized on by Wellington, who instantly attacks.—Opening, progress, and close of the battle of Salamanca.

The morning was cloudy and threatening, and the dawn was ushered in by a sharp fusilade, in the direction of Calvarasa de Arriba. The enemy's tirailleurs had occupied the heights of Senora de la Pena in considerable force,—and part of the seventh division, with the light cavalry of Victor Alten, were opposing their farther advance.

The British right was appuied upon the nearest of the Arapiles, and united itself with the extremity of a ridge, on which the divisions had taken their position on the preceding evening. Another hill, similarly named, rose from the plain at a distance of five hundred yards,—and as it commanded the right of the alignement, it was deemed advisable to possess it.

The French marshal, however, had entertained a similar design; and a wood favouring the unobserved advance of part of Bonnet's division, the summit was occupied by the French with their 122nd regiment, and a brigade of guns.

Meanwhile the enemy commenced extending to the left, in the rear of the Arapiles, and formed on the skirts of a wood. As the movement of the columns brought them within cannon range, General Leith advanced a battery to a height in front of his position, and it opened with considerable effect. The French, obliged to retire, brought up a brigade of artillery to check the British guns. Their diagonal fire silenced the British battery,—and it was necessary, without delay, to retire the guns, and withdraw a troop of the 16th light dragoons, which, for their protection, had been drawn up under shelter of the hill. This perilous evolution was executed with complete success,—the ravine was passed at speed,—and with little loss, the artillery and light cavalry regained the position.

The day wore on,—the late tempest apparently had cleared the atmosphere,—all was bright and unclouded sunshine,—and over a wide expanse of undulating landscape, nothing obscured the range of sight but dust from the arid roads, or wreathing smoke occasioned by the spattering fire of the light troops. Marmont was busily manœuvring—and Lord Wellington coolly noticing from a height the dispositions of his opponent, which as he correctly calculated would lead to a general engagement.

At noon, a combination of at least eight thousand men, moved from the rear of the Arapiles, and formed in front of the fifth division. Lord Wellington rode to the ground, and there found the division in perfect readiness for the anticipated attack. Perceiving at once that this movement was only a demonstration of the French marshal to mask his real designs, his lordship returned to the right, which was now the interesting point of the position.

Finding his feint upon the fifth division unsuccessful, Marmont put his columns into motion, and marching rapidly by his left, endeavoured to turn the right of the allies, and thus interpose between them and Ciudad Rodrigo. Under a heavy cannonade, his front and flank, covered by a cloud of skirmishers, and supported by a cavalry force that drove in the British dragoons and light troops, pressed forward to gain the Rodrigo road. But that hurried movement was badly executed by Marmont's generals of division. Their extension was made with careless haste,—the line consequently weakened —and this false manœuvre brought on the crisis of the day. The moment for action had come ; and Lord Wellington seized the opportunity and struck the blow.

At two o'clock, when the French commenced extending by their left, the allied army was thus disposed. On the right, the fifth division (Leith's) had moved behind the village of Arapiles, and had taken ground on the right of the fourth (Cole's) ; the sixth and seventh, under Generals Clinton and Hope, formed a reserve ; the third division (Pakenham's), D'Urban's cavalry, two squadrons of the 14th light dragoons, and a corps of Spanish infantry, were in position near Aldea Tejada. Bradford's brigade, with Le Marchant's heavy cavalry, were formed on the right, and in the rear of the fifth.

The light division (Barnard's) and the first (the Guards and Germans) were drawn up between the Arapiles and the Tormes in reserve. Cotton's cavalry were formed in the rear of the third and fifth divisions; an artillery reserve, posted behind the dragoons, and in the rear of all the Spaniards, under Don Carlos D'Espana, appeared in the extreme distance, but entirely out of fire.

Marmont had remarked, and rode forward to correct the irregularity of his flank movement, and personally direct the debouchement of his third and fourth divisions from the wood that had partially concealed them. At that moment, Lord Wellington was seated on the hill-side, eating his hurried meal, while an aide-de-camp in attendance watched the enemy's movements with a glass. The bustle then perceptible in the French line attracted his lordship's notice, and he quickly inquired the cause. "They are evidently in motion," was the reply.—"Indeed! what are they doing?"—"Extending rapidly to the left," was answered. Lord Wellington sprang upon his feet, and seized the telescope; then muttering that Marmont's good genius had deserted him, he mounted his horse, and issued the orders to attack.*

* "An error of one of their generals gave him the opportunity he desired, availing himself of which, he fell upon them like a thunderbolt; and the issue of the attack was as decided a rout upon the part of the French, as was, perhaps, ever experienced by any army. Their broken and discomfited masses, swept away before our victorious troops, were precipitated upon the Tormes, in crossing which many were drowned. Had it not been for the protection afforded them by the night immediately coming on—for it was four in the evening before the action commenced—few of them could have escaped. As it was, although prevented following up the victory to the full extent, the trophies of the day were two eagles, twelve pieces of cannon, and 10,000 prisoners.

"It has been said, how far with truth the editor is not aware, that the Duke of Wellington has been heard to express himself to this effect,—'that if required to particularize any of the battles in which he commanded for the purpose, that Salamanca is the one on which he would be best contented to rest his reputation as a general.' When we consider the infinite skill with which, during the previous operations, he outmanœuvred his opponents, rendering their superiority of numbers of no avail, the eagle-eyed sagacity that saw the error of the French commander, and the promptness and decision with which he turned it to his purpose, ending, as it did, in the total discomfiture and rout of the enemy, it is by no means improbable that such is his opinion, although it may never

All was instantly on the alert. The staff went off at speed to bring up the fifth and sixth divisions. The infantry stood to arms, primed and loaded, fixed bayonets, uncased the colours, and abandoning the defensive system, hitherto so admirably employed, prepared for an immediate attack.

Pakenham* commenced the action by advancing in four columns along the valley, assailing the left flank of the enemy, and driving it before him in great confusion. D'Urban's Portuguese dragoons, and Harvey's light cavalry (the 14th), protected the flank during the movement, and, when the French became disordered, charged boldly in and sabred the broken infantry. Nothing could be more brilliant than Pakenham's advance. A level plateau of nearly eight hundred yards was to be crossed before the assailants could reach the heights, whither Foy's division were marching hastily to occupy the ground. A heavy fire from the French guns was showered on the advancing columns, while the British batteries, under Captain Douglass, replied by a furious cannonade. Wallace's brigade—the 45th, 74th, and 88th—formed the first line, and moved forward in open column. The face of the height was covered with tirailleurs,† who kept up an incessant fusilade—

have been so openly expressed. On comparing it even with the most brilliant of his other victories, such, no doubt, will be the opinion of most military men.

"The allied loss in the battle of the 22nd, and previous operations, was nearly 6,000; the Spanish proportion being *two men killed and four wounded.*"—*Mackie.*

* "He (Lord Wellington) ordered Pakenham to move on with the third division, take the heights in his front, and drive every thing before him. 'I will, my lord, by God!' was the laconic reply."—*Robinson's Life of Picton.*

"His answer to Lord Wellington, when the latter ordered him to attack, was not 'I will, my lord, by God!' but, 'Yes, if you will give me a grasp of that conquering right hand.'"—*Napier.*

Those who knew Sir Edward will best decide between these versions of his answer. With chivalrous gallantry, Pakenham's modesty and gentleness of manner were proverbial. The curt and vapouring terms of his imaginary reply are in no keeping with his character—and Mr. Robinson, in common justice to his memory, should expunge them.

† "The two Irish officers who carried the colours of the 88th regiment, and who were immediately in the rear of the mounted officers, thought that the shot was intended for either of them. Lieutenant Moriarty, carrying the regimental colour, called out, 'That fellow is aiming at me!'

while grape and canister ploughed the ground, occasioning a heavy loss, and more particularly to the centre. They suffered, but they could not be checked;—not waiting to deploy, the companies brought forward their right shoulders in a run, forming line from open column without halting; while the wings of the brigade, having moved up the hill with less impediments than the centre, were more advanced, and the line thus assumed rather the figure of a crescent. All the mounted officers, regardless of a withering fusilade, were riding in front of the battalions, and the men following with their muskets at the rest. At last they reached the brow. Foy's division, beating the *pas de charge*, advanced, and threw in a murderous volley. Half the British front rank went down. Staggered by that deadly fire, the brigade recoiled a step or two, but, instantly recovering, the rear rank filled the places of the fallen. On it went with imposing steadiness, regardless of the irregular fusilade, for the French continued to pour in their fire with more rapidity than effect.

Foy's division, alarmed by this movement, became unsteady. The daring advance of an enemy, whom the concentrated fire of five thousand muskets could not arrest, was indeed astounding. All that brave men could do was done by the French officers. They strove to confirm the courage of their troops, and persuade them to withstand an assault that threatened their wavering ranks. The colonel of the 22nd *légère*, seizing a musket from a grenadier, rushed forward, and mortally wounded Major Murphy of the 88th. Speedily his death was avenged—a Ranger shot the Frenchman through the head, who tossing his arms wildly up, fell forward and expired. The brigade betrayed impatience; the 88th, excited to madness by the fall of a favourite officer, who passed dead along their front, as his charger galloped off with his rider's foot sticking in the stirrup, could scarcely be kept back. Pakenham marked the feeling, and ordered Wallace "to let them loose."

'I am devilish glad to hear you say so,' replied Lieutenant D'Arcy, who carried the King's, with great coolness,—'for I thought he had me covered." He was not much mistaken: the ball that killed Murphy, after passing through him, struck the staff of the flag carried by D'Arcy, and carried away the button, and part of the strap of his epaulet'c."—*Reminiscences of a Subaltern.*

The word was given—down came the bayonets to the charge—the pace quickened—a wild cheer, mingled with the Irish *slogan*, rent the skies—and unable to stand the shock, the French gave ground. The Rangers, and the supporting regiments, broke the dense mass of infantry, bayoneting all whom they could overtake—until, run to a regular stand-still, they halted to recover breath and stayed the slaughter.

Nor were the operations of the fifth division less marked and brilliant. For an hour they had been exposed to a heavy cannonade, sheltering occasionally on the ground from the shot and shells, which fell in showers upon the height they occupied, and ricochetted through their ranks. At last the order to advance was given. They moved in two lines, the first entirely British, the second composed of the Portuguese infantry of General Spry. Bradford's brigade, having united itself for the attack, formed on the right of the fifth.

In mounting the height where the French division was posted, the assailing columns were annoyed by a sharp discharge of artillery, and the fire of a swarm of sharpshooters, who in extended order occupied the face of the hill. The British light infantry pushed on to clear the line of march, and, if practicable, make a dash at the enemy's artillery. The tirailleurs were speedily driven back, the cannon removed from the crest of the height to the rear, and unimpeded, the division moved up the hill with a perfect regularity in its formation, and the imposing steadiness of men who marched to victory. "In the front of the centre of that beautiful line rode General Leith, directing its movements, and regulating its advance."

The enemy were preparing for the struggle. He retired his columns from the ridge, and formed continuous squares, fifty paces from the crest of the heights, which the assailants must crown previous to attacking. The artillery from the French rear cannonaded the advancing columns, but nothing could check the progressive movement of the British. "The men marched with the same orderly steadiness as at first; no advance in line at a review was ever more correctly executed; the dressing was admirable; and spaces were no sooner formed by casualties, than closed up with the most perfect regu-

larity, and without the slightest deviation from the order of march."*

When General Leith reached the summit of the hill, the enemy were observed formed in supporting squares, with their front rank kneeling. Their formation was complete—their fire reserved—and till the drum rolled, not a musket was discharged. Nearly at the same moment, the French squares and the British line delivered their volleys. A dense smoke hid all for a time from view. A loud and sustained cheer pealed from the English ranks: no shout of defiance answered it; while rushing forward, the British broke the squares, and pressing on with dauntless impetuosity, every attempt at opposition ceased, and what just now appeared a disciplined body, almost too formidable to be assailed, became a disorganized mass, flying at headlong speed from the fury of its conquerors. To increase the confusion, a portion of Foy's division crossed the *déroute*, and mingled with it—while the rush of advancing cavalry was heard, and that sound, so ominous to broken infantry, confirmed the panic.

Presently the heavy brigade—the 3rd and 4th dragoons, and 5th dragoon guards—galloped across the interval of ground, between the heights where the third division had made its flank attack, and the fifth its more direct one. Sweeping through a mob of half-armed fugitives, the brigade rode boldly at the three battalions of the French 66th, which had formed in six supporting lines to check the advance of the conquerors, and afford time for the broken divisions to have their organization restored. Heedless of its searching fire, the British dragoons penetrated and broke the columns; numbers of the French were sabred; while the remainder were driven back upon the third division and made prisoners. Still pressing on, another regiment, in close order, presented itself; this, too, was charged, broken, and cut down. Nothing arrested Le Marchant's victorious career until the ground became gradually obstructed with trees, embarrassing the movements of his cavalry, while it afforded a broken infantry ample time to rally, and engage horsemen at evident advantage.

* Leith Hay.

Although the regiments of the heavy brigade in the course of these brilliant charges had of necessity become intermixed, and their line crowded, without intervals between the squadrons, they still pushed forward without confusion to charge a brigade that had formed under cover of the trees. The French steadily awaited the attack—within twenty yards their reserved fire was thrown in, and on a concentrated body of horse and at this short distance, its effect was fatal. General Le Marchant was killed—Colonel Elley badly wounded—while one-third of the brigade were brought to the ground by that close and murderous volley. Still, those of the heavy dragoons who could keep their saddles, sustained nobly the reputation they had earned that day, and charging the French column home, penetrated and dispersed it. A furious *mêlée* succeeded—the scattered infantry fighting desperately to the last —while the long straight sword of the trooper proved in English hands irresistible.*

While the remnant of the cavalry brigade continued their

* "Capt. Brotherton, of the 14th dragoons, fighting on the 18th at Guarena, amongst the foremost, as he was always wont to do, had a sword thrust quite through his side; yet, on the 22nd, he was again on horseback, and being denied leave to remain in that condition with his own regiment, secretly joined Pack's Portuguese in an undress, and was again hurt in the unfortunate charge at the Arapiles. Such were the officers. A man of the 42rd, one by no means distinguished above his comrades, was shot through the middle of the thigh, and lost his shoes in passing the marshy stream; but, refusing to quit the fight, he limped under fire in rear of his regiment, and, with naked feet, and streaming of blood from his wound, he marched for several miles over a country covered with sharp stones! Such were the soldiers; and the devotion of a woman was not wanting to the illustration of this great day.

"The wife of Colonel Dalbiac, an English lady of a gentle disposition, and possessing a very delicate frame, had braved the dangers and endured the privations of two campaigns, with the patient fortitude which belongs only to her sex; and in this battle, forgetful of every thing but that strong affection which had so long supported her, she rode deep amidst the enemy's fire; trembling, yet irresistibly impelled forwards by feelings more imperious than horror, more piercing than the fear of death."—*Napier.*

* * * * * *

"At the sale of some deceased officer's effects at Salamanca, the man who officiated as auctioneer on one occasion, on producing a prayer-book as the next lot for competition, remarked, that "*he* must indeed be a brave man who purchased it, as that was the *fourth* time during a month he had submitted it for sale."

pursuit, a small battery of five guns was seen upon the left. Lord Edward Somerset instantly galloped down, charged, and brought them off. The brigade was then retired, after a continued succession of brilliant charges that had lasted nearly an hour.

Of course the loss sustained was great. From three splendid regiments that had ridden into action, at least one thousand strong, with difficulty three squadrons were formed in the evening—such being the number of men and horses rendered *hors de combat*, during its late scene of brilliant but dear-bought success.

With such decided advantages, the battle might have been considered gained, and the French defeat inevitable. But the splendid successes attendant on the third and fifth divisions, with Bradford's Portuguese brigade, and the light and heavy cavalry, were nearly counterbalanced by the total failure of Pack's attack on the Arapiles, and the repulse of Cole's division by that of Bonnet.

The 1st and 16th Portuguese advanced to carry the height; it was occupied by a French battalion, and protected by a battery of guns. A force of nearly two thousand men, led on in person by a "fighting general," should have wrested the hill from such inferior force, no matter how strong the ground might naturally have been. On this occasion, however, the attack proved totally unsuccessful—the Portuguese regiments recoiled from the fire—and their officers endeavoured to rally them in vain. The attack on the Arapiles was consequently abandoned, the French left in undisturbed possession, and, unassailed themselves, they turned their musketry and cannon upon the flank and rear of Cole's division, who, under the impression that Pack's assault must have succeeded, had fearlessly advanced across the plain, driving Bonnet's corps before it, with the promise of as glorious results as had attended the gallant operations of the third and fifth.

At that moment, even when the fourth division believed itself victorious, its position was most dangerous—its very existence more than doubtful. Bonnet perceiving Pack's failure, reformed his division, still numerically superior to his opponent's, advanced boldly against the fourth, and furiously attacked it—while from the crest of the Arapiles, the French

troops poured upon the now retreating columns a withering fire of grape and musketry. General Cole was carried off the field; Beresford, who had come to his relief, with a Portuguese brigade of the fifth, was also badly wounded. The British were falling fast; while the French heavy cavalry, under Boyer, moved rapidly to support Bonnet, who was momentarily gathering strength from the junction of the scattered soldiers who had escaped the slaughter of the fourth and seventh French divisions, already *dérouted* on the left.

Wellington marked the emergency, and ordered Clinton's division to advance. This fine and unbroken corps, numbering six thousand bayonets, pushed rapidly forward, confronted the victorious enemy, who, with loud cheers, were gaining ground on every point, as the hard-pressed fourth division was driven back by overwhelming numbers. Bonnet, determined to follow up his temporary success, met Clinton's division manfully, and for a time neither would give ground, and a close and furious conflict resulted. The ceaseless roll of musketry, and the thunder of fifty guns, told how furiously the battle-ground was disputed. Both fought desperately,—and though night was closing, the withered grass, blazing on the surface of the hill, threw an unearthly glare upon the combatants, and displayed the alternations that attended the "heady fight." But the British bayonet, at last, opened the path to victory. Such a desperate encounter could not endure—the French began to waver,—the sixth division cheered, pushed forward, gained ground,—while, no longer able to withstand an enemy who seemed determined to sweep every thing before it, the French retired in confusion, leaving the hard-contested field in undisputed possession of the island conquerors.

Darkness fell. The remains of Bonnet's division found shelter in the woods, or crossed the Tormes at the ford of Alba, which, from its natural strength, the Spaniards could have easily defended. The conflict, at different points, had raged six hours with unabated fury; and those of the divisions which had been engaged, exhausted with fatigue and suffering dreadfully from heat and thirst, rested on the battle-ground.

The guards, Germans, and light brigade, who had been in

reserve during the day, however, pushed forward in pursuit. Distant musketry was heard occasionally—gradually this spattering fire ceased—and the groans of dying men and wounded horses succeeded the headlong rush of cavalry, the thunder of a hundred guns, the shout of proud defiance, and, wilder still, the maddening cry of victory!

SALAMANCA.

Results of the battle.—Operations.—Surprise at Majalahonda.—Capture of the Retiro.—Occupation of Madrid.

Salamanca, whether considered with regard to its merits as a battle, or its results as a victory, probably stands foremost among the Peninsular contests—and many and peculiar traits distinguish it from every previous encounter. It was coolly and advisedly fought, by commanders confident in themselves, satisfied with the strength and *matériel* of their armies, jealous of each other's reputation, and stimulated, by every longing after military glory, to exhaust the resources of their genius and experience to secure a successful issue. Nothing could surpass Marmont's beautiful manœuvring for consecutive days while moving round the British flank, except the countervailing rapidity with which his talented opponent defeated every effort to outflank him, and held the marshal constantly in check. At two on the 22nd, the French marshal threatened an attack; at four, he was himself the assailed—and the same mistake that lost Marengo, involved ruin and defeat at Salamanca. One false movement, that might have been easily corrected before a slower leader could see and seize the momentary advantage, brought on a crisis that clouded the French destinies in Spain, by removing the delusory belief that their arms should eventually prove invincible.

A conflict, close and desperate like that of Salamanca, conferred a sanguinary victory, while it involved a still bloodier defeat. The allied loss, in killed and wounded, exceeded five thousand men, and this, of course, fell chiefly on the British. The Portuguese, comparatively, suffered little—and the Spaniards, being entirely non-combatant, had very few casualties to record.* The only post intrusted—and that most

* "The soldiers endured much during the first two or three days after the battle, and the inferior officers' sufferings were still more heavy and protracted. They had no money, and many sold their horses and other

unhappily—to their charge, was the castle of Alba; and this was abandoned without a shot, leaving Clausel a safe retreat, while its vigorous occupation must have involved his total ruin.

The French loss was never correctly ascertained. Two eagles, eleven pieces of cannon, seven thousand prisoners, and as many dead soldiers left upon the field, were the admitted trophies of British victory. Among the commanding officers of both armies, the casualties were immense: of the British, Le Marchant was killed; Beresford, Cole, Leith, Cotton, and Alten wounded. The French were equally unfortunate —the generals of brigade, Thomières, Ferrey, and Desgraviers were killed; Marmont, early in the day, mutilated by a howitzer shell;* Bonnet severely, and Clausel slightly wounded.

The light division, when morning dawned, continued its advance, crossing the Tormes at Huerta; while the heavy Germans, under Bock, overtook the French rear-guard in position on the heights of La Serna, protected by some squadrons of hussars. These were dispersed by a charge of the 11th and 16th—while the heavy brigade rode directly at the squares, and broke them by a furious onset. Numbers were cut down—others saved themselves by throwing away

property to sustain life; some actually died of want; and though Wellington, hearing of this, gave orders that they should be supplied from the purveyor's stores in the same manner as the soldiers, the relief came too late."

Casualties:—

	British.	Portuguese.	Spanish.
Killed	694	304	2
Wounded	4270	1552	4
Missing	256	182	0
Total	5220	2038	6
Grand total			7264.

* It broke his right arm (subsequently amputated), wounded him in the side, and obliged him to be carried from the field in a litter, by relays of grenadiers, as any rougher method of conveyance was intolerable. After the marshal was removed, Clausel supplied his place with high credit to himself, both during the engagement, and in the retreat on Valladolid.

their arms, hiding in the woods, and afterwards joining the retreating columns. In this spirited affair nearly one thousand prisoners fell into the hands of the victors.

As a cavalry exploit, that of La Serna has rarely been equalled, and never, in its brilliant results, surpassed. Bock's casualties were comparatively trifling, amounting in killed and wounded only to some seventy or eighty men.

Clausel, who commanded *en chef* after Marmont was disabled, retreated with great rapidity. Viewed from the summit of La Serna, the French exhibited a countless mass of all arms, confusedly intermingled. While the range permitted it, the horse-artillery annoyed them with round-shot—but, by rapid marching, they gradually disappeared — while, opportunely, a strong corps of cavalry and a brigade of guns joined from the army of the North, and covered the retreat until they fell back upon their reserves.

Although Salamanca was in every respect a decisive battle, how much more fatal must it not have proved, had darkness not shut in, and robbed the conquerors of half the fruits of victory? The total demolition of the French left was effected by six o'clock, and why should the right attack have not been equally successful? Had such been the case, in what a hopeless situation the broken army must have found itself! The Tormes behind, a reserve of three entire divisions, who during the contest had scarcely drawn a trigger, ready to assail in front—nothing could have averted total ruin; and to the French, Salamanca would have proved the bloodiest field on record. One great error stripped victory of its results. Either the small force by which the Arapiles was defended had been undervalued, or incompetent means employed by Lord Wellington to carry it. Unfortunately a Portuguese brigade had been intrusted with that service. They were admirably led on—conquest was on the wing around them—everywhere the advance of the British was triumphant—their numerical force was five times greater than that of the defenders of the height —but the attack was feebly made, and, on the show of a determined resistance, as quickly abandoned. This unexpected reverse induced Bonnet's corps to rally—and by it, the fourth division was suddenly and unexpectedly assailed. A plunging fire from the Arapiles fell upon their flank and rear—the

tide of battle turned—the fourth gave ground—and, as yet untamed by British steel, the enemy cheered loudly and rushed on—and had not Clinton's division been promptly carried into action, it is hard to conjecture what serious results might not have arisen from this singular repulse. Finally, the battle was restored and won—but an immense waste of blood and time supervened—and while the protracted struggle entailed on the victors a desperate loss, it secured the vanquished from total ruin. Favoured by the darkness, Marmont's routed columns removed themselves from the field, while guns and trophies* were secured by the retiring army, that, with one hour's light, must have fallen into the hands of the conquerors.†

* Mr. Southey, alluding to the eagles taken at Salamanca, gravely observes: "It is said that more than *ten* were captured, but that there were men base enough to conceal them, and sell them to persons in Salamanca, who deemed it good policy, as well as a profitable speculation, to purchase them for the French."

Nothing can exceed the absurdity of this statement. The capture of so many trophies could not have been achieved without a correspondent notoriety—and those who were fortunate enough to win them, knew that the gallant deed would secure both honours and promotion. Is it probable, that the daring spirit who rushed into the deadly *mêlée* and seized the proud emblem of victory, would barter it, when won, for a paltry consideration? It is indeed a sweeping slander on British soldiers, to insinuate that out of *ten* brave and devoted men—for brave and devoted they must have been to do that deed—eight were the sordid wretches which Dr. Southey has depicted them.

† The following passages are extracted from two letters addressed by Lord Wellington to Earl Bathurst and Sir Thomas Graham, dated from Flores de Avila on the 24th and 25th of July, 1812. The light and playful manner in which he alludes to the glorious victory just achieved is extremely characteristic of "the great Captain."

"I hope that you will be pleased with our battle, of which the despatch contains as accurate an account as I can give you. There was no mistake; every thing went on as it ought; and there never was an army so beaten in so short a time. If we had had another hour or two of daylight, not a man would have passed the Tormes; and, as it was, they would all have been taken if ——— had left the garrison in Alba de Tormes, as I wished and desired; or having taken it away, as I believe, before he was aware of my wishes, he had informed me that it was not there. If he had, I should have marched in the night upon Alba, where I should have caught them all, instead of upon the fords of the Tormes."

* * * * * *

"I took up the ground which you were to have taken during the siege

Still, and with all these mischances, Salamanca was a great and influential victory. Accidental circumstances permitted Clausel to withdraw a beaten army from the field, and a fortunate junction of those arms, which alone could cover his retreat, enabled him, with little loss, to outmarch his pursuers, preserve his communications, and fall back upon his reserves. But at Salamanca the delusory notion of French superiority was destroyed. The enemy discovered that they must measure strength with opponents in every point their equals. The confidence of wavering allies was confirmed; while the

of Salamanca, only the left was thrown back on the heights; it being unnecessary, under the circumstances, to cover the ford of Saint Martha. We had a race for the large Arapiles, which is the more distant of the two detached heights which you will recollect on the right of your position: this race the French won, and they were too strong to be dislodged without a general action. I knew that the French were to be joined by the cavalry of the army of the North on the 22nd or 23rd, and that the army of the Centre was likely to be in motion. Marmont ought to have given me a *pont d'or*, and he would have made a handsome operation of it. But, instead of that, after manœuvring all the morning in the usual French style, nobody knew with what object, he at last pressed upon my right in such a manner, at the same time without engaging, that he would have either carried our Arapiles, or he would have confined us entirely to our position. This was not to be endured, and we fell upon him, turning his left flank; and I never saw an army receive such a beating. I had desired the Spaniards to continue to occupy the castle of Alba de Tormes; ——— had evacuated it, I believe, before he knew my wishes; and he was afraid to let me know that he had done so; and I did not know it till I found no enemy at the fords of the Tormes. When I lost sight of them in the dark, I marched upon Huerta and Encinas, and they went by Alba. If I had known there had been no garrison in Alba, I should have marched there, and should probably have had the whole. Marmont, Clausel, Foy, Ferrey, and Bonnet, are wounded badly. Ferrey, it is supposed, will die. Thomières is killed—many generals of brigade killed or wounded. I need not express how much I regret the disorder in your eyes since this action. I am in great hopes that our loss has not been great. In two divisions, the third and fifth, it is about twelve hundred men, including Portuguese. There are more in the fourth and sixth; but there are many men who left the ranks with wounded officers and soldiers, who are eating and drinking, and engaged in *regocijos* with the inhabitants of Salamanca; I have sent, however, to have them all turned out of the town. I hope that you receive benefit from the advice of the oculists in London.

"Believe me, &c.

"WELLINGTON."

"Lieut.-Gen. Sir T. Graham K. B."

evacuation of Madrid, the abandonment of the siege of Cadiz, the deliverance of Andalusia and Castile from military occupation, and the impossibility of reinforcing Napoleon during his northern campaign, by sparing any troops from the corps in the Peninsula*—all these great results were among the important consequences that arose from Marmont's defeat upon the Tormes.

The joy evinced by the inhabitants of Salamanca at the total discomfiture of their French oppressors, was only equalled by the despair with which the regressive movement of Lord Wellington from the line of the Agueda had previously been witnessed. From all the high grounds about the city, the changes of the fight had been watched with painful anxiety; and when the struggle ended and the day was won, mules and cars loaded with refreshments were despatched from Salamanca to the field of battle, where they arrived before break of day. Hospitals were prepared for the reception of the wounded, and every exertion employed to assuage the sufferings of their gallant allies. High mass was celebrated in the cathedral, and a wild display of popular exultation was everywhere visible in the streets. All had assumed the appearance of a carnival; and the guitar and castanet were heard at midnight in the same square that, a short period before, had started at "the beat to arms."

Lord Wellington, who had been present while mass was celebrated for his victory,† without delay commenced his march southward, and moved as rapidly as he could, in the vain hope of overtaking the enemy's rear-guard. Clausel, intending to join the army of the North, fell back on Arivalo; but Joseph Buonaparte, on learning Marmont's defeat, had

* "Napoleon had notice of Marmont's defeat as early as the 2nd of September, a week before the great battle of Borodino. The news was carried by Colonel Fabvier, who made the journey from Valladolid in one course, and having fought on the 22nd of July at the Arapiles, was wounded on the heights of Moskowa on the 7th of September!"—*Napier*.

† "I was much struck with the simplicity of the Duke of Wellington's attire, who wore a light grey pelisse coat, single-breasted, without a sash, and white neck-handkerchief, with his sword buckled round his waist, underneath the coat, the hilt merely protruding, with a cocked hat under his arm. He stood with his face towards the altar during the prayer offered up for the success of our arms."—*Leith Hay*.

retreated himself—and thus Clausel was obliged to change his line for that of the Camino Real, in order to cross the Duero at Tudela. There, too, he failed in effecting his expected junction with the troops that had garrisoned Madrid; and, abandoning his hospitals at Valladolid, he fell back at once on Burgos.

The British advance was unopposed. Everywhere the conquerors were received with *vivas;* while fruit, wine, and all the refreshments they could command, were liberally supplied them by the Spanish peasantry. At Valladolid, all hope of coming up with Clausel ended; and Lord Wellington halted on the 30th of July, to enable the rear to close up. Then turning at once, he quitted his previous route, and took the road to the capital.

Nothing impeded the victor's march as he moved direct on Madrid. On the 6th of August, Wellington halted at Cuellar, leaving Clinton's division there, with the regiments that had suffered on the 21st most severely, to observe any movement that Marmont's corps might make. Next morning he moved upon the capital, while Hill's division marched on Zafra.

Nothing checked Lord Wellington's movement on Madrid. On the 7th of August, he reached Segovia; and on the 9th, San Ildefonso,* the magnificent summer residence of the

* Segovia, a celebrated town of Old Castile, where are many remains of Moorish and Roman antiquity. Among the former is the Alcazar, once the palace of the Moorish kings, and afterwards of Ferdinand and Isabella, but which since their days has been used as a state prison. This building stands on a rock, rising some hundred feet above the river, which winds round nearly three-fourths of its base, and is cut off from the town on the remaining portion by a deep ditch and defences. The aqueduct, said to have been built by Trajan, is to be seen at different points between the town and Ildefonso, where the water is obtained; but the most remarkable feature of this structure is the portion in the suburb of the town, consisting of two rows of arches one above the other, nearly two hundred in number, the whole being formed of large blocks of stone, fitted into and supporting each other without cement, having thus withstood the ravages of time for eighteen centuries.

San Ildefonso is a village fifty miles north of Madrid. Here is situated the palace of La Granja, a favourite summer residence of the royal family. The building and gardens, with the numerous *jets d'eau*, were formed after the model of the palace and gardens of Versailles, by the Bourbon dynasty on their accession to the throne of Spain. The palace is situate at the bottom of the Sierra Nevada, an attached ridge of the

Spanish monarchs. There he halted to allow his right to come up; and among the exquisite groves and gardens that had formed a favourite retreat to a kingly race for centuries, the conquerors of Salamanca rested. On the 11th the march was resumed; and as the passes of the Guadarama were undefended, the allies entered New Castile without any opposition, and halted within a march of Madrid.

After a careful *reconnaissance* in company with his lieutenant, Marshal Jourdan, Joseph Buonaparte declared that the capital was untenable, and retreated on Aranguez, after leaving a garrison in the Retiro.*

On the evening of the 11th, the army of Lord Wellington was comfortably bivouacked three miles in the rear of Majalahonda. The Portuguese cavalry, under D'Urban, forming the advanced guard, were pushed forward a mile beyond the village, in which two regiments of German dragoons, and Macdonald's brigade of horse artillery, were posted to support them. Some trifling skirmishing had taken place during the day, between the Portuguese cavalry and the French lancers,

Guaderama, in a recess on the north side of the mountain, which rises to a considerable height, covered with trees to its summit, and to the east and west; thus sheltering it at all times from the scorching heats of summer. The front of the building looks to the gardens, which rise before it, till they terminate in the craggy, pine-covered summit, adding much to the picturesque beauty of this delightful residence. The whole presents a scene, certainly, much more calculated to remind the beholder of the verdure and freshness of a more northern clime than of the burning fields and sultry sun of Spain.

* "From our bivouac in the woods of Ildefonso, at daybreak on the 10th of August, we began to ascend the mountain; the road winding among stately pines and rugged precipices, at every point presenting behind us a prospect in every way worthy to arrest the attention. From the summit we commanded a boundless view of the country we had lately traversed, interesting from being the scene of our past toils and victories; while in our front lay one not less so from its novelty, from the many striking objects that presented themselves to the eye; but, above all, awaking feelings the most intensely interesting, from our near approach upon the capital of Spain, a flying and dispirited enemy in our front. With exhilarated spirits we descended the wooded skirts of the mountain, the palace of the Escurial to our right, while more distant lay Madrid, with its hundred globe-topped spires, the indications of former Moorish sway. Encamping in the neighbourhood upon the 12th, we moved into the city the following day."—*Mackie.*

who formed part of Joseph's Buonaparte's escort, but it led to no serious result. No hostile movement was apprehended—all foretold a quiet night—when suddenly the horse-artillery opened in front of the village, and announced that the outposts were attacked. In a few minutes it was ascertained that the Portuguese dragoons had given way—and indeed, their flight was most disgraceful; they rode off at speed, without crossing a sabre, leaving their brave supporters, the horse-artillery, surrounded by the enemy. Nor was theirs a momentary panic—the fugitives dashed through the village of Majalahonda, without an attempt to rally—while many of the startled horsemen there were cut down before they could reach their saddles, and their colonel was killed in the act of dressing.* But still, though surprised, the Germans maintained their well-won reputation; these gallant troopers charged as they best could; and in small bodies, sword in hand, met, checked, and at last fairly drove back the lancers. The cowardice of the Portuguese on this occasion was indefensible—they had scarcely a casualty to shew—while, of the brave men who fought so gallantly, half-armed and surprised, two hundred were put *hors de combat*, one hundred and twenty horses carried off, and three guns taken. The cannon were recovered—but, to use the words of an amusing writer, whose military descriptions are lively and characteristic†—"it was one of the most disgraceful and unlooked-for events that had taken place during the campaign. To be beaten at any time was bad enough; but to be beaten by a handful of lancers on the eve of our entering Madrid, almost in view of the city, was worse than all."

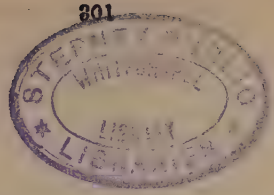
* "We had a devil of an affair on the evening of the 11th. The French, two thousand cavalry, moved upon the Portuguese cavalry; D'Urban ordered them to charge the advanced squadrons, which charge they did not execute as they ought, and they ran off, leaving our guns (Captain M'Donald's troop). They ran in upon the German cavalry, half a mile or more in their rear, where they were brought up; but they would not charge upon the left of the Germans. These charged and stopped the enemy; but Colonel de Jonquiers was taken, and we have lost a good many of these fine fellows. There are twenty killed, and about as many wounded and prisoners. We likewise lost three guns of M'Donald's troop in the Portuguese flight, but the French left them behind."—*Wellington's Despatches.*

† Mr. Grattan, author of "Reminiscences of a Subaltern."

Next day, Wellington entered the capital, amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of such of the inhabitants as remained. The Retiro was immediately invested—and after a show of resistance, surrendered on the morning of the 14th.* Besides two thousand prisoners, one hundred and ninety pieces of cannon, nine hundred barrels of powder, twenty thousand stand of arms, two millions of musket cartridges, and the eagles of the 13th and 51st regiments, fell into the hands of the victors. A large supply of cables and cordage was fortunately discovered in the Casa del Campo; and with these materials the broken arch of the bridge at Alcantara was repaired by the Royal Staff corps.

The occupation of Madrid carried out the effects produced by the victory of Salamanca. French domination received a death-blow—and the power of Napoleon a shock from which it never afterwards recovered.

* "We invested the place completely on the evening of the 13th; and in the night, detachments of the seventh division of infantry, under the command of Major-General Hope, and of the third division of infantry, under the command of Major-General the Hon. E. Pakenham, drove in the enemy's posts from the Prado and the Botanical Garden, and the works which they had constructed outside of the park-wall; and having broken through the wall in different places, they were established in the palace of the Retiro, and close to the line of the enemy's works inclosing the building called La China. The troops were preparing in the morning to attack these works, preparatory to the arrangements to be adopted for the attack of the interior line and building, when the governor sent out an officer to desire to capitulate, and I granted him the honours of war."—*Wellington to Lord Bathurst, Madrid, Aug. 15th,* 1812.



CAPTURE OF MADRID.

Reasons for abandoning Madrid.—Clausel driven back.—Siege of Burgos commenced.—Horn-work of San Michael stormed.—Second assault fails.—Continuation of the siege.—First line carried by assault.—French sally successful.—Fourth assault fails.—Siege raised.

THE occupation of Madrid was among the most brilliant epochs of Peninsular history, and, from circumstances, it was also among the briefest. The conquest of the capital was certainly a splendid exploit. It told that Wellington held a position and possessed a power that in England many doubted and more denied; and those, whose evil auguries had predicted a retreat upon the shipping, and finally an abandonment of the country, were astounded to find the allied leader victorious in the centre of Seville, and dating his general orders from the palace of the Spanish kings. The desertion of his capital by the usurper, proclaimed the extent of Wellington's success; and proved that his victories were not, as had been falsely asserted at home, "conquests only in name."

Without entering into military history too extensively, it will be necessary to observe, that on many expected events which should have strengthened his means, and weakened those of his opponents, Lord Wellington was miserably disappointed. Maitland's diversion on Catalonia had proved a failure. Ballasteros exhibited the impotent assumption of free action, and refused obedience to the orders of the British general—and Hill was therefore obliged to leave Estremadura, to cover the three roads to Madrid. The Cortes, instead of straining their energies to meet the exigencies of the moment, wasted time in framing new constitutions, and in desultory and idle debates,—while Wellington, removed from his sup-

plies—his military chest totally exhausted,* and his communications menaced, was imperatively obliged to open others, and secure assistance from the only place on which reliance could be reposed—the mother country.

It was, indeed, full time to move. The Spanish army were driven from Gallicia, and Clausel threatened to interrupt the communications of the allies with Portugal. Lord Wellington, therefore, decided on marching against the army he had beaten at Salamanca; and leaving Hill's division to cover the capital, he left Madrid on the 1st of September, and crossing the Douro on the 6th, moved on Burgos by Valencia.

That night Clausel abandoned Valladolid, and after crossing the Pisuerga, destroyed the bridge of Berecal. Anxious to unite with Castanos, Wellington waited for the Gallician army to come up—while Clausel leisurely retreated through the valleys of Arlanzan and Pisuerga, as remarkable for beauty and fertility, as for the endless succession of strong posts which they afforded to a retiring army.

Clausel, after an able retreat, took a position at Cellada del Camino—and to cover Burgos, offered battle to the allied commander. The challenge was promptly accepted; but the French general, discovering that a junction of twelve thousand Spaniards had strongly reinforced his antagonist, prudently declined a combat, retired, and united his own to Souham's corps, which numbered above eight thousand men. This reserve had been organized by Napoleon's special orders—and was intended to remedy any discomfiture which might befall Marmont in the event of his being defeated by the allies.

The British entered the city of Burgos, from which the French had previously retired, after garrisoning the castle with two thousand five hundred men, under the command of

* "I likewise request your lordship not to forget horses for the cavalry and the artillery, and money. *We are absolutely bankrupt.* The troops are now five months in arrears, instead of being one month in advance. The staff have not been paid since February; the muleteers not since June, 1811; and we are in debt in all parts of the country. I am obliged to take the money sent to me by my brother for the Spaniards, in order to give my own troops a fortnight's pay, who are really suffering for want of money."

General Dubreton. Twelve thousand allied troops, comprising the first and sixth British divisions, with two Portuguese brigades, sat down before the place; while the remainder of Lord Wellington's army, amounting to twenty five thousand effective troops, formed the covering army of the siege.

The castle of Burgos was a weak fortress, on which French ingenuity had done wonders in rendering it defensible at all. It stood on a bold and rocky height, and was surrounded by three distinct lines, each placed within the other, and variously defended. The lower and exterior line consisted of the ancient wall that embraced the bottom of the hill, and which Caffarelli had strengthened by the addition of a modern parapet, with salient* and re-entering flanks. The second was a field retrenchment, strongly palisaded. The third, a work of like construction, having two elevated points, on one of which the ancient keep of the castle stood, and on the other, a well-intrenched building called the White Church; and that being the most commanding point, it was provided with a casemated work, and named in honour of Napoleon. This battery domineered all around, excepting on its northern face, where the hill of St. Michael rising nearly to a level with the fortress, was defended by an extensive hornwork,† having a sloping scarp and counterscarp, the former twenty-five feet in height, the latter, ten. Although in an unfinished state, and merely palisaded, it was under the fire of the castle and the Napoleon battery. The guns, already mounted, comprised nine heavy cannon, eleven field-pieces, and six mortars and howitzers; and, as the reserve artillery and stores of the army of Portugal were deposited in the castle of Burgos, General Dubreton had the power of increasing his armament to any extent he thought fit.

Two days passed before the allies could cross the river. On the 19th the passage was effected, and the French outposts on St. Michael were driven in. That night, the hornwork itself was carried after a sanguinary assault—the British losing

* In fortification, the *salient* angle is that which turns from the centre of a place; while the *re-entering* points directly towards it.

† *A horn-work* is a work having a front and two branches. The front comprises a curtain and two half-bastions. It is smaller than a *crown-work*, and generally employed for effecting similar purposes.

in this short and murderous affair upwards of four hundred men.

From the hill—now in possession of the allies—it was decided that the future operations should be carried on, and the engineers arranged that each line in succession should be taken by assault. The place, on a close examination, was ascertained to be in no respect formidable; but the means to effect its reduction, by comparison, were feebler still. Nothing, indeed, could be less efficient—three long 18-pounders, and five 24-pound howitzers, formed the entire siege artillery that Lord Wellington could obtain.

The head-quarters were fixed at Villa Toro. The engineering department intrusted to Colonel Burgoyne, and the charge of the artillery to colonels Robe and Dickson.

The second assault, that upon the exterior wall, was made on the night of the 22nd by escalade. Major Laurie of the 79th, with detachments from the different regiments before the place, formed the storming party. The Portuguese, who led the attack, were quickly repulsed—and though the British entered the ditch, they never could mount a ladder. Those who attempted it were bayoneted from above—while shells, combustibles, and cold shot were hurled on the assailants, who, after a most determined effort for a quarter of an hour, were driven from the ditch, leaving their leader, and half the number who composed the storming party, killed and wounded.*

After this disastrous failure, an unsuccessful attempt to breach the wall was tried—in effecting which, of the few guns in battery, two were totally disabled by the commanding fire of the castle—and the engineers resorted, from sheer necessity, to sap and mine. The former, from the plunging fire kept up from the enemy's defences, and which occasioned a fearful loss, was speedily abandoned; but the latter was carried vigorously on—and the outward wall mined, charged,† and on the 29th, exploded.

At twelve o'clock at night the hose was fired—the storming

* The eventual success of the French has been ascribed, it is hard to say with what truth, to their finding on the person of a dead officer a full detail of the siege operations, as arranged by the British engineers.

† The mine was loaded with a thousand pounds of powder, and, for fifteen feet, tamped with bags of clay.

party having previously formed in a hollow way some fifty paces from the gallery. When the mine was sprung, a portion of the wall came down, and a sergeant and four privates, who formed the forlorn hope, rushed through the smoke, mounted the ruins, and bravely crowned the breach. But in the darkness, which was intense, the storming party and their supporting companies, missed their way—and the French recovering from their surprise, rushed to the breach, and drove the few brave men who held it back to the trenches. The attack, consequently, failed, and from a scarcity of shot no fire could be turned on the ruins. Dubreton availed himself of this accidental advantage—and by daylight, the breach was rendered impracticable again.

Still determined to gain the place, Lord Wellington continued operations, although twelve days had elapsed since he had sat down before it. A singular despondency, particularly among the Portuguese, had arisen from those two failures; while insubordination was creeping into the British regiments, which produced a relaxed discipline that could not be overlooked, and which, in general orders, was consequently strongly censured.

The siege continued; and, on the 4th of October, a battery opened from Saint Michael's against the old breach, while the engineers announced that a powerful mine was prepared for springing. At five o'clock that evening, the fusee was fired. The effect was grand and destructive—one hundred feet of the wall was entirely demolished, and a number of the French, who happened to be near it, were annihilated by the explosion. The 24th regiment, already in readiness to storm, instantly rushed forward, and both breaches were carried, but, unfortunately, with heavy loss.

A lodgment was immediately effected—and preparations made for breaching the second line of defence where it joined the first.

On the 5th, early in the evening, the French sallied with three hundred men. The attack was too successful—one hundred and fifty of the guard and working party were killed or wounded—the gabions overturned—the works at the lodgment injured—and the intrenching tools carried off.

That night, however, the damage was repaired—the sap

was rapidly carried forward—and at last, the British had got so close to the wall, that their own howitzers ceased firing, lest the workmen should be endangered by their shot. The guns on Saint Michael's battery had also breached with good effect, and fifty feet of the parapet of the second line was completely laid in ruins. But, in effecting these successes, a heavy loss was inflicted on the besiegers—and of their originally small means for carrying on a siege, the few pieces of artillery they possessed at first, were now reduced to one serviceable gun.

The weather had also changed, and rain fell in quantities and filled the trenches. A spirit of discontent and indifference pervaded the army. The labour was unwillingly performed—the guards loosely kept—and Dubreton again sallied furiously, drove off the working party, destroyed the new parallel, carried away the tools, and occasioned a loss of more than two hundred men. Among the killed, none was lamented more than Colonel Cocks, who having obtained promotion most deservedly for previous gallantry, died at the head of his men, while rallying the fugitives and repelling the sally.

Three assaults had failed—but still the allied commander did not quit the place in despair. Preparations for another attempt were continued—and the exertions of the engineers, of whom one-half had fallen, were redoubled. Heated shot was tried against the White Church unsuccessfully; while that of San Roman was marked as the more vulnerable point, and a gallery commenced against it.

On the 17th, the great breach was again exposed by the fire of the British guns, and the ramparts on either side extensively damaged. A mine beneath the lower parallel was successfully exploded, and a lodgment effected in a cavalier,* from whence the French had kept up a destructive fire on the trenches. It was held but for a short time, as the enemy came down in force, and drove the besiegers from it. On the 18th, the breach was reported practicable, and an assault decided on—the signal arranged being the springing of the mine beneath the church of San Roman. That building was also to be assailed, while the old breach was to be attempted

* *A Cavalier* is a work in the body of a place, domineering the others by ten or twelve feet.

by escalade—and thus, and at the same moment, three distinct attacks would occupy the enemy's attention.

At half-past four the explosion of the mine gave the signal. A countermine was immediately sprung by the French, and between both, the church was partially destroyed, and Colonel Browne, with some Portuguese and Spanish troops, seized upon the ruined building. The Guards, who had volunteered a detachment, rushed through the old breach, escaladed the second line, and, in front of the third, encountered the French in considerable force—while two hundred of the German Legion, under Major Wurmb, carried the new breach, pushing up the hill, and fairly gaining the third line of the defences. Unfortunately, however, these daring and successful efforts were not supported with the promptness that was needed. The French reserves were instantly advanced—they came on in overwhelming force—cleared the breaches of the assailants—and drove them beyond the outer line, with the loss of two hundred officers and men.

San Roman was taken the following night by the French, and recovered again by the British. But with this affair the siege virtually terminated—and Lord Wellington, by an imperious necessity, was obliged to retire from a place of scarcely third-rate character, after four attacks by assault, and a loss of two thousand men.

In war, the bravest and the most prudent measures are frequently marred or made by fortune. Lord Wellington, with very insufficient means, attempted the reduction of Burgos; and although skill and gallantry were displayed in every essay, obstacles arose which checked the most daring efforts; and all that science and determination could effect, were vainly tried to overcome difficulties physically insurmountable. Had Wellington possessed the requisite *matériel* for the conduct of a siege, Burgos must have been taken in a week.*

* "In all the former sieges, almost every misfortune during their progress has been readily traced, next to the smallness of the means with which they were undertaken, to the defective state of the siege establishments of the army, which were seldom equal to draw the full benefit from even the small supplies that were brought up. But on this occasion even such as those did not exist: there was not the semblance of an establishment of that nature; not even a half-instructed miner, or half-instructed

But let justice be done to its defenders. Much was expected from them—and assuredly, the governor and garrison of the castle of Burgos realized the high reliance placed upon their skill and heroism by their countrymen.

On the 18th, the British corps united. On the 20th some trifling affairs occurred between the outposts—and on the 21st the siege of Burgos was regularly raised, and Lord Wellington issued orders for retiring from before the place.

sapper—barely an artificer—hence the deviations from the original project, and the delay in the execution of such parts of it as were followed, which, combined with accident, served to render the project unavailing." —*Journal of the Sieges.*

RETREAT FROM BURGOS.

Retreat commences.—Affair at Harmoza.—The Carrion passed.—Excesses at Torquemada.—Affairs of the Pisuerga and Villa Muriel.—Retreat.—Affair at Huebra.—A British division endangered.—Irregularities of the army produce a strong official rebuke.—Lord Wellington's honours increased.—Army goes into cantonments for the winter.

A RETREAT was unavoidable; and, to be successful, it must be rapid. Two roads were open; and by either Lord Wellington might fall back. The longer of the two was by the bridge of Villaton—and by taking it the allies would be safe from present interruption. The other crossed the river of Arlanzan at Burgos—and by following that the retreat would be shortened by a day's march—but to gain that road, the army must defile directly beneath the guns of the castle.

By this latter route, however, Wellington determined to retire—and the strictest secrecy was observed, while all was prepared for a night-march. When darkness had shrouded the besiegers and the besieged, the position was quietly abandoned; the infantry defiled across the bridge in perfect silence—while the wheels of the gun-carriages were muffled with straw, to prevent their being overheard by the French sentinels, and thus provoke a fire from the place.*

There is no doubt that this dangerous passage would have

* The complete success of this bold manœuvre offers many reflections on the futility of attempting to stop the march of troops by the fire of artillery in the night. In this instance, the good order and silence with which the allied army filed under the walls of the castle, was rendered of no avail to them by the conduct of a party of guerilla cavalry, who, unused to such coolness, put their horses to their speed, and made such a clatter that the garrison took the alarm, and opened a fire from the artillery directed on the bridge: the first discharge was, as might have been expected, very effectual; but the gunners immediately afterwards lost their range and direction, and their fire only served to make the carriages file over the bridge with more speed than usual.

been accomplished without discovery, had not some guerilla horsemen rashly galloped over, and betrayed to the garrison the movement of the allies then in progress. In anticipation of the attempt, the guns of the works having been already trained upon the bridge, the first discharge from the French artillery was destructive; but the range was lost after a round or two, and in the darkness it could not be recovered. By this bold and well-planned manœuvre, Lord Wellington extricated his entire baggage and field equipage; and the allies were placed on the other side of the Arlanzan, and in the direct line of their retreat, with a loss comparatively trifling.

That night, the infantry reached Hormillas and Cellada del Camino, and the cavalry, Estepar and Villa Baniel—while Souham remained in perfect ignorance of Wellington's retreat, until late on the evening of the 22nd.

On the 23rd, the infantry, after a long march, crossed the Pisuerga at Cordovillas and Torquemada; but the rear-guard were overtaken and attacked. Although greatly overmatched, the British cavalry made a bold stand, and for a time disputed the passage of the Harmoza. But they were obliged to retire as fresh squadrons of the enemy moved rapidly forward.

Part of the English dragoons crossed by a marshy rivulet, leaving Anson's cavalry and the German light infantry as a rear-guard. The French came on with great impetuosity, and were charged and checked by the 11th light dragoons and horse artillery; but their numbers prevailed—the English were forced back—the guerilla horse completely routed—and some prisoners made. After much severe and desultory fighting, in which the fierceness of the pursuers was fully equalled by the obstinate resistance of the retreating horsemen, the British cavalry were driven back upon the Germans, under Halket. Fortunately the latter had gained a position—and assisted by the fire of the artillery, their fusilade fell on the left flank of the French with such murderous effect, that, failing in three determined charges, they were at last forced to fall back behind the heights, allowing the British rear-guard, without further molestation, to retire.

Wellington having crossed the Carrion on the 24th, was joined by a brigade of the Guards. The weather was bad, the means of transport wretched, the sick and wounded were

beyond the Duero, and thus circumstanced, the allied commander determined to make a stand. The allies, therefore, occupied a range of heights, with the Carrion in their front, and their right wing resting on the Pisuerga.

Torquemada had witnessed a most disgraceful scene of riot and confusion on the part of the British. There, immense wine-stores were found and plundered—and it was computed that at one time, twelve thousand men were lying in the streets and houses in a state of helpless intoxication. Nor was the boasted sobriety of the French proof against the temptation these well-stored cellars presented. On their subsequent occupation of the town, Souham was obliged to stay his march for twelve hours,—for his own corps numbered more drunkards even than that of Lord Wellington had done.

The 25th was given as a halt-day to the troops—while necessary preparations were made for continuing the retreat, and interrupting the passage of the Carrion. All the bridges were ordered to be blown up—but the mines were in some cases so defective, that they failed entirely, and allowed the French an easy passage, while others of their troops crossed by the fords.* The working and covering parties at Banos and Palentia were made prisoners, and a quantity of baggage picked up by the enemy's light cavalry. At Pisuerga, the corps that Souham pushed forward was attacked and driven back; and at Villa Muriel, after a sharp contest, the enemy were obliged to retire, and abandon the bank of the river that they had succeeded in occupying for a time.

On the 26th, having repaired the bridges, Souham crossed the Carrion in pursuit of the allies. On the 27th he was in force

* The following striking anecdote indicates French gallantry:—"Suddenly, a horseman, darting out at full speed from the column, rode down under a flight of bullets to the bridge, calling out that he was a deserter; he reached the edge of the chasm made by the explosion, and then violently checking his foaming horse, held up his hands, exclaiming that he was a lost man, and with hurried accents asked if there was no ford near. The good-natured soldiers pointed to one a little way off, and the gallant fellow having looked earnestly for a few moments as if to fix the exact point, wheeled his horse round, kissed his hand in derision, and bending over his saddle-bow dashed back to his own comrades, amidst showers of shot, and shouts of laughter from both sides."—*Napier.*

in front of Cabezon, and showed himself in such strength as determined Lord Wellington at once to fall back behind the Duero, and still further behind the Tormes, in the event of his being more closely pressed by the enemy. On the 28th, the French general extended his right to outflank the allies, and advanced against the troops who held the passes over the Pisguera and the Duero. Unable to maintain the bridges, they were effectually destroyed; and a town and wood, behind that of Tordesillas, were occupied by the regiment of Brunswick Oels, until the Germans were driven from both by the French, who effected the passage of the Duero with uncommon gallantry.

On the 29th, Wellington, after destroying the bridges at Valladolid and Cabezon, passed the river by those of Tudela and Ponte Duero. The passage of the French at Tordesillas obliged him instantly to move to his left, and take a position near Rueda—and there he remained, until joined by Sir Rowland Hill upon the 5th of November—who, after leaving a corps in Alba de Tormes, had fallen back before Joseph Buonaparte and Marshal Soult, with scarcely any loss. Wellington, having effected this object, and united himself with his detached corps, retired on the 7th to Torricilla,—and on the 8th halted in front of Salamanca.

Meanwhile, the armies of the north, south, and centre, had formed a junction on the right bank of the Tormes—and on the 10th, they attacked the town and castle of Alba, but without success. Passing the Tormes, at Lucinas, on the 14th, Soult, who commanded in chief, took a position on the wooded heights of Mozarbes. That evening the hostile armies were in each other's presence; a distant cannonade and some trifling skirmishing took place; and, on the 15th, Lord Wellington formed beside the Arapiles and offered battle, which was declined. The enemy extended to the right, threatening to interrupt the communications with Rodrigo — and from the immense disparity of his force,* Wellington was obliged

* The united French corps numbered seventy-five thousand infantry, twelve thousand cavalry, and two hundred pieces of cannon; while the whole of the allied force that Lord Wellington could place upon a battle-

to move promptly by his right, and seize the roads leading into Portugal.

The weather was desperate—rain fell in torrents—the roads were rendered almost impassable—the men were knee-deep in the sloughs—and the transport of the guns and baggage had become a work of infinite difficulty. The imposing steadiness with which the British rear-guard retired before the French advance, checked any attempt that Soult might have entertained of pressing the retreat so closely as to bring Lord Wellington to action, and especially on ground that he himself would not select, on which to make a stand. Ciudad Rodrigo was gained on the 18th, and the frontier crossed upon the 20th. The 17th had passed in continued demonstrations of attack, and frequent skirmishes. Not daring to assail the columns, every advantage that a wooded country would permit, was seized upon to cut off stragglers and secure baggage. In many attempts on both, the enemy were successful; and a British general of division, Sir Edward Paget, was carried off while literally in the centre of his own brigades.

The main body of the allies had already crossed the Huebra, when the French infantry and artillery came up in force, and obliged the cavalry to cross the fords—and a delay in retiring the light division from the position they had been placed in on the edge of the forest, brought on a sharp affair. The British, however, effected the passage of the river with inconsiderable loss—and every effort the French made to carry the fords failed owing to the steadiness with which they were defended. The firing was kept up till dark—and although the light and seventh divisions were exposed in column to a plunging fire from thirty guns, their loss was miraculously small, as "this clayey soil, saturated with rain, swallowed the shot and smothered the shells."*

On the 18th, the retreat was continued—Lord Wellington having given the necessary directions as to the line of march which the different divisions of his army should pursue—his orders were disobeyed—and serious results had nearly been occasioned. Happily, his lordship discovered the irregularity

field, did not exceed fifty-five thousand Anglo-Portuguese, of which five thousand only were horse.

* Napier.

of his subordinate officers in time to avert disastrous consequences. The retreating brigades were completely arrested by a flooded river—and with great difficulty were extricated, from what would have been, very shortly, a desperate and hopeless position. Indeed, so critically were they situated, that the light division, composing the rear-guard, were obliged to cross a gulley by single files, effecting the passage by means of a fallen tree.*

Here the retreat virtually closed. The weather improved; and having fallen back upon his resources, Lord Wellington was enabled to recruit his exhausted soldiery. Abundant fuel, dry bivouacs, and plentiful rations, produced a speedy change; and men wearied and worn down by privations and incessant fatigue, rapidly recovered their health and spirits. The moment the enemy had abandoned the pursuit, the light cavalry and guerilla horse were despatched to scour the woods, and rescue such sufferers as survived. Their efforts were attended with success—and more than fifteen hundred wounded or disabled men were brought into the hospitals and saved.

The total casualties sustained by the troops during the siege and subsequent retreat of Burgos, were very numerous

* "Knowing that the most direct road was impassable, he had directed the divisions by another road, longer, and apparently more difficult; this seemed such an extraordinary proceeding to some general officers, that, after consulting together, they deemed their commander unfit to conduct the army, and led their troops by what appeared to them the fittest line of retreat! Meanwhile, Wellington, who had, before daylight, placed himself at an important point on his own road, waited impatiently for the arrival of the leading division until dawn, and then suspecting something of what had happened, galloped to the other road, and found the would-be commanders stopped by that flood which his arrangements had been made to avoid. The insubordination and the danger to the whole army were alike glaring, yet the practical rebuke was so severe and well-timed, the humiliation so complete, and so deeply felt, that, with one proud sarcastic observation, indicating contempt more than anger, he led back the troops and drew off all his forces safely. However, some confusion and great danger still attended the operation; for even on this road one water-gully was so deep that the light division, which covered the rear, could only pass it man by man over a felled tree; and it was fortunate that Soult, unable to feed his troops a day longer, stopped on the Huebra with his main body, and only sent some cavalry to Tamames. Thus the allies retired unmolested."

—and in no point are military writers and official returns more at variance, than in the respective estimates they form of the losses of the allies. Where such immense discrepancy exists, it is hard to come to any thing like an accurate conclusion. The French asserted that the allies lost twelve thousand men, *hors de combat;* the English reduced it to little more than twelve hundred. Between these extremes, the mean is more likely to prove correct; and there can be little doubt, all casualties included, that in the siege and subsequent operations to the 29th of October, seven thousand men were sacrificed.*

* "It is scarcely possible to imagine what powerful effect the excitement consequent on active warfare produces upon those who under different circumstances would evince apathy or irritability. Men nursed in the lap of luxury, and accustomed from childhood to all the elegancies of upper life, submitted to every privation without a murmur; while others, whose constitutional indolence was proverbial, seemed actuated by some secret impulse that spurred them to exertion, and roused a latent energy that was surprising even to themselves. Persons who at home would have dreaded injurious circumstances from a damp shoe, were too happy, on service in the Peninsula, to find the shelter of a roof and luxury of wet litter after a ten hours' march over muddy roads, in rain, and storm, and darkness; and those whose Apician tastes were not unfrequently outraged by the culinary offendings of the most gifted mess-cook, cheerfully discussed the ration cut from the reeking carcass of an over-driven ox, and exchanged claret and champaign for *aqua ardiente* and *vin du pays*, flavouring more strongly of the goat-skin than the grape."

It is true, that when cantoned the army were spared from these annoyances. The strict eye kept by Lord Wellington over the commissariat at these times, secured a plentiful supply of necessaries for the troops, and under huts or canvass they were tolerably protected from the weather; but at the sieges, the retreats, and the rapid advances in bad weather, nothing could surpass the misery endured through cold and heat, hunger and thirst, continued fatigue, and all the ills the soldier's life is heir to.

Bright as the hour of triumph appears to the conqueror—brilliant as the foughten field that ends in victory—"the tale of war still bears a painful sound," and many a heart-rending story of distress might be narrated attendant on the storms of Badajoz and Rodrigo, and the retreats to Corunna and the Lines. The state of the sick, the worn-out, and the wounded, were pitiable. Unable to extricate themselves, numbers, "with vulnerable wounds," perished of cold and hunger in the ditches of the captured fortresses—or, after struggling to the last, died on the line of march, abandoned of necessity by their comrades, and ridden over or cut down by merciless pursuers, who had neither leisure nor inclination to extend succour to these deserted sufferers.

In speaking of the retreat from Burgos, an infantry officer says,—

The retreat from Burgos was not only remarkable for the sufferings they endured, but also for the insubordination exhibited by the soldiery. The mass of the army became

"The privations which the army suffered were unusually severe: I saw many a brave fellow lying on the road, dying from fatigue, famine, and the inclemency of the weather. On one spot, about one hundred English and Portuguese soldiers lay extended after the retreat. One miserable instance, was a soldier of the ninety-fifth; having marched as far as he was able, at last he sunk from exhaustion, and crawled upon his hands and knees, until he expired."

Another thus describes his misadventure. "We travelled the whole of that night, our army in full retreat, and the French in close pursuit; the weather wet and miserably cold, and the roads so drenched, it was up to the middle in mud; the animals were knocked up, and I unfortunately fell into the hands of the enemy, a French hussar regiment, who treated me vilely.

"They knocked the cart from under me, sabred the men, and dragged me into the middle of the road; stripped me, tearing my clothes into shreds, and turning me over with their sabres, plundered me of what little I had remaining; tore a gold ring from my finger, and then left me naked, to perish with cold and hunger.

"I lay in this miserable state two days and nights, with no mortal near me, except dead ones; one of which lay with his head upon my legs, having died in that position during the night preceding, and I was too weak to remove his body; I could not raise myself, I was so reduced.

"In this suffering state I continued to exist, which I attributed to some rum, of which I drank a considerable quantity from a Frenchman's canteen, who was humane enough to let me do so, when I explained to him that I was a British officer: the rum soon laid me to sleep. The Frenchman was a hussar, and appeared to belong to the regiment who had treated me so inhumanly in the morning (it was now past dusk). I begged him to take me up behind him. He shook his head; but kindly took an old blanket from under his saddle, covered me with it, and then rode off."

In this wretched state the narrator was discovered by an Irish soldier who turned out a true Samaritan.

"The poor fellow found me literally in a state of starvation, and took me upon his back (for I was quite helpless) to the village; begged food for me from door to door; but the inhuman Spaniards shut them in our faces, refusing me both shelter and food, at the same time they were actually baking bread for the French. However, my fellow-sufferer, by good chance, found a dead horse, and he supplied me with raw flesh and acorns; which, at the time, I thought a luxury, believe me, and devoured, when first given me, in such quantities, as nearly put an end to my sufferings."

A very creditable exception must be made in favour of the Spanish women, who, during the Peninsular campaign, exhibited the greatest kindness towards the British, and afforded to the sick or wounded soldiery

drunkards and marauders. The wine-stores in the towns and villages on the line of march were broken into and despoiled of their contents; and multitudes, through inebriety, either perished or were made prisoners. In Valderoso alone, two hundred and fifty men were left drunk in the cellars—and, of course, they fell into the hands of the French. Drunkenness produced cruelty — and many of the peasantry hitherto well affected to the allies,* perished by the hands of infuriated savages, who seemed reckless whether friend or foe became the victim of their ferocity. Napier says, that on the first day's march from Madrid, he reckoned seventeen murdered peasants, either lying on the road or thrown into the ditches.

Another mischievous breach of discipline had become very general. Numerous herds of swine were found among the woods—and the soldiers broke from their columns, and commenced shooting pigs wherever they could be found. The

the most disinterested and devoted attention. In the higher classes this feeling was frequently indulged, even at the risk of family or personal proscription; and it would appear that among the humbler grade a warm sympathy existed towards their deliverers. "Two girls, daughters of the baker of the village, notwithstanding the threat of punishment to those who should relieve me, absolutely did, two or three times, bring me a little food saved from their own meals."—*Military Recollections of Four Brothers.*

* "The Spaniards, civil and military, began to evince hatred of the British. Daily did they attempt or perpetrate murder; and one act of peculiar atrocity merits notice. A horse, led by an English soldier, being frightened, backed against a Spanish officer commanding at a gate; he caused the soldier to be dragged into his guard-house and there bayonetted him in cold blood; and no redress could be had for this or other crimes save by counter violence, which was not long withheld. A Spanish officer, while wantonly stabbing at a rifleman, was shot dead by the latter; and a British volunteer slew a Spanish officer at the head of his own regiment in a sword fight, the troops of both nations looking on; but here there was nothing dishonourable on either side."—*Napier.*

"Two of the handsomest men of the light company, M'Cann and Ludley, were billeted in a house containing a mother and her daughter, when one evening a Spaniard came in and invited them to take some wine with him, during which, it is supposed, in a fit of jealousy, he took the opportunity of stabbing them both to the heart. The assassin made his escape before the alarm could be given, as also did the mother and daughter; but our men were so exasperated, that they attacked the house, and in twenty minutes there was not one stone left upon another."—*Cadell.*

spattering fire kept up in the forest by these marauders, frequently occasioned an unnecessary alarm, and thus disturbed the brief space allowed for rest to the exhausted soldiers. Nothing but the greatest severity checked this most dangerous offence—and though some of the delinquents, when taken 'red-handed" and in the very fact, were hanged in the sight of their guilty comrades, the evil was but partially abated by the example; for hunger had made the starving soldiery indifferent to the desperate consequences their offending was certain to draw down.

The excesses committed during the retreat, drew from Lord Wellington an official letter, addressed to the commanding officers of regiments, that occasioned at the time considerable dissatisfaction.* Probably, the terms in which his censure

* "Sir,—I have ordered the army into cantonments, in which I hope that circumstances will enable me to keep them for some time, during which the troops will receive their clothing, necessaries, &c. which are already in progress, by different lines of communication, to the several divisions and brigades. But, besides these objects, I must draw your attention, in a very particular manner, to the state of discipline of the troops. The discipline of every army, after a long and active campaign, becomes in some degree relaxed, and requires the utmost attention on the part of the general and other officers to bring it back to the state in which it ought to be for service; but I am concerned to have to observe, that the army under my command has fallen off, in this respect, in the late campaign, to a greater degree than any army with which I have ever served, or of which I have ever read. Yet this army has met with no disaster; it has suffered no privations, which but trifling attention on the part of the officers could not have prevented, and for which there existed no reason whatever in the nature of the service; nor has it suffered any hardships, excepting those resulting from the necessity of being exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, at a moment when they were most severe. It must be obvious, however, to every officer, that from the moment the troops commenced their retreat from the neighbourhood of Burgos on the one hand, and from Madrid on the other, the officers lost all command over the men. Irregularities and outrages of all descrip tions were committed with impunity; and losses have been sustained which ought never to have occurred. Yet the necessity for retreat existing, none was ever made in which the troops made such short marches; none on which they made such long and repeated halts; and none in which the retreating armies were so little pressed on their rear by the enemy. We must look, therefore, for the existing evils, and for the situation in which we now find the army, to some cause besides those resulting from the operations in which we have been engaged. I have no hesitation in attributing these evils to the habitual inattention of the

was conveyed, were stronger than they should have been. The sufferings of the troops were great beyond belief—men marching night and day, under an incessant deluge, knee-deep

officers of regiments to their duty, as prescribed by the standing regulations of the service, and by the order of this army. I am far from questioning the zeal, still less the gallantry and spirit of the officers of the army: and I am quite certain, that as their minds can be convinced of the necessity of minute and constant attention to understand, recollect, and carry into execution the orders which have been issued for the performance of their duty, and that the strict performance of this duty is necessary to enable the army to serve the country as it ought to be served, they will, in future, give their attention to these points. Unfortunately, the inexperience of the officers of the army has induced many to conceive, that the period during which an army is not on service is one of relaxation from all rule, instead of being, as it is, the period during which, of all others, every rule for the regulation and control of the conduct of the soldier, for the inspection and care of his arms, ammunition, accoutrements, necessaries, and field-equipments, and his horse and horse-appointments, for the receipt and issue and care of his provisions, and the regulation of all that belongs to his food, and the forage for his horse, must be most strictly attended to by the officers of his company or troop, if it is intended that an army—a British army in particular—shall be brought into the field of battle in a state of efficiency to meet the enemy on the day of trial. These are the points, then, to which I most earnestly entreat you to turn your attention, and the attention of the officers of the regiments under your command, Portuguese as well as English, during the period in which it may be in my power to leave the troops in their cantonments. The commanding officers of regiments must enforce the orders of the army, regarding the constant inspection and superintendence of the officers over the conduct of the men of their companies in their cantonments; and they must endeavour to inspire the non-commissioned officers with a sense of their situation and authority; and the non-commissioned officers must be forced to do their duty, by being constantly under the view and superintendence of the officers. By these means, the frequent and discreditable recourse to the authority of the provost, and to punishments by the sentence of courts-martial, will be prevented; and the soldiers will not dare to commit the offences and outrages, of which there are too many complaints, when they know that their officers and their non-commissioned officers have their eyes and attention turned towards them. The commanding officers of regiments must likewise enforce the orders of the army, regarding the constant real inspection of the soldiers' arms, ammunition, accoutrements, and necessaries, in order to prevent, at all times, the shameful waste of ammunition, and the sale of that article, and of the soldiers' necessaries. With this view, both should be inspected daily. In regard to the food of soldiers, I have frequently observed and lamented, in the late campaign, the facility and celerity with which the French soldiers cooked, in comparison with our army. The cause of this disadvantage is the same with that of every other

in mire, without shelter or a place to rest upon, their whole sustenance a scanty ration of over-driven beef, frequently devoured half-raw—all these should have been well considered —and while the soldiery could not be justified in acts of violence and rapine, still they might urge much in extenuation of crimes committed under the influence of want, misery and despair !*

Honours, in the mean time, were conferred upon the able,

description,—the want of attention of the officers to the orders of the army, and to the conduct of their men; and the consequent want of authority over their conduct. Certain men of each company should be appointed to cut and bring in wood, others to fetch water, and others to get the meat, &c. to be cooked; and it would soon be found, if this practice were daily enforced, and a particular hour for seeing the dinners, and for the men dining, named, as it ought to be, equally as for the parade, that cooking would no longer require the inconvenient length of time it has lately been found to take, and that the soldiers would not be exposed to the privation of their food, at the moment at which the army may be engaged in operations with the enemy. You will, of course, give your attention to the field-exercise and discipline of the troops. It is very desirable that the soldiers should not lose the habit of marching; and the division should march ten or twelve miles twice in each week, if the weather should permit, and the roads in the neighbourhood of the cantonments of the divisions should be dry. But I repeat, that the great object of the attention of the general and field officers must be, to get the captains and subalterns of the regiments to understand and to perform the duties required from them, as the only mode by which the discipline and efficiency of the army can be restored and maintained during the next campaign.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"WELLINGTON."

"To ——, or the Officer commanding the ——."

* "Sometimes divisions were moved too soon, more frequently too late, and kept standing on wet ground, in the rain, for two hours, perishing with cold, waiting the order to move. Their clothes were seldom dry for six hours together, and during the latter part of the retreat continually wet; sometimes they were bivouacked in a swamp, when better ground was near; they lay down upon the wet ground, fell asleep from mere exhaustion, were roused to receive their meat, and had then no means of dressing it,—the camp-kettles had been sent on, or by some error were some miles in the rear, or the mules which carried them had foundered on the way; and no fire could be kindled on wet ground, with wet materials, and under a heavy rain. The subalterns threw the blame upon their superiors, and these again upon theirs, all complaining of incompetence in some of the general officers, and carelessness or supercilious neglect in some of the staff."—*Southey.*

but unsuccessful besieger of Burgos. At home, Lord Wellington was advanced to a Marquisate in the peerage, while Parliament added 100,000*l.* to assist him to support this dignity. He was also appointed to the Colonelcy of the Blues —while the rank of Duke of Vitoria was conferred upon him by the Prince Regent of Portugal, with emoluments attached to it valued at 15,000 dollars annually. The honour bestowed upon him the Marquis of Wellington accepted—but the income, with becoming dignity, he respectfully declined.

After the French retired behind the Tormes, the allies took up their winter cantonments. Hill passed the Sierra de Gata, and established his corps in the province of Coria, with posts at the passes of Bejar and Banos. The remaining divisions were comfortably disposed of—part of the brigades occupying quarters in the district of Beira, while the others were cantoned upon the banks of the Douro

ADVANCE FROM THE DOURO TO THE ZADORRA.

British army organized anew.—Reinforced from England.—Relative strength and positions of the rival armies.—Joseph retires.—General appearance of the French *corps d'armée*.—Wellington suddenly advances.—His bold and successful operations.—Beautiful scenery.—Affairs of Saint Millan, Osma, and the Bayas.—Joseph enters Vitoria.

WINTER passed away—the army recovered from its hardships—and Lord Wellington was indefatigable in perfecting the equipment of every department, to enable him to take the field efficiently when the season should come round, and active operations could be again renewed. In its minuter details, the interior economy of the regiments underwent a useful reformation. The large and cumbrous campkettles hitherto in use, were discarded, and small ones substituted in their place; while three tents were served to each company, affording, particularly to the sick and disabled, a means of shelter in the field which hitherto had been wanting.

Nothing could surpass the splendid state of discipline that this period of inactivity had produced, while the allied army was reposing in winter quarters. Its *matériel* was now truly magnificent; powerful reinforcements having arrived from England. The Life and Horse Guards had joined the cavalry; and that arm, hitherto the weakest, was increased to nineteen efficient regiments. The infantry had been recruited from the militias at home—the artillery was complete in every requisite for the field—while a well-arranged commissariate, with ample means of transport, facilitated the operations of the most serviceable force which had ever taken the field under the leading of an English general.

Previous to the opening of the campaign in May, 1813, the Anglo-Portuguese army numbered close upon seventy thousand men of all arms, and were cantoned in the neighbourhood of the Douro. Morillo's corps occupied Estremadura; Giron

held the frontier of Gallicia; O'Donel was stationed in Andalusia; Elio on the frontiers of Murcia and Valencia; and the Duc del Parque, with a strong corps, held possession of La Mancha.

The French, at that time, might have probably mustered one hundred and fifty thousand men in Spain. Madrid and Toledo were in the occupation of the armies of the centre and the south, whose corps were spread over the central provinces. Valladolid had the head-quarters of the army of Portugal; the line of the Douro was carefully observed, while Suchet occupied Valencia and Catalonia; and a part of the army of the north was quartered in Aragon and Biscay.

Never did a leader take the field under more promising auspices, than those with which the allied commander opened the campaign of 1813. The Spanish troops were strong in numbers, and considerably improved in discipline; while the guerilla leaders were in great force, and ready for daring enterprise. Summer was coming fast—a rich and luxurious country was before him,—every requisite prepared for his march; his troops flushed with victory; and his opponents dispirited by constant discomfiture. Even the opening movements tended to increase these feelings—for the British were preparing to advance, and the French already retrograding. No wonder, then, that the brilliant hopes of a country were fully realized; that the career of English conquest continued almost without a check; and the fields of France saw her banners float in victory, until the last struggles at Orthes and Toulouse, attested the invincibility of Wellington and his island soldiery!

While the allies were preparing to march, Joseph Buonaparte put the army of the centre into motion, and, followed by those of the south and Portugal, retired slowly on the Ebro. As they were not pressed by the British light troops, the enemy's corps moved leisurely towards the frontier, accompanied by enormous trains of equipage and baggage.

The appearance of the French army was more picturesque than military. It was crowded in its march, and too fanciful both in the character of its equipment and the variety of its costume. The line and light infantry excepted, few of the regiments were similarly dressed. The horse artillery wore

uniforms of light blue, braided with black lace. The heavy cavalry were arrayed in green coats with brass helmets. The chasseurs and hussars, mounted on slight and active horses, were showily and variously equipped. The "gendarmerie à cheval," a picked body chosen from the cavalry at large, had long blue frocks, with cocked hats and buff belts; while the *élite* of the dragoons, selected for superior size and general appearance, were distinguished by bear-skin caps, and wore a look of martial determination, that their past and future bearing in the battle-field did not belie. Each regiment of the line had its company of grenadiers and voltigeurs—even the light regiments having a company of the former. The appearance of the whole force was soldierly and imposing—the cavalry was indeed superb—and the artillery, as to guns, caissons, and appointments, most complete; and, better still, their horses were in excellent condition.

Both armies were in the highest state of efficiency—for to both the undivided attention of their commanding officers had been directed—and yet in their respective equipments, a practised eye would detect a marked dissimilarity. With the British every thing was simple, compact, and limited, as far as its being serviceable would admit,—while the French were sadly incumbered with useless equipages and accumulated plunder. Those of the Spanish noblesse who had acknowledged the usurper, now accompanied his retreat,—state functionaries, in court-dresses and rich embroidery, were mingled with the troops,—calashes, carrying wives or mistresses, moved between brigades of guns; while nuns from Castile and ladies from Andalusia, attired *en militaire* and mounted on horseback, deserted castle and convent, to follow the fortunes of some soldier or employé. Excepting that of his great brother when retreating from Moscow, no army since the days of Xerxes, was so overloaded with spoil and baggage as that of Joseph Buonaparte.

Although this abuse had not escaped the observation of many of the best officers in the army of the usurper, the facility with which these enormous ambulances were transported encouraged rather than repressed the evil. Looking on Spain as a conquered country, the means necessary to forward their convoys were unscrupulously seized—and every horse and

mule was considered the property of the finder. The roads were good—the retreat unmolested—on the 10th, no enemy had appeared—and the allies were remaining quietly in their quarters. The fancied apathy of the English general was extraordinary—and prisoners were asked by their French escort, "Was Lord Wellington asleep?"

But nothing could exceed the astonishment of Joseph, when, on the evening of the 18th, he was informed that the allies in considerable force, were actually on the left bank of the Ebro! The French dispositions were rendered useless, and an immediate night-march became unavoidable. The drums beat to arms—the baggage was put in motion—and the entire of the French corps which had occupied Pancorbo or bivouacked in its vicinity, were hastily collected, and moved rapidly towards Vitoria.

Lord Wellington's sudden advance was equally brilliant in conception and execution. While he had thrown five divisions over the Douro, to move through the Tras as Montes, upon Zamora, Hill was marching over the mountain district of Estremadura on the Tormes, and Lord Wellington on Salamanca, with two Anglo-Portuguese, a Spanish division, and a strong cavalry corps. The right wing of the allies took a position between the Tormes and the Douro—while Sir Thomas Graham, with the left, passed over a most difficult country, and surmounting every obstacle that bad roads and dangerous rivers could present, threatened the right of the French by Carvajales and Miranda.

On gaining the frontier, Graham secured his communication with the Gallician corps under Giron. The French retired from the Esla, and the left wing of the British crossed it on the 31st of May. A difficult and defensible river was thus safely passed—and the enemy retreated, after blowing up the bridges of Zamora and Toro. At Morales, the French rear-guard was overtaken and brought to action. Colonel Grant, with the hussar brigade, completely overthrew it,—killing a considerable number and capturing above two hundred men. Julian Sanchez was equally successful—he having surprised a French picket at Castronuno.

No movements executed during the Peninsular campaign exceeded in brilliant effect the rapid advance of the allied army

from the Douro to the Bayas. Joseph had been obliged to abandon the capital, and fall back on Burgos. This was a necessary measure to ensure a concentration of his *corps d'armée*,—but still, it was considered doubtful whether Lord Wellington would continue his onward march, and under all circumstances, actually become assailant.

But the French leaders were astray when they fancied that the allied general would remain inactive. Quickly as the Douro had been crossed, the Carrion and the Pisuerga were as rapidly passed over. The enemy fell back on Burgos to concentrate, having occupied the heights above Harmoza with a strong corps. On the 12th, Hill's division and the cavalry obliged Count Reille to fall back—and on the next morning the French retreated on Miranda, after abandoning Burgos and blowing up the castle.*

"It can hardly be imagined what additional interest even a brilliant operation will acquire from local circumstances, and the character of the country through which the line of march runs. The advance to the Zadorra exhibited, at every point of view, scenery beautiful as diversified. In it there was a singular combination of romantic wildness mingled with exquisite fertility. One while the columns moved through luxurious valleys, intersprinkled with hamlets, vineyards, and flower-gardens; at another, they struggled up mountain ridges, or pressed through alpine passes overhung with topping cliffs,

* "But the hurry, and fear, and confusion, with which their preparations were made, defeated this malignant purpose. Several mines failed; some which were primed did not explode; others were so ill-managed that they blew the earth inwards; and as the explosion took place some hours sooner than was intended, the destruction which was intended for their enemies, fell in part upon themselves. Many of their men, who were lingering to plunder, perished as they were loading their horses with booty in the streets and squares, and three or four hundred were blown up in the fort. Above one thousand shells had been placed in the mines: the explosion was distinctly heard at the distance of fifty miles; and the pavement of the cathedral was covered with the dust into which its windows had been shivered by the shock. The town escaped destruction owing to the failure of so many of the mines, but the castle was totally destroyed,—gates, beams, masses of masonry, guns, carriages, and arms lying in one heap of ruins;—some of the mines had laid open the breaches, and exposed the remains of those who had fallen during the siege."

making it almost difficult to decide, whether the rugged chasm which they were traversing had been rifted from the hill-side by an earthquake, or scarped by human hands. If the eye turned downwards, there lay sparkling rivers and sunny dells; above rose naked rocks and splintered precipices; while moving masses of glittering soldiery, now lost, now seen, amid the windings of the route, gave a panoramic character to the whole, that never can fade from the memory of him who saw it."*

Pancorbo had been regularly garrisoned; and to force the Ebro, with a numerous and efficient army occupying its banks, would have been equally tedious in operation, and uncertain in results. Wellington, with admirable skill, suddenly branched to his left, and moved rapidly towards the sources of the river; and, on the 14th and 15th, crossed it safely by the mountain bridges of San Martin and Puente de Arenas. Of course, the march, from the nearly impassable character of the line of country over which it ran, required the determination and *esprit* of British soldiers to accomplish. It was gallantly achieved; and that too, by a route hitherto unattempted by an army, and which every where presented the most formidable positions that a retreating corps could wish to hold. Yet Wellington's march was unopposed,—and until the 18th, no hostile collision interrupted the order of the allied movements.

Two French brigades were overtaken by the light division. They had taken a position on the heights of Saint Milan; and although the ground was most unfavourable for an attack, nothing could surpass the dashing gallantry with which the British light troops assailed the enemy. The road by which it was necessary to attack, was rugged, steep, and narrow, overhung with crags and copse-wood; while a mountain stream protected the French front, and some straggling cottages increased the difficulty of advancing, by affording good cover to the voltigeurs formed behind them. After a sharp fusilade, the enemy gave ground, and the light brigade was pressing forward, when suddenly, a fresh column debouched from a ravine, and appeared on the flank of the

* "The Bivouac."

assailants. Both rushed on to gain the crest of the hill—and both reached the plateau together The 52nd, bringing their left flank forward in a run, faced sharply round, and charged with the bayonet. The conflict was but momentary; the French broke, threw away their knapsacks, and fled to gain the neighbouring high grounds, leaving their arms and baggage, and nearly three hundred of their number *hors de combat.*

On the same day, Jourdan suddenly attacked Graham's corps at Osma, but he was driven back on Espejo; and falling farther back, the French took up a strong position behind the Bayas, with their right on the village of Sabijana; but they held it only till next day,—when being attacked in front, and their left turned, they fell back and united the *corps d'armée* in front of Vitoria.*

That city, on the evening of 19th, displayed a singular

* "The city of Vitoria is said to have obtained its present name from a victory gained by Leuvigildus XVI., king of the Goths, over the Swevians, whose kingdom he conquered and added to his own, so early as towards the end of the sixth century. Its vicinity, however, having been the scene of the successful operations of Edward the Black Prince, in restoring to his dominions Don Pedro the Cruel, king of Castile, this will, it is hoped, be sufficient to justify the allusion to the name as twice associated with the glory of the English arms.

"The battle which overthrew Henry and restored Pedro to his kingdom, was fought betwixt Navarette and Nejara, on the right bank of the Ebro; but Froissart, in his Chronicles, mentions that before the Prince had crossed that river, he occupied for six days a position in front of Vitoria, probably near the scene of Wellington's victory. He further mentions, that while in this position, Don Telo, Henry's brother, having advanced to reconnoitre the Prince's army, fell in with a body of English under Sir Thomas Felton, who, being much inferior in numbers, in the proportion of one hundred and sixty lances and three hundred archers to six thousand of the enemy, took possession of a height, where they defended themselves till the whole of the English knights, after performing prodigies of valour, were killed or made prisoners, none escaping, except a few boys by the fleetness of their horses.

"It may be mentioned as a curious incident, that during the battle, when Lord Wellington was giving directions for the third division to attack a height in possession of the enemy, the Spanish General Alava, who during the war was personally attached to Lord Wellington's staff, remarked that the hill in question was, by the tradition of the country, known as the *Altura de los Ingleses* or Hill of the English: this is supposed to be the hill alluded to in the Chronicles."—*Mackie.*

spectacle of hurry and alarm—confusion and magnificence. Joseph Buonaparte, with his staff and guards, the entire of his court, and the head-quarters of the army of the centre, accompanied by an endless collection of equiqages, intermingled with cavalry, artillery, and their numerous ambulances, occupied the buildings and crowded the streets—while an unmanageable mass of soldiers and civilians were every moment increased by fresh arrivals, all vainly seeking for accommodation in a town unequal to afford shelter to half their number.

"But a yet stranger scene was enacting in Vitoria. While the city was brilliantly illuminated in honour of the pseudo-king,—and a gayer sight could not be fancied than its sparkling interior presented;—beyond the walls, an army was taking a position, and a multitude of the peasants, forced by the French engineers, were employed in throwing up field defences, and assisting those who had ruled them with an iron hand to place their guns in battery, and make other military dispositions to repel the army of the allies, who were advancing to effect their deliverance."*

* "The Bivouac."

VITORIA.

City of Vitoria.—French position.—Opening, progress, and close of the engagement.—Field of battle.

Vitoria is a city of great antiquity, and the capital of the province of Alava. It stands in a valley surrounded on every side by high grounds, while in the distance a lesser range of the Pyrenees is visible. Its name is derived from some forgotten victory, or, as some assert, from one achieved by its founder, Sancho VII. In front of this city* Joseph Buonaparte concentrated his *corps d'armée* on the night of the 19th, to cover the town, and hold the three great roads leading from Lagrona, Madrid, and Bilboa, to Bayonne.

The day of the 20th was occupied by Lord Wellington in bringing forward his detached brigades, and making a careful *reconnaissance* of the enemy. Although, generally, the position selected by Marshal Jourdan was strong, and certainly well chosen to effect the objects for which he risked a battle, still it had one material defect. Its great extent would permit many simultaneous efforts to be made by an attacking army; and accordingly on the following day, the allied leader, with admirable skill, availed himself of this advantage—and a most decisive victory was the result.

In point of strength, the contending armies were nearly equal, each numbering from seventy to seventy-five thousand men, the allies exceeding the French, probably by five thou-

* It is remarkable that, within sight of this ground, the battle of Najara was fought, in which Edward the Black Prince, acting as the ally of a bad man, defeated the best troops of France, under their most distinguished leader, Bertram du Guescelin, who had come in support of a worse. It is also remarkable, that the Prince of Brazil, before the battle of Vitoria was fought, should have conferred the title of Duque de Victoria upon Lord Wellington.—*Southey.*

sand. Perfect in every arm, more splendid troops were never ranged upon a battle-field. Both armies were ably commanded,—nominally, Joseph was général-en-chef—but Jourdan chose the ground, and directed every disposition.

The morning of the 21st broke in glorious sunshine. The atmosphere was cloudless—and from the adjacent heights the progress of the battle could be distinctly viewed, except when smoke-wreaths for a time hid the combatants from many an anxious looker-on.

The French corps occupied a line of nearly eight miles,—the extreme left placed upon the heights of La Puebla, and the right resting on an eminence above the villages of Abechuco and Gamarra Mayor. The centre was posted along a range of hills on the left bank of the river; while a strong corps, resting its right flank upon the left centre, was formed on the bold high grounds which rise behind the village of Sabijana. The reserve was placed at the village of Gomecha; and the banks of the Zadorra, and a small wood between the centre and the right, were thickly lined with tirailleurs. The first line consisted of the armies of Portugal and the south; and the army of the centre, with the greater portion of the cavalry, formed the reserve. That part of the position near the village of Gomecha, having been considered by Jourdan his most vulnerable point, was defended by a numerous artillery. The bridges were fortified — the communications from one part of the position to the other were direct—a deep river ran in front—the great roads to Bayonne and Pamplona in the rear —while, to arrest Wellington's career, and preserve the immense convoys within the city, or on the road to France, loaded with the plunder of a despoiled capital and a denuded country, the psuedo-king determined to accept the battle, which the British leader was now prepared to deliver.*

During the Peninsular campaigns, there was no battle fought that required nicer combinations, and a more correct

* "We chanced to meet a Curé on the French side of the Pyrenees, at whose house General Merle had been quartered, shortly after the battle, who said that the general was furious, exclaiming against Joseph, and vowing that the *matériel* of three armies (those of the south, the centre, and of Portugal) had been sacrificed to save *fifty putaines and their baggage.*"—*Peninsular Recollections.*

calculation in time and movement, than that of Vitoria. It was impossible for Lord Wellington to bring up, to an immediate proximity for attack, every portion of his numerous army, and hence many of his brigades had bivouacked on the preceding night a considerable distance from the Zadorra. Part of the country before Vitoria was difficult and rocky; and hamlets, enclosures, and ravines, separated the columns from each other; hence some of them were obliged to move by narrow and broken roads—and arrangements, perfect in themselves, were liable to embarrassment from numerous contingencies. But the genius that directed these extended operations, could remedy fortuitous events, should such occur.

At daybreak, on the 21st, Wellington's dispositions were complete, and the allied army in motion. Sir Rowland Hill, with the second British, Amarante's Portuguese, and Morillo's* Spanish divisions, was ordered to storm the heights of La Puebla, occupied by the enemy's left. The first and fifth divisions, with Pack's and Bradford's brigades, Bock's and Anson's cavalry, and Longa's Spanish corps, were directed to turn the French right, cross the Zadorra, and seize on the Bayonne road. The third, fourth, seventh, and light divisions, were to advance in two columns and attack Vitoria in front and flank, and thus oblige Jourdan either to come to a general engagement, or abandon the city and sacrifice his valuable convoys.

At dawn of day, Joseph placed himself upon a height that overlooked his right and centre. He was attended by a numerous staff, and protected by his own body-guard. Welling-

* "General Morillo, with all his roughness and his ignorance, was an enthusiastic admirer of every thing English. Throughout the whole course of his various services during the war, he evinced a strong and marked feeling of attachment and respect for the troops of that country. He had raised himself from the lowest ranks by his enterprising courage and cordial exertion in forwarding every scheme or measure calculated, as he conceived, to resist French domination. He had obtained considerable authority over the division of Spaniards under his immediate orders; his courage was undoubted; his devotion to Sir Rowland Hill, with whom he had long served, unbounded. Under these circumstances, this officer, in most respects a very ordinary man, became known to the army, and his name identified with some degree of distinction."—*Leith Hay.*

ton chose an eminence in front of the village of Arinez, commanding the right bank of the Zadorra, and continued there, observing through a glass the progress of the fight, and directing the movements of his divisions, as calmly as he would have inspected their movements at a review.

The attack commenced by Hill's division moving soon after daylight by the Miranda road, and the detaching of Morillo's Spanish corps to carry the heights of La Puebla, and drive in the left flank of the enemy. The latter task was a difficult one, as the ground rose abruptly from the valley, and towering to a considerable height, presented a sheer ascent, that at first sight appeared almost impracticable.

The Spaniards, with great difficulty, although unopposed, reached the summit; and there, among rocks and broken ground, became sharply engaged with the French left. Perceiving that they were unable to force the enemy from the heights, Sir Rowland Hill advanced a British brigade to Morillo's assistance; while, alarmed for the safety of his flank, Jourdan detached troops from his centre to support the division that held La Puebla. A fierce and protracted combat ensued—the loss on both sides was severe—and Colonel Cadogan fell at the head of his brigade. But gradually and steadily the British gained ground; and while the eyes of both armies were turned upon the combatants and the possession of the heights seemed doubtful still, the eagle glance of Wellington discovered the forward movement of the Highland tartans, and he announced to his staff, that La Puebla was carried.*

The village of Sabijana was the next object of attack—and a brigade of the second division stormed it after a short but determined resistance. As that village covered the left of their line, the French made many efforts to recover its possession; but it was most gallantly retained until the left and centre of the allies moved up, and the attack on the enemy's line became general.

While Sabijana was repeatedly assaulted, the light division was formed in close columns under cover of some broken ground, and at a short distance from the river. The hussar

* The Bivouac."

brigade, dismounted, were on the left; and the fourth division in position on the right, waiting the signal for advancing. The heavy cavalry formed a reserve to the centre, in event of its requiring support before the third and seventh divisions had come up; and the first and fifth, with a Spanish and Portuguese corps, were detached to occupy the road to San Sebastian, and thus intercept the enemy's retreat.

Presently, an opening cannonade upon the left announced that Sir Thomas Graham was engaged, and Lord Dalhousie notified his arrival with the third and seventh divisions at Mendonza. The moment for a grand movement had come—Lord Wellington saw and seized the crisis of the day, and ordered a general attack on the whole extent of the French position.

The light division moved forward under cover of a thicket, and placed itself opposite the enemy's right centre, about two hundred paces from the bridge of Villoses—and on the arrival of Lord Dalhousie, the signal was given to advance. At this critical moment an intelligent Spaniard opportunely came up, and announced that one of the bridges was undefended. The mistake was quickly seized upon. A brigade, led by the first rifles, crossed it at a run—and, without any loss, established itself in a deep ravine, where it was completely protected from the enemy's cannonade.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the operations which followed. The light division carried the bridge of Nanclaus, and the fourth that of Tres Puentes; the divisions of Picton and Dalhousie followed, and the battle became general. The passage of the river—the movement of glittering masses from right to left, far as the eye could range—the deafening roar of cannon—the sustained fusilade of infantry—all was grand and imposing; while the English cavalry, displayed in glorious sunshine and formed in line to support the columns, completed a spectacle, grand and magnificent beyond description.

Immediately after crossing the Zadorra, Colville's brigade became seriously engaged with a strong French corps, and gallantly defeated it. Pressing on with characteristic impetuosity, and without halting to correct the irregularity a recent and successful struggle had occasioned, the brigade encountered

on the brow of the hill, two lines of French infantry regularly drawn up, and prepared to receive their assailants. For a moment the result was regarded with considerable apprehension, and means actually adopted for sustaining the brigade, when—as that event seemed inevitable—it should be repulsed by the enemy. But valour overcame every disadvantage, and the perfect formation of the French could not withstand the dashing onset of the assailants. Their rush was irresistible—on went these daring soldiers, "sweeping before them the formidable array that, circumstanced as they were, appeared calculated to produce annihilation."

While the combined movements of the different divisions were thus in every place successful, the attack on the village of Arinez failed, and the 88th were repulsed in an attempt to storm it. Here, the French fought desperately—and here alone, the fortune of the day wavered for a moment. Nothing could exceed the obstinacy with which the village was defended; but, under a severe fire, Lord Wellington in person directed a fresh assault. The 45th and 74th ascended the height; the French were fairly forced out at the point of the bayonet, and Arinez, after a sanguinary struggle, was won

Meanwhile the flank movements on Gamarra Mayor and Abechuco were effected with splendid success. Both villages, having bridges across the river, were filled with troops and vigorously defended. Gamarra Mayor was stormed with the bayonet by Oswald's division without firing a shot; and, under cover of the artillery, Halket's German light infantry, and Bradford's Portuguese caçadores, advanced against Abechuco. Nothing could be more gallant than their assault—the French were dislodged from the village with heavy loss, and the bridges left in the undisputed possession of the victors.

The whole of the enemy's first line were now driven back, but they retired in perfect order, and re-forming close to Vitoria, presented an imposing front, protected by nearly one hundred pieces of artillery. A tremendous fire checked the advance of the left centre; and the storm of the guns on both sides raged with unabated fury for an hour. Vitoria, although so near the combatants, was hidden from view by the dense smoke—while volley after volley from the French infantry thinned, though it could not shake, Picton's "fighting third."

It was a desperate and final effort. The allies were advancing in beautiful order; while confusion was already visible in the enemy's ranks, as their left attempted to retire by eschelons of divisions—a dangerous movement when badly executed. Presently the cannon were abandoned, and the whole mass of French troops commenced a most disorderly retreat by the road to Pamplona.

"The sun was setting, and his last rays fell upon a magnificent spectacle. Red masses of infantry were seen advancing steadily across the plain—the horse-artillery at a gallop to the front, to open its fire on the fugitives—the hussar brigade charging by the Camino Real—while the second division, having overcome every obstacle, and driven the enemy from its front, was extending over the heights upon the right in line, its arms and appointments flashing gloriously, in the fading sunshine of 'departing day.'"*

Never had an action been more general, nor the attacks on every part of an extended position more simultaneous and successful. In the line of operations six bridges over the Zadorra were crossed or stormed—that on the road to Burgos enabled Lord Hill to pass; the fourth division crossed that of Nanclares; the light, at Tres Puentes; Picton and Dalhousie passed the river lower down; while Lord Lynedoch carried Abechuco and Gamarra Mayor, though both were strongly fortified, and both obstinately defended.

Driven completely through Vitoria, the French never made an attempt to rally. The formation of their army was totally destroyed, and its disorganization completed. Indeed, no defeat could have been more decisive—the *déroute* was general; and an army, at sunrise perfect in every arm, had become at evening a mixed and helpless mob. Even at Ocana and Medellin, the raw, undisciplined, and ill-commanded Spaniards had never been more completely routed. Very few of the infantry retained their muskets,† and many threw away their

* "The Bivouac."

† "From the number of muskets left on the field, the wounded must have been very great: wounded men invariably get quit of every thing that incumbers their retreat; but a musket is scarcely ever to be seen whole, as the first comer always snaps it across the small of the stock. —*Peninsular Recollections.*

whole accoutrements in order to expedite their flight. All were abandoned to the conquerors—and the travelling carriage of the pseudo-king, with his wardrobe, plate, wines, and private correspondence, were found among the spoils. Indeed, Joseph himself narrowly escaped from being added to the list; for Captain Wyndham made a bold dash at "The Intruder," with a squadron of the 10th hussars, and firing into the coach, obliged him to leave it, and ride off at speed under the protection of a strong escort of cavalry.

Night closed upon the victors and the vanquished—and darkness and broken ground favoured the escape of battalions flying from the field in mob-like disorder, and incapable of any resistance, had they been overtaken and attacked. Two leagues from Vitoria, however, the pursuit was reluctantly given up,—but the horse-artillery, while a shot could reach the fugitives, continued to harass the retreat.

The whole baggage and field equipage of three distinct armies fell, on this occasion, into the hands of the conquerors. One hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, four hundred caissons, twelve thousand rounds of ammunition, and two millions of musket-cartridges, with a thousand prisoners, were taken. The casualties on both sides were heavy. The British lost five hundred killed, two thousand eight hundred wounded; the Portuguese one hundred and fifty killed, nine hundred wounded; and the Spaniards eighty-nine of the former, and four hundred and sixty of the latter. The French loss, of course, was infinitely greater; and even by their own returns it was admitted to amount to eight thousand; but, prisoners included, it must have exceeded that number considerably.*

* "A squadron of the German hussars, however, overtook and engaged their rear-guard, near Pamplona: the enemy employed against the hussars the only long gun he had remaining; the hussars forced back the enemy; and as the gun was retiring on the high-road, a carbine shot struck one of the horses, which becoming unruly, the gun was dragged from the causeway and upset. The hussars immediately took possession of it."

* * * * * *

"The country was too much intersected with ditches for cavalry to act with effect in a pursuit; and infantry, who moved in military order, could not at their utmost speed keep up with a rout of fugitives. Yet, precipitate as their flight was, they took great pains to bear off their wounded, and dismounted a regiment of cavalry to carry them on. And they care

On the morning of the 22nd, the field of battle, and the roads for some miles in the rear, exhibited an appearance it seldom falls within human fortune to witness. There, lay the wreck of a mighty army; while plunder, accumulated during the French successes, and wrung from every part of Spain with unsparing rapacity, was recklessly abandoned to any who chose to seize it. Cannon and caissons, carriages and tumbrels, waggons of every description, were overturned or deserted—and a stranger *mélange* could not be imagined, than that which these enormous convoys presented to the eye. Here, was the personal baggage of a king; there, the scenery and decorations of a theatre. Munitions of war were mixed with articles of *virtù*—and scattered arms and packs, silks, embroidery, plate, and jewels, mingled together in wild disorder. One waggon was loaded with money, another with cartridges—while wounded soldiers, deserted women, and children of every age, every where implored assistance, or threw themselves for protection on the humanity of the victors. Here, a lady was overtaken in her carriage—in the next calash was an actress or fille-de-chambre,—while droves of oxen were roaming over the plain, intermingled with an endless quantity of sheep and goats, mules and horses, asses and cows.

That much valuable plunder came into the hands of the soldiery is certain; but the better portion fell to the peasantry and camp-followers. Two valuable captures were secured—a full military chest, and the baton* of Marshal Jourdan.

Were not the indiscriminating system of spoliation pursued by the French armies recollected, the enormous collection of plunder abandoned at Vitoria would appear incredible. From the highest to the lowest, all were bearing off some valuables from the country they had overrun; and even the king himself had not proved an exception—for, rolled in the imperials of his own coach, some of the finest pictures from the royal gal-

fully endeavoured to conceal their dead, stopping occasionally to collect them and throw them into ditches, where they covered them with bushes. Many such receptacles were found containing from ten to twenty bodies."

* "It was rather more than a foot long, and covered with blue velvet, on which the imperial eagles were embroidered; and it had been tipped with gold, but the first finder had secured the gold for himself. The case was of red morocco, with silver clasps, and with eagles on it, and at either end the marshal's name imprinted in gold letters."—*Southey*.

leries were discovered. To secure or facilitate their transport, they had been removed from their frames, and deposited in the royal carriage, no doubt, destined to add to the unrivalled collection, that by similar means had been abstracted from the Continent, and presented to the Louvre. Wellington, however, interrupted the Spanish paintings in their transit—and thus saved the trouble and formality of a restoration.*

* "The Bivouac."

BATTLES OF THE PYRENEES.

Joseph Buonaparte retreats into France.—Pamplona blockaded, and San Sebastian besieged.—Battles of the Pyrenees.

The disordered state in which the French army appeared before the gates of Pamplona, rendered it advisable to forbid them entrance, and their retreat was necessarily continued. Graham, with the left corps of the allies, had endeavoured to cut off Foy; but, though he failed in effecting it, he forced him, after abandoning Tolosa, to cross the frontier. Hill's corps followed the French on the Pamplona road; and another part of his army was detached by Lord Wellington against Clausel by Logrono, while a second corps moved rapidly on Tudela to interrupt his retreat. By marching on Zaragossa, Clausel retired into France by the pass of Jaca; but, in this hasty operation, he lost all his artillery, and was obliged to abandon a redoubt with its garrison, which some time afterwards fell into Mina's hands. Pancorba surrendered to O'Donel, and Passages to Longa; Castro and Gueteria were evacuated; and south of the Ebro, every post, one after the other, was yielded to the Spaniards.

Successes followed the march of the allies. Suchet retired from Valencia on the 6th of July; and Joseph Buonaparte was driven from the valley of San Estevan on the 7th by Hill and Lord Dalhousie—the first marching by the pass of Lanz, while the other turned the right of the enemy.

Wellington was now in possession of the passes of the Pyrenees; and in the short space of two months had moved his victorious army across the kingdom of Spain, and changed his cantonments from the frontier of Portugal to a position in the Pyrenees, from which he looked down upon the southern provinces of France.

Napoleon received intelligence of Lord Wellington's successes with feelings of undissembled anger and surprise. To recover the line of the Ebro was his instant determination—for he knew the dangerous effect the presence of a British army on the frontier of "beautiful France" must of necessity produce. Marshal Soult was, therefore, specially despatched from Germany to assume the chief command of the beaten army, and, if possible, restore its fallen fortunes.*

Wellington foresaw the coming storm, and turned his immediate attention to the reduction of Pamplona and San Sebastian. From the strength of the former, and the excellent condition of its defences, the allied commander decided on a blockade; and it was accordingly closely invested by General Hill. Redoubts were thrown up within fifteen hundred yards of the place, armed with the cannon taken at Vitoria — and to the Spanish army under O'Donel the conduct of the blockade was entrusted.

Graham, with his corps augmented to ten thousand men,

* Like the tidings of Marmont's disaster at Salamanca, the news of Joseph's defeat reached Napoleon at a crisis, when a lost battle was a calamity indeed. With him, every previous armistice had obtained concessions; and, had Vitoria terminated differently, battles, in no way decisive, might from a fortunate success in Spain, have produced results similar to those of Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena. With ominous rapidity, the intelligence reached every European court that Joseph had been driven from his throne, and Wellington overlooked the fields of France—and none could gainsay it—a conqueror. With what astonishment these tidings were received, those immediately round the person of Napoleon have since narrated. Nothing could be more humiliating—nothing, the time considered, more ruinous. His brother no longer prosecuted the war in Spain, but, defeated and shaken in confidence, had sought shelter in the plains of Gascony. "Accustomed as he had been to receive reports from the Peninsula little calculated to give satisfaction, or to confirm his impression of the invincible qualities of those troops which he had personally ever led to certain victory, so extensive and alarming a reverse as that now made known must have been as unexpected as it was disastrous; but with all the promptitude of a person born to command, instead of yielding to gloomy circumstances, he issued orders for a bold effort to counteract the tide of war, to recover the ground lost by Vitoria, and to awaken to energy, as he conceived, the dormant spirit of his soldiers. Troops marched from the interior to reinforce, artillery from the depôts completed the equipment, and the marshal Duke of Dalmatia was entrusted with full powers to conduct the renewed hostilities, and retrieve the errors of his predecessors."—*Leith Hay.*

was directed to besiege San Sebastian; and on the 11th of July, he sat down before the place.

San Sebastian is built on a peninsula, its western defences washed by the sea, and its eastern by the river Urumea, which at high water rises several feet above the base of the escarp wall. A bold and rocky height, called Monte Orgullo, rises at the extreme point of a narrow neck of land—and on its summit stands the citadel of La Mota.

Eight hundred yards distant from the land-front, the convent of San Bartolemeo, with a redoubt and circular field-work, were garrisoned. These advanced posts were strongly fortified—and, as it was determined to breach the eastern wall and storm it afterwards at low water, when the receding tide should permit an advance by the left of the Urumea, it became necessary, as a preliminary step, to dislodge the enemy from the convent.

On the 14th of July, the guns in battery opened a heavy fire on San Bartolemeo; and by the next day the walls of the building were injured considerably. Another battery,* erected beyond the Urumea, fired with equal success upon the bastion; and on the 17th both works were carried by assault. Batteries, armed with thirty-two siege guns and howitzers, opened on the town wall from the sandhills; and on the 25th two breaches were effected, one of thirty yards extent, and

* "Here a battery was erected; the covered-way to it passed through the convent, and the battery itself was constructed in a thickly-peopled burial-ground.

"A more ghastly circumstance can seldom have occurred in war, for coffins and corpses, in all stages of decay, were exposed when the soil was thrown up to form a defence against the fire from the town, and were used, indeed, in the defences; and when a shell burst there it brought down the living and the dead together.

"An officer was giving his orders when a shot struck the edge of the trenches above him; two coffins slipped down upon him with the sand, the coffins broke in their fall, the bodies rolled with him for some distance, and when he recovered he saw that they had been women of some rank, for they were richly attired in black velvet, and their long hair hung about their shoulders and their livid faces.

"The soldiers, in the scarcity of firewood, being nothing nice, broke up coffins for fuel with which to dress their food, leaving the bodies exposed; and, till the hot sun had dried up these poor insulted remains of humanity, the stench was as dreadful as the sight."

the other of ten. A mine was also driven under the glacis—and at its explosion was the appointed signal for an assault upon the breaches.*

At first the astounding noise distracted the garrison, and enabled the advance of both storming parties to gain the breaches; but the French recovered from their panic, and poured such a fire of grape and musketry on the assailants, that the breach was heaped with dead and dying, and the allies were driven back to the trenches with a loss of above six hundred men.—The loss of the British, from the 7th to the 27th of July, amounted to two hundred and four killed, seven hundred and seventy-four wounded, and three hundred missing.

This severe repulse, added to the certain intelligence that Soult was preparing to strike a grand blow, induced Lord Wellington to issue immediate orders to raise the siege.

Circumstances, indeed, rendered that step unavoidable. The French were already in motion—Soult had forced the passes on the right, penetrated the valleys of the Pyrenees, and was marching to relieve Pamplona.

Lord Wellington had a most extensive, and, consequently, a very difficult position to defend,—his *corps d'armée* covering an extent of country extending, from flank to flank, over sixty miles of mountains, without lateral communications, or the means of holding a disposable reserve in the rear of passes, all of which must be defended, as the loss of one would render the defence of the others unavailing.

After issuing a spirited proclamation† to his army, Soult

* The peninsular sieges were always remarkable for displays of personal intrepidity and adventure. On the 21st, in carrying a parallel across the isthmus, the pipe of a ruined aqueduct was accidentally laid bare. It opened on a long drain, four feet in length, and three feet wide. "Through this dangerous opening Lieutenant Reid of the engineers, a young and zealous officer, crept even to the counterscarp of the horn-work, and finding the passage there closed by a door, returned without an accident. Thirty barrels of powder were placed in this drain and eight feet was stopped with sand-bags, thus forming a globe of compression designed to blow, as through a tube, so much rubbish over the counter-scarp as might fill the narrow ditch of the horn-work."—*Napier.*

† "Marshal Soult issued a proclamation in imitation of those spirit-stirring productions by which Napoleon was accustomed to call forth the enthusiastic admiration of his soldiers; but the essential quality calculated

lost no time in commencing operations. His corps had been organized anew, strongly reinforced, and strengthened in every arm, and more particularly in artillery. To relieve Pamplona, it would be necessary to carry the passes of Maya and Roncesvalles; and accordingly, the French marshal suddenly assembled the wings of his army and a division of the centre, at St. Jean Pied de Port; while D'Erlon, with the remainder of the corps, concentrated at Espaletta.

By feints upon the smaller passes of Espagne and Lereta, D'Erlon masked his real attempt, which was to be made upon that of Maya, by a mountain path from Espaletta. From several suspicious appearances an attack was dreaded by the allies, and some light companies had been ordered up—and, with the pickets, they were assailed at noon in such force,* that, though supported by the 34th, 50th, and 92nd, they were driven back on a height communicating with Echalar when, reinforced by Barnes's brigade of the seventh division, they succeeded in repulsing the attack and holding their ground again.†

to give effect was wanting. When the emperor, by the roll of the drum, called attention to his emphatic words, the troops knew that he would fulfil the promise of leading them to victory, and that knowledge gave effect to the concise but brilliant announcement of his intentions, and what he expected from them. When the Duke of Dalmatia's proclamation appeared, it was that of an ordinary man, promising more than he could perform, and as such was received by those to whom it was immediately addressed."—*Leith Hay.*

"He himself had been repulsed by a far inferior British force at Coruña; had been driven from Oporto, and defeated in the bloody field of Albuera. He was addressing men who had been beaten at Vimiera, beaten at Talavera, beaten at Busaco, beaten at Fuentes d'Onoro, routed at Salamanca, and scattered like sheep at Vitoria. They had been driven from Lisbon into France; and yet the general who had so often been baffled addressed this language to the very troops who had been so often and so signally defeated!"—*Southey.*

* In fact, the picket was surprised—the advanced videts upon a height in its front having been overpowered by the heat, had fallen asleep, and thus allowed the French to approach the picket without giving an alarm.

† "The French gained ground until six o'clock, for the British, shrunk in numbers, also wanted ammunition, and a part of the 82nd, under Major Fitzgerald, were forced to roll down stones to defend the rocks on which they were posted. In this desperate condition Stewart was upon the point of abandoning the mountain entirely, when a brigade of the 7th

The affair was very sanguinary. One wing of the 92nd was nearly cut to pieces. All the regiments engaged highly distinguished themselves, and the 82nd in particular. The allies lost nearly two thousand men, and four pieces of artillery.

Soult's advance on Roncesvalles was made in imposing force; but his movements were foreseen, and the necessary dispositions had been made for defeating them. General Byng, who commanded, sent Morillo's Spanish division to observe the road of Arbaicete, by which the pass of Maya might have been turned on the right; and descending the heights, placed his own brigade in a position by which that important road might be covered more effectually. Soult, however, directed his true attack upon the left. Cole was overpowered and driven back—but the fusilier brigade sustained him—and the attack throughout being met with steady gallantry, was eventually defeated.

On Byng's division the French marshal directed his next effort; and with a force so superior, that, though obstinately resisted, it proved successful, so far as it obliged the weak brigades of the English general to fall back upon the mountains, and abandon the Arbaicete road, while Morillo's Spaniards were driven on the fourth division. Necessarily the whole fell back at night-fall, and took a position in front of Zubiri.

Picton's division united with the fourth next morning, and both fell leisurely back as the Duke of Dalmatia advanced. Picton continued retiring on the 27th, and that evening took a position in front of Pamplona to cover the blockade, General Hill having already fallen back on Irurita.

Nearly at this time Lord Wellington had come up; putting in motion the several corps which lay in his route to the scene of action—and at one end of a mountain village he pencilled a despatch, as a French detachment had entered by the other.*

division, commanded by General Barnes, arrived from Echallar, and that officer, charging at the head of the sixth regiment, drove the French back to the Maya ridge."—*Napier.*

* Riding at full speed, he reached the village of Sorauren, and his eagle-glance detected Clausel's column in march along the ridge of Zabaldica. Convinced that the troops in the valley of the Lanz must be intercepted by this movement, he sprang from his saddle, and pencilled a note on the parapet of the bridge, directing the troops to take the road to Oricain, and gain the rear of Cole's position. The scene that followed

Having despatched the order, he galloped to the place where Picton's divisions were drawn up—the third, on the right, in front of Huarte, and extending to the heights of Olaz—and the fourth, with Byng's and Campbell's brigades, formed on the left; their right on the road from Roncesvalles to Zubiri, and the left commanding that from Ostiz to Pamplona. The reserve was formed of the corps of Morillo and O'Donel—while, on the only ground on which cavalry could act, the British dragoons were formed under Sir Stapleton Cotton.

Soult had occupied the high grounds in the front of those held by the allies—and in the evening he made an effort to possess a hill occupied by a Portuguese and Spanish brigade on the right of the fourth division. These troops steadily resisted the attack—and, supported by a British and Spanish regiment, repulsed the French, until darkness ended the firing on both sides

Pack's division came up on the 28th, and took a position in the rear of the fourth division, covering the valley of the

was highly interesting. "Lord Fitzroy Somerset, the only staff-officer who had kept up with him, galloped with these orders out of Sorauren by one road, the French light cavalry dashed in by another, and the English general rode alone up the mountain to reach his troops. One of Campbell's Portuguese battalions first descried him, and raised a cry of joy, and the shrill clamour caught up by the next regiments swelled as it run along the line into that stern and appalling shout which the British soldier is wont to give upon the edge of battle, and which no enemy ever heard unmoved. Lord Wellington suddenly stopped in a conspicuous place; he desired that both armies should know he was there; and a double spy who was present pointed out Soult, then so near that his features could be plainly distinguished. The English general, it is said, fixed his eyes attentively upon this formidable man, and speaking as if to himself, said, '*Yonder is a great commander, but he is a cautious one, and will delay his attack to ascertain the cause of these cheers; that will give time for the 6th division to arrive, and I shall beat him.*' And certain it is that the French general made no serious attack that day."—*Napier.*

Twelve British regiments were embattled on the Pyrenees who had fought at Talavera; and there were present not a few who might recall an incident to memory, that would present a striking but amusing contrast. Cuesta, examining his battle ground four years before in lumbering state, seated in an unwieldly coach, and drawn by eight pampered mules; Wellington, on an English hunter, dashing from post to post at headlong speed, and at a pace that distanced the best mounted of his staff.

Lanz. The village of Sorauren in their front was held by the French; from which, in considerable force, they moved forward, and attacked the sixth division. But this movement was exposed to a flanking fire, that obliged the enemy to retire after suffering a serious loss. On the left of the division, a regiment of Portuguese caçadores was driven back by a simultaneous attack—but Ross's brigade came rapidly forward, and completely repulsed the French. On the right, a renewed effort partially succeeded, as the Spanish regiments were deforced; but the 40th came to the charge, and cleared the hill of the enemy.

The French marshal's efforts had been directed against the whole of the height held by the fourth division. In almost all he was repelled—but on the right of the brigade of Ross, Soult was for a time successful—and Campbell's Portuguese regiments, unable to bear the furious and sustained attack, lost ground, and allowed the enemy to establish a strong body of troops within the allied position. Of necessity, General Ross, having his flank turned, immediately fell back. Wellington saw the crisis, and the 27th and 48th were directed to recover the ground with the bayonet. Ross moved forward in support,—a brilliant and bloody struggle terminated in the total repulse of the French division, which with severe loss, was precipitately driven from the height it had with such difficulty gained. At this period of the fight, Pack's brigade advanced up the hill. The French gave up further efforts on the position,—and a long, sanguinary, and determined contest terminated.

The fourth division in this affair had been most gloriously distinguished. The bayonet, in every trying exigency, was resorted to—the charges were frequent—and some regiments. the fusiliers (7th and 23rd), with the 20th and 40th, repeatedly checked an advance, or recovered lost ground, by "steel alone."

Hill's division had marched by Lanz, and Lord Dalhousie from San Estevan on Lizasso, and reached it on the 28th—while the seventh division moved to Marcelain, and covered the Pamplona road. Soult, failing in his efforts on the front of the position, determined to attack Hill's corps, turn the left of the allies, and thus relieve Pamplona.

D'Erlon had reached Ostiz on the 29th, and Soult detached a division from his own position to strengthen him. During the night of the 29th, he crossed the Lanz, and occupied the heights in front of the sixth and seventh divisions—and withdrawing the corps hitherto posted opposite the third English division, his left wing closed in on the main position of the mountain, directly in front of the fourth division. D'Erlon's corps, now considerably strengthened, communicated by the right of the Lanz with the heights occupied by their left.

These dispositions of the French marshal were at once penetrated by Lord Wellington, and he decided on driving the enemy from the main position, which, from its importance, was very strongly occupied.

Picton, crossing the heights from which the French corps had been recently withdrawn, turned the left of their position on the road to Roncesvalles, while Lord Dalhousie advanced against the heights in front of the seventh division, and gained their right flank. Packenham, with the sixth division, turned the village of Sorauren, and, assisted by Byng's brigade, carried that of Ostiz. These flank movements were executed with admirable rapidity, and enabled Cole, with part of the fourth division, to assault the front of the enemy's position. His attack succeeded. The French gave way,—a noble chain of posts was forced on every side, as well by the dashing gallantry of the troops as the excellent dispositions of their leader.

The French had endeavoured to outflank General Hill; but Pringle's brigade manœuvred on the heights above the La Zarza road, and as the enemy extended by the right, they observed a parallel direction. During these movements front attacks were frequently and furiously made, and always repulsed by the bayonet. Sir Rowland steadily maintained his position behind Lizasso, until a strong corps, detached by D'Erlon, succeeded in filing round the left flank of the British brigades. No result of any importance ensued—for Hill leisurely retired on a mountain position at Eguarras, a mile in the rear, and every attempt made by d'Erlon to dislodge him proved a failure.

That night, Soult, discomfited in his numerous and well-sustained attacks on every position of the allied lines, fell back,

and was vigorously pursued by his opponent.* Two divisions were overtaken at the pass of Donna Maria, and brought to action. Although most formidably posted, they were driven from their ground by the second and seventh divisions—while at another point, Barnes's brigade made a daring and successful attack on a corps of much superior strength, formed in a difficult position.

Wellington continued the pursuit to Irurita, the French retiring rapidly towards the frontier, from whence they had so confidently advanced, and on which they were as promptly obliged to recede. In their retreat through the valley of the Bidassao, the enemy's loss in prisoners and baggage was considerable. A large convoy was taken at Elizondo, and on the

* "On the 31st of July, Soult continued retreating, while five British divisions pressed the pursuit vigorously by Roncesvalles, Mayo, and Donna Maria. Nothing could equal the distress of the enemy,—they were completely worn down; and, fatigued and disheartened as they were, the only wonder is, that multitudes did not perish in the wild and rugged passes through which they were obliged to retire. Although rather in the rear of some of the columns, the British light brigades were ordered forward to overtake the enemy; and, wherever they came up, bring them to immediate action. At midnight the bivouacs were abandoned,—the division marched,—and, after nineteen hours' continued exertions, during which time a distance of nearly forty miles was traversed, over Alpine heights and roads rugged and difficult beyond description, the enemy were overtaken and attacked. A short, but smart affair, ensued. To extricate the tail of the column, and enable the wounded to get away, the French threw a portion of their rear-guard across the river. The rifles instantly attacked the reinforcement,—a general fusilade commenced, and continued until night put an end to the affair, when the enemy retreated over the bridge of Yanzi, and the British pickets took possession of it. Both sides lost many men, and a large portion of French baggage fell into the hands of the pursuing force, who had moved by St. Estevan.

"That night the British light troops lay upon the ground; and next morning moved forward at daybreak. Debouching through the pass at Vera, the hill of Santa Barbara was crossed by the second brigade, while the rifles carried the heights of Echalar, which the French voltigeurs seemed determined to maintain. As the mountain was obscured by a thick fog, the firing had a strange appearance to those who witnessed it from the valley, occasional flashes only being seen, while every shot was repeated by a hundred echoes. At twilight the enemy's light infantry were driven in; but long after darkness fell, the report of musketry continued; until, after a few spattering shots, a death-like silence succeeded, and told that the last of the enemy had followed their companions, and abandoned the heights to their assailants."—*The Bivouac.*

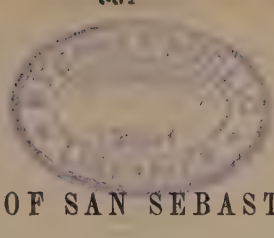
night of the 1st of August, the entire of the French corps were driven from the Spanish territory, and the British bivouacs once more established on the same ground which they had occupied previous to the advance of the Duke of Dalmatia.

During the continued series of bold operations, and constant and sustained attacks, the loss on both sides could not but be immense.* Soult's amounted to at least eight thousand, and Wellington's to eight hundred and eighty-one killed, five thousand five hundred and ten wounded, and seven hundred and five missing. That the French marshal was perfectly confident of succeeding, could be inferred from the tone of his address to the army, and the mass of cavalry and immense parc of guns,† with which he had provided himself, and which, as they could not be employed in mountain combats, were evidently designed to assist in future operations that should succeed his deforcement of the allies from the Pyrenees, and the raising of the blockade of Pamplona. That garrison had sallied on the 28th and seized on several batteries; but these were immediately recovered, and the sortie defeated by the division of Don Carlos. Nothing could have been more annoying to the French marshal, than that he should have actually reached within one league of the blockaded fortress, and never be permitted afterwards to open the slightest communication with its garrison.

* "The enemy had no success on any other ground, and were terribly beat after I joined the troops at Sorauren. Their loss cannot be less than 15,000 men, and I am not certain that it is not 20,000 men. We have about 4,000 prisoners. I never saw such fighting as on the 27th and 28th of July, the anniversary of the battle of Talavera, nor such determination as the troops showed. * * * *

"I never saw such fighting as we have had here. It began on the 25th, and, excepting the 29th, when not a shot was fired, we had it every day till the 2nd. The battle of the 28th was fair *bludgeon* work. The 4th division was principally engaged; and the loss of the enemy was immense. Our loss has likewise been very severe, but not of a nature to cripple us."—*Letter to Lord William Bentinck, Lisaca, 5th August*, 1813.

† On the night of the 28th, Soult took the precaution of sending his artillery into France, or there is no doubt that many of his guns would have been added to the immense parc already captured from Joseph at Vitoria.



SIEGE OF SAN SEBASTIAN.

Mountain bivouacs of the allies.—Siege of San Sebastian resumed.—Town taken by assault.—Affair of San Marcial.—Castle invested.—The garrison surrender.—Operations of the Anglo-Sicilian army.

After the retreat of Soult, the British and their allies resumed the positions from which they had been dislodged by the advance of the French marshal, and re-established head-quarters at Lezeca. A short period of comparative inactivity succeeded: immediate operations could not be commenced on either side,—the enemy had been too severely repulsed to permit their becoming assailants again; while, on the other hand, Wellington would not be justified in crossing the frontier and entering a hostile country, with Pamplona and San Sebastian in his rear, and garrisoned by the French.

Nothing could be more magnificent than the positions of the British brigades.* For many a mile along the extended line of occupation, huts crowning the heights or studding the

* "The peculiarity of the prospect was heightened by a long train of Spaniards, carrying officers and soldiers to the rear, who had been wounded in the late engagements, and who were always removed to proper hospitals as soon as it could be done with safety.

"The care of the sick and wounded necessarily employed a number of men; and they could nowhere receive such able attention as in the general hospitals established within the Spanish frontiers.

"The rugged mountain-road was not passable for spring-waggons, on which the wounded are usually conveyed to the rear, and they were therefore carried in blankets fastened at the sides to a couple of poles, and thus borne on the shoulders of the peasantry.

"This mode of conveyance on bad roads is far preferable to that of spring-waggons; but, as it required four men to carry one sick person, the transport of the small number of them gave the train a formidable appearance when seen extended for so great a length along the windings of the mountain track."—*Batty.*

deep valleys below them, showed the rude dwellings of the mighty mass of human beings collected in that Alpine country. At night the scene was still more picturesque. The irregular surface of the sierras sparkled with a thousand watch-fires, and the bivouacs of the allies exhibited all the varieties of light and shadow which an artist loves to copy. To the occupants themselves, the views obtained from their elevated abodes were grand and imposing. One while obscured in fog, the hum of voices alone announced that their comrades were beside them, while at another, the sun bursting forth in cloudless beauty, displayed a varied scene, glorious beyond imagination. At their feet the fertile plains of France presented themselves,—above, ranges of magnificent heights towered in majestic grandeur to the skies, and stretched into distance beyond the range of sight.*

Although no military movements were made, this inactive interval of a vigorous campaign was usefully employed by the allied commander, in organizing anew the regiments that had suffered most, concentrating the divisions, replacing exhausted stores, and perfecting the whole *matériel* of the army. Those of the British near the coast, compared with the corps that were blockading Pamplona, lived comfortably in their mountain bivouacs; indeed, the task of covering a blockade is the most disagreeable that falls to the soldier's lot. Exposed to cold and rain, continually on the alert, and yet engaged in a duty devoid of enterprise and interest, nothing could be more wearying to the troops employed; and desertions. which during active service were infrequent, now became numerous, and especially among the Spaniards and Irish.

The siege of San Sebastian was renewed. Guns, formerly employed, were re-landed,—the trenches occupied again,—and a large supply of heavy ordnance and mortars, received opportunely from England, were placed in battery. Lord Wellington was reinforced by a company of sappers and miners—and the navy, under Sir George Collier, assisted him with both men and guns.* The batteries were conse-

* "The Bivouac."

† "Sailors were employed in constructing batteries, and never did men more thoroughly enjoy their occupation.

"They had double allowance of grog, as their work required; and

quently enlarged—and a furious sortie by the garrison on the night of the 24th producing little effect, on the 26th a crushing fire opened from fifty-seven pieces of siege artillery.

On the same night the island of Santa Clara, situated at the entrance of the harbour, and partially enfilading the defences of the castle, was surprised and stormed by a mixed party of sailors and soldiers, and its garrison made prisoners. On the 27th, a second sortie on the whole front of the isthmus failed entirely, and the assailants were instantly driven back. The siege and working artillery* had been now augmented to eighty pieces—and on the 30th the breaches were so extensively battered down, that Lord Wellington issued orders that they should be assaulted, and the next morning was named for the attempt.†

In the annals of modern warfare, perhaps there is no conflict recorded which was so sanguinary and so desperate as the storming of that well-defended breach. During the blockade, every resource of military ingenuity was tried by the French governor—and the failure of the first assault, with the subsequent raising of the siege, emboldened the garrison, and rendered them the more confident of holding out until Soult could advance and succour them. The time from which the battering guns had been withdrawn, until they had been again placed in battery, was assiduously employed in constructing new defences and strengthening the old ones. But though the place when reinvested was more formidable than before, the besiegers appeared only the more determined to reduce it.‡

at their own cost they had a fiddler; they who had worked their spell in the battery, went to relieve their comrades in the dance; and at every shot which fell upon the castle they gave three cheers."

* "The French lost many men by our spherical case-shot; and they attempted to imitate what they had found so destructive, by filling common shells with small balls, and bursting them over the heads of the besiegers; but these were without effect."

† "Men were now invited to volunteer for the assault, such men, it was said, 'as knew how to shew other troops how to mount a breach.' When this was communicated to the fourth division, which was to furnish four hundred men, *the whole moved forward.*"—*Southey.*

‡ "A mortar battery was erected to shell the castle from across the

Morning broke gloomily—an intense mist obscured every object, and the work of slaughter was for a time delayed At nine the sea-breeze cleared away the fog; the sun shone gloriously out—and in two hours the forlorn hope issued from the trenches. The columns succeeded,*—and every gun from the fortress that could bear, opened on them with shot and shells. The appearance of the breach was perfectly delusive; nothing living could reach the summit—no courage, however desperate, could overcome the difficulties, for they were alike unexpected and insurmountable. In vain the officers rushed forward, and devotedly were they followed by their men. From intrenched houses behind the breach, the traverses, and the ramparts of the curtain, a withering discharge of musketry was poured on the assailants, while the Mirador and Prince batteries swept the approaches with their guns. To survive this concentrated fire was impossible; the forlorn hope were cut off to a man, and the heads of the columns annihilated. At last the debouches were choked with the dead and wounded, and a further passage to the breach rendered impracticable from the heap of corpses that were piled upon each other.†

Then, in that desperate moment, when hope might have

bay,—while a storm of round and case shot was maintained so vigorously, that in a short time the fire of the enemy was nearly silenced."

In a tempest of thunder, lightning, and rain, and amid the uproar of elemental fury, three mines, loaded with sixteen hundred pounds of powder, were sprung by the besiegers, and the sea-wall completely blown down.

* The storming party was composed of volunteers; and they were given by the light, first, and fourth divisions, the brigades of Hay and Robinson, and the caçadores of General Spry. Robinson's brigade led the storm, and General Leith commanded the division.

† "The enemy still held the convent of St. Teresa, the garden of which, enclosed as usual in such establishments with a high wall, reached a good way up the hill toward their upper defences, and from thence they marked any who approached within reach of fire, so that when a man fell, there was no other means of bringing him off than by sending the French prisoners upon this service of humanity."

* * * * * *

"The town presented a dreadful spectacle both of the work of war and of the wickedness which in war is let loose.

"It had caught fire during the assault, owing to the quantity of combustibles of all kinds which were scattered about. The French rolled their shells into it from the castle, and while it was in flames the troops were

been supposed to be over, an expedient unparalleled in the records of war was resorted to. The British batteries opened on the curtain—and the storming parties heard with surprise the roar of cannon in the rear, while, but a few feet above their heads, their iron shower hissed horribly, and swept away the enemy and their defences.

This was the moment for a fresh effort. Another brigade was moved forward—and favoured by an accidental explosion upon the curtain, which confused the enemy while it encouraged the assailants, the *terre-plain* was mounted, and the French driven from the works. A long and obstinate resistance was continued in the streets, which were in many places barricaded—but by five in the evening opposition had ceased, and the town was in the possession of the British. Seven hundred of the garrison were prisoners—and the remainder were either disabled in the assault or shut up in the castle.

The unfortunate town seemed alike devoted by friends and

plundering, and the people of the surrounding country flocking to profit by the spoils of their countrymen.

"The few inhabitants who were to be seen seemed stupified with horror;—they had suffered so much, that they looked with apathy at all around them, and when the crash of a falling house made the captors run, they scarcely moved.

"Heaps of dead were lying everywhere, English, Portuguese, and French, one upon another; with such determination had the one side attacked and the other maintained its ground.

"Very many of the assailants lay dead on the roofs of the houses which adjoined the breach. The bodies were thrown into the mines and other excavations, and there covered over so as to be out of sight, but so hastily and slightly, that the air far and near was tainted, and fires were kindled in the breaches to consume those which could not be otherwise disposed of.

* * * * * *

"The hospital presented a more dreadful scene, for it was a scene of human suffering: friend and enemy had been indiscriminately carried thither, and were there alike neglected. On the third day after the assault, many of them had received neither surgical assistance nor food of any kind, and it became necessary to remove them on the fifth, when the flames approached the building. Much of this neglect would have been unavoidable, even if that humane and conscientious diligence which can be hoped for from so few, had been found in every individual belonging to the medical department, the number of the wounded being so great; and little help could be received from the other part of the army, because it had been engaged in action on the same day."

enemies to destruction. The conquerors were roaming through the streets—the castle firing on the houses beneath its guns —in many places fires had broken out—and a storm of thunder, rain, and lightning, added to the confusion of a scene which even in warfare finds no parallel.*

The assault of San Sebastian cost a large expense of life, there being seven hundred and sixty-one killed, one thousand six hundred and ninety-seven wounded, and forty-five missing, and in that number many valuable officers were included. The head of the engineer department, Sir Richard Fletcher, was killed—and Generals Leith,† Oswald, and Robinson were returned in the list of wounded.

The Spanish corps of Friere formed a part of the covering

* San Sebastian was won. Would that its horrors had ended with its storm! but the scenes that followed were terrible. The sky became suddenly overcast—thunder was heard above the din of battle—and mortal fury mingled with an elemental uproar. Darkness came on; but houses wrapped in flames directed the licentious soldiery to plunder, and acts of violence still more horrible. The storms of Badajoz and Rodrigo were followed by the most revolting excesses; yet they fell infinitely short of those committed after San Sebastian was carried by assault. "Some order was first maintained, but the resolution of the troops to throw off discipline was quickly made manifest. A British staff officer was pursued with a volley of small arms, and escaped with difficulty from men who mistook him for the provost-martial of the 5th division; a Portuguese adjutant, who endeavoured to prevent some atrocity, was put to death in the market-place, not with sudden violence from a single ruffian, but deliberately by a number of English soldiers. Many officers exerted themselves to preserve order: many men were well-conducted, but the rapine and violence commenced by villains soon spread, the camp-followers crowded into the place, and the disorder continued, until the flames following the steps of the plunderer put an end to his ferocity by destroying the whole town."

"This storm seemed to be the signal of hell for the perpetration of villany which would have shamed the most ferocious barbarians of antiquity. At Ciudad Rodrigo intoxication and plunder had been the principal object; at Badajoz lust and murder were joined to rapine and drunkenness; but at San Sebastian, the direst, the most revolting cruelty was added to the catalogue of crimes. One atrocity, of which a girl of seventeen was the victim, staggers the mind by its enormous, incredible, indescribable barbarity."—*Napier.*

† "A plunging shot struck the ground near the spot where Sir James was standing, rebounded, struck him on the chest, and laid him prostrate and senseless. The officers near thought that certainly he was killed; but he recovered breath, and then recollection, and, resisting all entreaties to quit the field, continued to issue his orders."—*Southey.*

army, and occupied the heights of San Marcial. Their front and left flank were covered by the Bidassao, and their right appuied upon the Sierra de Haya. On these heights Longa's guerillas were posted, and the first division in rear of Irun. The reserve was behind the left.

The French shewed themselves at Vera on the 30th, and in consequence, Generals Inglis and Ross were moved, the former to the bridge of Lezeca, and the latter to a position on the Haya mountain, while a Portuguese brigade secured it from being turned on the right.

Two of the enemy's divisions forded the river on the morning of the 31st, and, in the front of the Spanish left wing, mounted the heights with determined gallantry. On this occasion the Spaniards behaved with courage worthy of their once chivalric name. Coolly waiting until the French divisions had topped the heights, they rushed forward with the bayonet, and bore them down the hill. So completely were they broken by this sudden and unexpected charge, that driven into the river by the impetuosity of their assailants, many missed the fords and perished.

Undismayed by the repulse, a pontoon bridge was thrown across the Bidassao—and passing fourteen thousand men, the French advanced again with renewed confidence against the Spanish lines. Wellington, in person, was present on the hill —his appearance was enthusiastically hailed—and deeds afterwards attested how powerful the influence of that presence proved. Before the French could gain the summit, the Spanish battalions boldly advanced to meet them—a bayonet rush was made—the enemy recoiled—the allies pressed them closely —a panic resulted—some rushed into the deeps of the Bidassao, and were drowned; others succeeded in finding the fords and escaped. A multitude hurried towards the bridge, but it was soon choked with fugitives—the pressure became too heavy for the pontoons to support—it sank suddenly—and of those upon it at the moment, few gained the other bank.

A renewed discomfiture, attended with such fatal consequences, and achieved by troops they had hitherto despised, astonished and chagrined the French officers; while the allied leader, surprised by this brillant display of unwonted heroism, bestowed his highest commendation on the Spanish troops.

A simultaneous attack was made on the road leading to San Sebastian by the right of the Haya mountain, which runs past the village of Oyarzum. As the position was defective, the Portuguese brigade, which with Inglis's corps had been intrusted with its defence, fell back on the bold and rocky ridge on which stands the convent of San Antonio. Here, too, the French efforts were unavailing, and the enemy retired in despair. In the mean time heavy rains had caused a mountain flood—the river became impassable, the fords could not be crossed, and the bridge of Vera offered the only point by which they could retreat. That passage could not be effected with rapidity—and before one half of the French column had defiled, the light divisions were on the banks, and had opened a severe and constant fire. This, with other losses, made the effort to relieve San Sebastian a most infelicitous attempt. Two generals and fifteen hundred men were lost on these occasions—and that, too, by a signal repulse from a force invariably mentioned by the French marshals as contemptible.

Vigorous measures were in preparation for the reduction of the castle of San Sebastian. From the height of its escarp, and the solidity of the masonry, La Mota could not be assaulted with any certainty of success—and a regular investment was requisite to obtain the place.

On the 1st of September the mortar-batteries commenced throwing shells;* and as the castle was indifferently provided

* "I am quite certain that the use of mortars and howitzers in a siege, for the purpose of what ——— calls *general annoyance*, answers no purpose whatever against a Spanish place occupied by French troops, excepting against the inhabitants of the place; and eventually, when we shall get the place, against ourselves, and the convenience we should derive from having the houses of the place in a perfect state of repair. If ——— intended to use his mortars and howitzers against any particular work occupied by the enemy, such as the cavalier, their use would answer his purpose. If he knew exactly where the enemy's intrenchment was situated, their use *might* answer his purpose. I say *might*, because I recollect that, at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, our trenches were bombarded by eleven or thirteen large mortars and howitzers for ten days, in which time thirteen thousand shells were thrown, which occasioned us but little loss, notwithstanding that our trenches were always full, and, I may safely say, did not impede our progress for one moment."—*Wellington's Despatches.*

with bomb-proof casemates, a considerable loss induced the governor* to offer a capitulation, but the terms were not such as could be granted. Batteries with heavy ordnance were erected on the works of the town, and on the 8th opened with such terrible effect, that in two hours the place was unconditionally surrendered.† The garrison amounted to eighteen hundred men, of whom nearly a third were disabled.‡

* General Rey.

† "On the 10th, the Portuguese were formed in the streets of the ruined city, the British on the ramparts. The day was fine, after a night of heavy rain. About noon the garrison marched out at the Mirador gate. The bands of two or three Portuguese regiments played occasionally, but altogether it was a dismal scene, amid ruins and vestiges of fire and slaughter,—a few inhabitants were present, and only a few.

* * * * * *

"Many of the French soldiers wept bitterly; there was a marked sadness in the countenance of all, and they laid down their arms in silence. The commandant of the place had been uniformly attentive to the officers who had been prisoners. When this kindness was now acknowledged, he said that he had been twice a prisoner in England; that he had been fifty years in the service, and on the 15th of the passing month he should have received his dismission; he was now sixty-six, he said, an old man, and should never serve again; and if he might be permitted to retire into France, instead of being sent into England, he should be the happiest of men. Sir Thomas Graham wrote to Lord Wellington in favour of the kind-hearted old man, and it may be believed that the application was not made in vain.

* * * * * *

"Captain Saugeon was recognized at this time, who, on the day of the first assault, had descended the breach to assist our wounded. These, said he, pointing, 'are the remains of the brave 22nd;—we were two hundred and fifty the other day, now no more than fifty are left.' Lord Wellington, upon being informed of his conduct, sent him to France. Eighty officers and one thousand seven hundred and fifty-six men were all the remains of the garrison, and of these twenty-five officers and five hundred and twelve men were in the hospital."

"The French general continuing obstinate, a flight of shells, exactly at the hour indicated, following each other in rapid succession, was perceived sailing through the firmament. In the darkness that prevailed, nothing could be more fallacious than the impression created, as our eyes followed them, by the fusees in their rotatory motion. Instead of passing through the air with the velocity and impetus they in reality possessed, in appearance they were majestically and slowly pursuing their course."—*Leith Hay.*

‡ At noon, the French garrison marched out of the castle gate with the customary honours of war. "At its head, with sword drawn, and firm step, appeared General Rey, accompanied by Colonel Songeon, and the

San Sebastian was held to the last with excellent judgment and dauntless gallantry. Indeed, the loss of the besiegers bore melancholy confirmation of the fact,—for the reduction of that fortress cost the allies nearly four thousand men.

* * * * * *

Before we record the triumphant entrance into the French territory by the allied troops, it may be necessary to casually notice the proceedings of the Anglo-Sicilian army in the east of Spain.

Lord Wellington had arranged, as a part of the military operations of the brilliant campaign of 1813, the liberation of Valencia, by forcing Suchet from that province, and obliging him to abandon afterwards the line of the Lower Ebro. This was perfectly practicable. The Spanish commanders were in force in Catalonia, — Del Parque in Murcia and Grenada, — the coast was open to the English shipping—and Sir John Murray could embark at Alicant, and land his army on any part of Catalonia that he pleased.

In pursuance of this plan, Sir John Murray appeared before Tarragona on the 2nd of June, landed next morning, and invested the place. His opening operations were successful. Fort Balaguer, after a day's bombardment, surrendered ; and the French were confined to the possession of the inner defences of the town.

The siege was proceeding with every promise of a successful result, when Murray, learning that Suchet was advancing from Valencia, and Mathieu from Barcelona, raised it with such unnecessary precipitation, that nineteen battering guns were abandoned in the trenches, and the infantry and cavalry reimbarked with an ill-judged haste, that at the time not only produced considerable dissatisfaction among the troops, but afterwards subjected Sir John Murray to a court-martial. That it was a most uncalled for proceeding on the part of the English general was subsequently ascertained,—for, and at the

officers of his staff ; as a token of respect, we saluted him as he passed. The old general dropped his sword in return to the civilities of the British officers, and leading the remains of his brave battalions to the glacis, there deposited their arms, with a well-founded confidence of having nobly done his duty, and persevered to the utmost in an energetic and brilliant defence."—*Leith Hay.*

same moment, Murray, Suchet, and Mathieu were actually retiring from each other.* Murray suspected that he should be exposed to a combined attack—Mathieu dared not venture singly on the English—and Suchet, having left his artillery at Tortosa, feared to attack while unprovided with that most essential arm.

Lord William Bentinck's subsequent attempt on Tarragona, when Suchet retreated from the Ebro into Catalonia, was equally unsuccessful. Having moved from Villa Franca and advanced across to Ordal, on the night of the 12th of September, he was furiously attacked, and driven back on the main body, with a loss of four guns, and a thousand men *hors de combat*. The British retreated, pursued by Suchet and Decaen; and, after an affair between the Brunswick hussars and a French cuirassier regiment, highly creditable to the former, the English returned to Tarragona, and the French to their cantonments on the Llobregat. Lord William resigned the command to General Clinton, and resumed that which he had previously held in Sicily.

* "The best of the story is, that all parties ran away. Maurice Mathieu ran away; Sir John Murray ran away; and so did Suchet. He was afraid to strike at Sir John Murray without his artillery, and knew nothing of Maurice Mathieu; and he returned into Valencia either to strike at the Duque del Parque, or to get the assistance of Harispe, whom he had left opposed to the Duque del Parque. I know that in his first proclamation to his army on their success, he knew so little what had passed at Tarragona, that he mentioned the English General having raised the siege, but not his having left his artillery. He could therefore have had no communication with the place when he marched; and he must have known of the raising of the siege afterwards only by the reports of the country." —*Wellington's Despatches.*

PASSAGE OF THE BIDASSAO.

Passage of the Bidassao.—Fall of Pamplona.

The capture of San Sebastian permitted the allied leader to prepare for a decisive movement so soon as the reduction of Pamplona should warrrant his advance across the frontier. The enemy were strongly posted on the right bank of the Bidassao,* in front of Vera—and preparatory to assuming

* "The valley through which this boundary river passes, may justly be considered as affording some of the most romantic and beautiful scenery, perhaps, in all Europe, uniting, in a remarkable degree, the various characters of the sublime, the beautiful, and the picturesque. At every bend of the river, the road along its banks brings us suddenly on some new and striking feature. The pleasing combination of wood and rock, overhanging the beautifully winding stream, contrasted with the barren grandeur of the mountain summits which tower above them, present an infinite number of delightful prospects. The oak, the chestnut, and the walnut are the most conspicuous trees along the valley and the slopes of the inferior hills; whilst among the crevices of the rocks, the evergreen box-tree grows with surprising luxuriance, and by its deep verdure relieves, while it contrasts in a very beautiful manner, the bright silver tints of the surrounding rocks, clothed with lichens.

"A small chapel stands on this hill, and the French fortified it, and continued the line of intrenchments from thence to the sea. The most vulnerable points of the enemy's position, if any might be called so on this part of his line, were strengthened by abbatis; and as the country was well wooded, and had numerous orchards, these defences were multiplied upon every part of his line. The cutting down of whole rows of orchard-trees was a serious evil to the unfortunate inhabitants, who, however, had almost to a man fled the country.

"The buildings, though thinly scattered over the country, are picturesque, and, like most of the Spanish houses, have large projecting roofs. Glazed windows are rarely seen, shutters being almost everywhere the substitute. There are but few vineyards in this vicinity, excepting on the slopes of Jaysquibel, near Fontarabia, but about the houses the vine is everywhere reared. The inhabitants are a strong and well-proportioned race, having jet-black hair, black eyes, and deep brown complexions. The women, many of them tall and with handsome features, wear their

the offensive, Wellington determined to force that position and occupy it himself.

Every arrangement was made with his habitual secrecy. The fords were sounded and marked by fishermen, who created no suspicion, as, to all appearance, they were following their customary avocation, and hence their proceedings were unnoticed by the French videts. All was prepared for the attempt—and at midnight, on the 6th of October, the British divisions got silently under arms. A storm was raging furiously—thunder was pealing round them—lightning, in quick and vivid flashes, flared across the murky sky—the elemental uproar was reverberated among the alpine heights above—and a wilder night was never chosen for a military operation. Gradually the tempest exhausted its fury—the wind fell—the rain ceased—an overwhelming heat succeeded—and when the morning broke, the leading brigades, at seven different points, plunged into the Bidassao; while a rocket rose from the ancient steeple of Fontarabia, and the signal was answered from the heights by a combined movement of all the divisions there drawn up in order of battle.

Perfect success crowned this daring essay. The leading columns were nearly across the river before the French fire opened. Ground, difficult and broken in itself, had been carefully strengthened with numerous field-works; but all gave way before the desperate valour of the assailants. The light division, with the Spaniards under Longa,* carried the

hair in a huge plait, which hangs down the back below the waist; but neither sex were observed to have those "ears of uncommon size" which Buffon says Nature has given to the inhabitants of the banks of the Bidassao.

"The evenings generally were remarkably beautiful: the splendid colouring of the immense amphitheatre of mountains in the glowing rays of sunset, is beyond description."—*Batty.*

* When Downie's brigade betrayed a dangerous indecision, and declined to go forward, "there happened to be present an officer of the 43rd regiment, named Haverlock, who being attached to General Alten's staff, was sent to ascertain Giron's progress. His fiery temper could not brook the check. He took off his hat, he called upon the Spaniards to follow him, and putting spurs to his horse, at one bound cleared the abbatis and went headlong amongst the enemy. Then the soldiers, shouting for '*El chico blanco*,' *the fair boy*,—so they called him, for he was very young and

intrenched position of Puerto-de-Vera. Redoubt and abbatis were stoutly defended; but from all, in quick succession, the enemy was driven at the point of the bayonet. Night fell—the attack had everywhere succeeded—and the victors bivouacked on the field they won; and, for the first time, the allied forces slept upon French ground.

Here the British commander established himself, and awaited the fall of Pamplona, which Soult's repeated defeats rendered inevitable. The garrison still obstinately held out: and when their provisions were nearly exhausted, it was rumoured that they intended, rather than surrender, to blow up the works, and take their chance of escaping.* But an assurance from the Spanish commander, Don Carlos, that, should the place be destroyed, he would hang the governor and officers, and decimate the men, prevented the attempt;

had light hair—with one shock broke through the French, and this at the very moment when their centre was flying under the fire of Kemp's skirmishers from the Puerto-de-Vera."—*Napier*.

* In October, the garrison were put upon an allowance of four ounces of horseflesh each man. In a week that too failed; every domestic animal had been consumed; rats were eagerly sought for, and weeds supplied the place of vegetables. A feeble sally was made upon the 10th, but it was repulsed with a loss of eighty men. Disease generally accompanies famine—scurvy broke out—a thousand men were reported to be in the hospital, as many were wounded, and death and desertion had lessened the garrison by six hundred. In these desperate circumstances, Cassan, the governor, sent out to offer a surrender, provided he was allowed to retire into France with six pieces of artillery. A peremptory rejection of this condition was followed by a proposition that the soldiers should not serve for a year. This, too, being refused, it was intimated to the Spanish general, that after blowing up the works, Cassan would imitate Brennier, and trust to fortune and gallantry for the deliverance of his exhausted garrison. This proceeding on the part of the French governor was so repugnant to the rules of war, that a letter was conveyed to his advanced post, denouncing the attempt as inhuman, involving in a desperate experiment the destruction of unfortunate beings who had already borne the horrors of a siege, with an assurance that, should it be attempted, the governor and officers would be shot, and the private soldiers decimated. Most probably the threat of mining the city had been merely used to obtain more favourable terms, and neither the abominable experiment was made, nor the terrible retaliation which would have followed was required. On the 31st the garrison surrendered, and the finest fortress on the Peninsula became thus a bloodless conquest.

and, on the 30th of October, the garrison yielded themselves prisoners of war, and the place surrendered.

Winter had now set in, and a season of unusual severity commenced. The allies were sadly exposed to the weather, and an increasing difficulty was felt every day in procuring necessary supplies. Forage became so scarce, that part of the cavalry had nothing for their horses but grass; while the cattle for the soldiers' rations, driven sometimes from the interior of Spain, perished in immense numbers by the way, or reached the camp so wretchedly reduced in condition as to be little better than carrion. Resources from the sea could not be trusted to; for in blowing weather the coast was scarcely approachable, and even in the sheltered harbour of Passages, the transports could with difficulty ride to their moorings, in consequence of the heavy swell that tumbled in from the Atlantic. The cold became intense,—sentries were frozen at their posts,—and a picket at Roncesvalles, regularly snowed up, was saved with great difficulty. All this plainly shewed that the present position of the allies was not tenable much longer, and that a forward movement into France was unavoidable.*

But great difficulties in advancing presented themselves; and, all things considered, success was a matter of uncertainty. Soult's army had been powerfully reinforced by the last conscription; and for three months the French marshal had been

* "The cattle brought for the consumption of the troops through a great part of Spain, arrived in a jaded and lean condition—those who lived to reach the place of slaughter—for the roads along which they had been driven might easily be traced by their numerous carcasses, lying half-buried or unburied by the way-side—sad proofs of the wasteful inhumanity of war! The weather had been more stormy than was usual even on that coast and at that season. The transports at Passages were moored stem and stern in rows, and strongly confined by their moorings; yet they were considered in danger even in that land-locked harbour: some were driven forward by the rising of the swell, while others, close alongside, were forced backwards by its fall, so that the bowsprits of some were entangled in the mizen-chains of others. The cold on the mountains was so intense, that several men perished. A picket in the neighbourhood of Roncesvalles was snowed up: the parties who were sent to rescue it drove bullocks before them as some precaution against the danger of falling into chasms, and the men were brought off; but the guns could not be removed, and were buried under the snow in the ditch of the redoubt."—*Southey.*

indefatigable in fortifying the whole line of his position, and strengthening his defences, wherever the ground would admit an enemy to approach. The field-works extended from the sea to the river, as the right rested on St. Jean-de-Luz, and the left on the Nivelle. The centre was at Mont La Rhune and the heights of Sarré. The whole position passed in a half-circle through Irogne, Ascain, Sarré, Ainhoue, and Espelette. Though the centre was commanded by a higher ridge, a narrow valley interposed between them. The entire front was covered with works, and the sierras defended by a chain of redoubts. The centre was particularly strong—in fact, it was a work regularly ditched and palisaded.

To turn the position, by advancing Hill's corps through St. Jean Pied-de-Port, was first determined on; but, on consideration, this plan of operations was abandoned,—and, strong as the centre was, the allied leader resolved that on it his attack should be directed, while the heights of Ainhoue, which formed its support, should, if possible, be simultaneously carried.

A commander less nerved than Lord Wellington, would have lacked resolution for this bold and masterly operation. Everything was against him, and every chance favoured the enemy. The weather was dreadful—the rain fell in torrents,—and while no army could move, the French had the advantage of the delay to complete the defences of a position which was already deemed perfect as art and nature could render it. Nor did their powerful works produce in the enemy a false security. Aware of the man and the troops which threatened them—they were always ready for an attack—and their outpost duty was rigidly attended to. Before day their corps were under arms—and the whole line of defences continued fully garrisoned until night permitted the troops to be withdrawn.

At last the weather moderated. On the 7th, Ainhoue was reconnoitred by Wellington in person, and the plan of the attack arranged. No operation could be more plain or straightforward. The centre was to be carried by columns of divisions, and the right centre turned. To all the corps their respective points of attack were assigned,—while to the light division and Longa's Spaniards the storming of La Petite

Rhune was confided. The latter were to be supported by Alten's cavalry, three brigades of British artillery, and three mountain guns.*

The 8th had been named for the attack—but the roads were so dreadfully cut up, that neither the artillery nor Hill's brigade could get into position, and it was postponed for two days longer—when the 10th dawned, a clear and moonlight morning. Long before day, Lord Wellington, and several of the generals of division and brigade with their respective staffs, had assembled in a small wood, five hundred yards from the redoubt above the village of Sarré, waiting for sufficient light to commence the arranged attack.

Nothing could exceed the courage and rapidity with which the troops rushed on, and overcame every artificial and natural obstacle. The 3rd and 7th advanced in front of the village—Downie's Spanish brigade attacked the right—while the left was turned by Cole's, and the whole of the first line of defences remained in possession of the allies.

On this glorious occasion, the light division was pre-eminently distinguished. By moonlight it moved from the greater La Rhune, and formed in a ravine which separates the bolder from the lesser height. This latter was occupied in force by the enemy, and covered on every assailable point with intrenchments. As morning broke, the British light troops rushed from the hollow which had concealed them. To withstand their assault was impossible—work after work was stormed; forward they went with irresistible bravery, and on the summit of the hill united themselves with Cole's division, and then pushed on against the intrenched heights behind,

* "The successful result of the battle was owing in no inconsiderable degree to the able direction of the artillery under Colonel Dickson. Guns were brought to bear on the French fortifications from situations which they considered totally inaccessible to that arm.

"Mountain guns on swivel carriages, harnessed on the backs of mules purposely trained for that service, ascended the rugged ridges of the mountains, and showered destruction on the intrenchments below. The foot and horse-artillery displayed a facility of movement which must have astonished the French, the artillerymen dragging the guns with ropes up steep precipices, or lowering them down to positions from whence they could with more certain aim pour forth their fatal volleys against the enemy."—*Batty*.

which formed the strongest part of the position. Here, a momentary check arrested their progress—the supporting force (Spanish) were too slow, and the ground too rugged for the horse artillery to get over it at speed. The rifles were attacked in turn, and for a moment driven back by a mass of the enemy. But the reserve came up; and again the light troops rushed forward—the French gave way—and the whole of the lower ridge was left in possession of the assailants.

For four hours the combat had raged, and on every point the British were victorious. A more formidable position still remained behind—and Wellington combined his efforts for a vigorous and general attack.

This mountain position extended from Mondarin to Ascain—and a long valley, through which the Nivelle flows, traversed it; where the surface was unequal, the higher points were crowned with redoubts, and the spaces of leveller surface occupied by the French in line or column, as the nature of the ground best admitted. Men inclined to fight never had a field that offered so many advantages; and there were none, save the British leader and the splendid army he commanded, who would have ventured to assault equal numbers posted as the enemy were.

The dispositions were soon complete—the word was given—and in six columns, with a chain of skirmishers in front, the allies advanced to the attack.

To carry a strong work, or assail a body of infantry in close column, placed on the crest of an acclivity that requires the attacking force to halt frequently for breathing-time, requires a desperate and enduring valour which few armies can boast—but such bravery on that occasion characterised the allied divisions. Masses posted on a steep height were forced from it by the bayonet, though hand and foot were often required to enable the assaulting party to reach them. Redoubts were carried at a run, or so rapidly turned by the different brigades, that the defenders had scarcely time to escape by the rear. Nothing could resist the dash and intrepidity of the British; and over the whole extent of that formidable position, on no point did the attack fail.

The French were driven from their works, and forced in great confusion on the bridge of the Nivelle. One redoubt,

from its superior strength, had been obstinately maintained—but the regiment that occupied it was completely cut off from retreating, and the whole were made prisoners.

In every other point the British attack succeeded. Hill's division carried the heights of Ainhoue, the whole of the redoubts falling to the British and Portuguese under Hamilton; while Stewart drove the enemy from a parallel ridge in the rear—and the divisions, by an united attack, forcing the enemy from their works at Espelette, obliged them to retire towards Cambo,—thus gaining the rear of the position originally occupied, and forcing Soult's centre on his right.

The French marshal formed in great force on the high grounds over Ascain and St. Pe, and Lord Wellington made instant dispositions to attack him. Three divisions, the third, sixth, and seventh, advanced against the heights—two by the left of the Nivelle, and one, the sixth, by the right bank. As the position was exceedingly strong, the enemy determined to hold it to the last, and maintained a furious cannonade, supported by a heavy fire of musketry. But the steady and imposing advance of the allies could not be repelled—and the French retired hastily. The right of the position was thus entirely cut through—and though for months the Duke of Dalmatia had been arming every vulnerable point, and his engineers had used their utmost skill in perfecting its defences, the British commander's dispositions were so admirably made and so gallantly carried out, that his numerous and most difficult attacks were crowned with brilliant success, unalloyed by a single failure.

Night ended the battle,—the firing ceased—Soult retreated, and, covered by the darkness, withdrew a beaten army, that had numbered fully seventy thousand men. His killed and wounded exceeded three thousand, besides a loss of fifty guns, and twelve hundred prisoners. The allies reckoned their casualties at two thousand four hundred killed and wounded; which, the nature of the ground, the strength of its defences, and the *corps d'armée* that held it, considered, was indeed a loss comparatively light.

PASSAGE OF THE ADOUR.

French and English positions.—Wellington advances.—The left wing of the allies attacked.—Soult defeated.—The French marshal attacks the right, and is severely repulsed by General Hill.—Sir Rowland drives the French from their position, and Soult retires within his lines.—Defection of German regiments, who come over to the allies.

Soult halted his different corps in the intrenched camp of Bayonne, and Wellington cantoned his troops two miles in front of his opponent, in lines extending from the sea to the Nivelle, his right stretching to Cambo and his left resting on the coast. This change in his cantonments was productive of serious advantages. His wearied soldiery obtained rest and many comforts which in their mountain bivouacs were unattainable; and though the enemy possessed unlimited command of a well-supplied district for their foraging parties, and the surface over which Lord Wellington might obtain supplies was necessarily circumscribed, his direct communication with the sea, and a month's rest in tolerable quarters, recruited his exhausted army and produced the best results.*

* During the short term of inaction which the inclemency of the weather had occasioned, one of those periods of conventional civility which not unfrequently occurred during the Peninsular campaigns, took place between the French and allied outposts. "A disposition," says Quartermaster Surtees, "had for some time been gaining ground with both armies, to mitigate the miseries of warfare, as much as was consistent with each doing their duty to their country; and it had by this time proceeded to such an extent, as to allow us to place that confidence in them that they would not molest us, even if we passed their outposts."

Lord Wellington, however, discountenanced those friendly relations, where the arrangements were so perfectly amicable, that the parties not only took charge of love letters, but even "plundered in perfect harmony."

"Before this order was issued, the most unbounded confidence subsisted between us, and which it was a pity to put a stop to, except for such weighty reasons. They used to get us such things as we wanted from Bayonne, particularly brandy, which was cheap and plentiful; and we in

But Wellington merely waited to mature his preparations —and, to extend his line of supply, he determined to seize the strong ground between the Nive and the Adour, and confine Soult to the immediate vicinity of his own camp. Accordingly on the 9th of December, the left wing of the allies, advancing by the road of St. Jean de Luz, gained the heights domineering the intrenchments of the French. The right forded the Nive above Cambo—while, by a bridge of boats, Clinton crossed at Nostariz, and obliged the enemy, to avoid being cut off, to fall back on Bayonne. At night, the French having retired to their posts within the fortified position they had occupied, Hope, with the left of the allies, recrossed the river to his former cantonments, having a direct communication open with Sir Rowland Hill, who had taken a position with his division, his right on the Adour, his centre in the village of St. Pierre, and his left appuied on the heights of Ville Franque. Morillo's division was in observation at Urcuray, and a cavalry corps at Hasparren.

The relative positions of the rival armies were greatly different. Soult possessed immense advantages; his *corps d'armée* were compactly bivouacked, with easy communications, every

return gave them occasionally a little tea, of which some of them had learned to be fond. Some of them also, who had been prisoners of war in England, sent letters through our army-post to their sweethearts in England, our people receiving the letters and forwarding them."

"The next day, there being no firing between us and those in our front, three French officers, seemingly anxious to prove how far politeness and good breeding could be carried between the two nations, when war did not compel them to be unfriendly, took a table and some chairs out of a house which was immediately in our front, and one which we had lately occupied as a barrack; and bringing them down into the middle of the field which separated the advance of the two armies, sat down within a hundred yards of our picket, and drank wine, holding up their glasses, as much as to say, 'Your health,' every time they drank. Of course we did not molest them, but allowed them to have their frolic out.

"During the day, also, we saw soldiers of the three nations, viz. English, Portuguese, and French, all plundering at the same time in one unfortunate house, where our pie, our pig, and wine had been left. It stood about 150 or 200 yards below the church, on a sort of neutral ground between the two armies; hence the assemblage at the same moment of such a group of these motley marauders. *They plundered in perfect harmony, no one disturbing the other on account of his nation or colour.*"

facility for rapid concentration, and the citadel of Bayonne to protect him if he found it necessary to fall back. The allies extended over an irregular line intersected by the Nive, with bad roads, that rendered any rapid reinforcement of a threatened point altogether impracticable. Hence, Wellington was everywhere open to attack—and Soult could fall on him with overwhelming numbers and force an unequal combat, while but a part of the allies should be opposed to the combined efforts of the enemy. The French marshal was aware of this—and it was not long before he endeavoured to profit by his advantage.

The left of the allies, under Sir John Hope, had the fifth division (Hay's) posted on the heights of Barouillet, with Campbell's Portuguese brigade on a narrow ridge immediately in their front. At Arrangues, the light division was formed on a strong height, at a distance of two miles from the fifth.

The positions were separated by the low grounds between the hills, and the corps were consequently unconnected. Although both were strongly posted, still, in case of an attack, each must trust entirely to his own resources, and repulse the enemy without counting on support from the other.

Early on the 10th of December, Soult appeared on the road of St. Jean de Luz, and in great force marched directly against the allied left. The light and fifth divisions were simultaneously assailed—the former driven back into its intrenchments, and Campbell's brigade forced back upon Hay's at Barouillet. The intermediate ground between the allied positions was now in the possession of the enemy, and thus Soult was enabled to attack the right of the fifth with vigour. Although assailed in front and flank, the allied division gallantly withstood the assault; and when the position was completely penetrated, and the orchard on the right forced and occupied by the French with overwhelming numbers, still the British and Portuguese held the heights, and, while whole sections fell, not an inch of ground was yielded.

Another and a more determined effort was now made by the French marshal, and made in vain—for by a bold and well-timed movement of the 9th British and a Portuguese battalion, wheeling round suddenly and charging the French rear, the

enemy were driven back with the loss of a number of prisoners. Fresh troops were fast arriving—the guards came into action —and Lord Wellington reached the battle-ground from the right. But the French had been repulsed in their last attempt so decisively that they did not venture to repeat it— evening closed—the firing gradually died away—and the allied divisions held the same positions from which Soult, with an immense numerical superiority in men and guns, had vainly striven to force them.

The slaughter was great on both sides—and, wearied by long sustained exertion, and weakened by its heavy loss, the fifth division was relieved by the first, who occupied the post their comrades had maintained so gloriously. The fourth and seventh were placed in reserve, and enabled, in case of attack, to assist on either point, should Soult, on the following morning, as was expected, again attempt to make himself master of Barouillet.

Nothing could surpass the reckless gallantry displayed by the British officers throughout this long and sanguinary struggle. Sir John Hope, with his staff, was always seen where the contest was most furious ; and the only wonder was that in a combat so close and murderous, one remarkable alike in personal appearance and "daring deed," should have outlived that desperate day. His escapes indeed were many. He was wounded in the leg—contused in the shoulder—four musket-bullets passed through his hat, and he lost two horses. General Robinson, in command of the second brigade, was badly wounded—and Wellington himself was constantly exposed to fire. Unable to determine where the grand effort of his adversary would be directed, he passed repeatedly from one point of the position to the other—and that life, so valuable to all beside, seemed "of light estimation" to himself alone.

The next sun rose to witness a renewal of the contest. In their attack upon the light division at Arrangues, the French, driven from the defended posts the château and churchyard afforded, retired to the plateau of Bassusarry, and there established themselves for the night. During the forenoon some slight affairs between the pickets occurred ; but at noon, the fusilade having ceased, the allies collected wood, lighted fires,

and cooked their dinners. At two, a considerable stir was visible in the enemy's line, and their pioneers were seen cutting down the fence for the passage of artillery. Soult's first demonstration of attack was made against Arrangues; but that was only to mask his real object. Presently his tirailleurs swarmed out in front of Barouillet, attacked the British outposts, drove the pickets back, and moving in strong columns by the Bayonne road, furiously assailed the heights of the position. The wood-cutters, surprised by the sudden onset of the French, hurried back to resume their arms and join their regiments; while the enemy, mistaking the cause of this rush to their alarm posts, supposed a panic had seized the troops, and pressed forward with increased impetuosity. But the same results attended their attempt upon the first as on the fifth division; and the French were driven back with heavy loss. In the contests of two days not an inch of ground was yielded—and the left wing of the allies remained firm in its position, when night brought the combat to a close.

During the 12th, Soult still continued in front of the heights of Barouillet, and preserved throughout the day a threatening attitude. No serious attack, however, was made; some sharp skirmishing occurred between the pickets, and darkness ended these occasional affairs.

The grand object of the French marshal in his sustained attacks upon the allied left, was to force the position and penetrate to St. Jean de Luz. Although so severely handled in his attempts upon the 10th and 11th, the bustle visible along his line, and the activity of the officers of his staff during the morning of the 12th, shewed that he still meditated a fresh effort. The imposing appearance of the allied troops on the heights of Barouillet induced him to change his intention; and he made arrangements to throw his whole disposable force suddenly upon the right wing of the British, and attack Sir Rowland Hill with overwhelming numbers.

This probable attack had been foreseen by Lord Wellington —and, with his accustomed caution, means had been adopted to render it unsuccessful. In the event of assistance being required, the sixth division was placed at Hill's disposal; and early on the morning of the 13th, the third and fourth divisions moved towards the right of the allied lines, and were

held in readiness to pass the river should circumstances demand it. As Lord Wellington had anticipated, Soult marched his main body through Bayonne during the night of the 12th, and at daylight, pushing forward thirty thousand men in columns of great strength, attacked furiously the right wing of the allies.

Hill had only fourteen thousand British and Portuguese to repel the French marshal's assault, but the ground he occupied was capable of being vigorously defended. On the right, General Byng's brigade was formed in front of the Vieux Monguerre—occupying a ridge, with the Adour upon the right, and the left flanked by several mill-dams. General Pringle held the ridge of Ville Franque with his brigade; the Nive ran in front of his left, and his right also appuied on several mill-dams. The brigades of Generals Barnes and Ashworth were posted on a range of heights opposite the village of St. Pierre—while two Portuguese brigades were formed in reserve immediately behind Ville Franque. The general form of the line nearly described a crescent—and against its concave side, the efforts of the French marshal were principally directed. The position extended from the Adour to the Nive, occupying a space, from right to left, of four miles.

The outposts stationed on the road from Bayonne to St. Jean Pied de Port were driven back by the enemy's tirailleurs, followed by the main body of the French, who mounted the sloping ground in front of the British position*—and supported by another division, which moved by a hollow way between the left centre and Pringle's brigade, they came for-

* "The mist hung heavily; and the French masses, at one moment quite shrouded in vapour, at another dimly seen, or looming sudden and large and dark at different points, appeared like thunder-clouds gathering before the storm. At half-past eight, Soult pushed back the British pickets in the centre; the sun burst out at that moment, the sparkling fire of the light troops spread wide in the valley, and crept up the hills on either flank, while the bellowing of forty pieces of artillery shook the banks of the Nive and the Adour. Darricau, marching on the French right, was directed against General Pringle. D'Armagnac, moving on their left and taking Old Monguerre as the point of direction, was ordered to force Byng's right. Abbé assailed the centre at St. Pierre, where General Stewart commanded; for Sir Rowland Hill had taken his station on a commanding mount in the rear, from whence he could see the whole battle and direct the movements."—*Napier.*

ward in massive columns. Sir Rowland Hill at once perceived that Soult's design was to force his centre, and carry the heights of St. Pierre. To strengthen that part of the position, the brigade of General Byng was promptly moved to the right of the centre, leaving the third (Buffs) regiment and some light companies at Vieux Monguerre—while a Portuguese brigade was marched from behind Ville Franque to support the left. The sixth division was apprised of the threatened attack, and an aide-de-camp was despatched to order its immediate march upon the centre.

The French came on with all the confidence of superior strength, and a full determination to break through the British position, and thus achieve upon the right that object which they had essayed upon the left, and twice in vain. Exposed to a tremendous fire of grape from the British guns, and a withering fusilade from the light infantry, they pressed steadily on, and, by strength of numbers, succeeded in gaining ground in front of the heights. But further they never could attain, as the supporting brigades joined on either flank, and every continued essay to force the centre was repulsed. A long and bloody combat, when renewed, produced no happier result, for the allies obstinately held their position. The Buffs and light companies, who had been forced by an overwhelming superiority to retire for a time from Vieux Monguerre, re-formed, charged into the village, and won it back at the point of the bayonet—when, after exhausting his whole strength in hopeless efforts to break the British line, Soult abandoned the attack, and reluctantly gave the order to fall back.

Not satisfied with repelling the enemy's attack, Hill in turn became the assailant, and boldly pursued the broken columns as they retired from the front of the position. On a high ground in advance of his intrenched lines, Soult drew up in force, and determined to fall back no further. The hill was instantly assaulted by Byng's brigade, led on by the general in person. Unchecked by a storm of grape and a heavy fire of musketry, the British, reinforced by a Portuguese brigade, carried the height, and the French were beaten from a strong position with a serious loss in men, and the capture of two pieces of cannon.

The third and sixth divisions came up as quickly as distance

and difficult roads would permit—but the contest was ended; and Hill,* unassisted by any supporting troops, had, with his own corps, achieved a complete and glorious victory. Every effort, continued with unabated vigour for five hours, and with decided advantages on his side, had signally failed—and the Duke of Dalmatia was forced again to retire within his fortified lines between the Nive and the Adour, while the allies pushed their advanced posts to the verge of the valley immediately in front of St. Pierre.

In these continued actions the loss on both sides was immense. In the casualties of the 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th of December, the total, including four generals, amounted to five thousand and sixty-one *hors de combat.*

The French loss was infinitely greater—it is but a moderate estimate to place it at six thousand men. Indeed, no contests, sanguinary as most of them had been during the Peninsular campaigns, were attended with greater loss of life—and those well accustomed to view a battle-field expressed astonishment at the slaughter the limited spaces on which the repeated struggles had occurred exhibited at the close of every succeeding engagement.

Soult, defeated in the presence of thousands of his countrymen, and with every advantage locality could confer, had no apology to offer for the failure of his attacks—and if any additional mortification were necessary, the defection of the regiments of Nassau-Usingen and Frankfort would have completed it. After the first attempt upon the allied left, these regiments abandoned the service of Napoleon; and, on an assurance of their being sent home, they came over in a body to the fourth division.†

The winter had now set in with severity, and ended all

* "This glorious battle was fought and won by Sir Rowland Hill with his own corps, alone and unassisted. Lord Wellington could not reach the field till the victory was achieved, and as he rode up to his successful general, he shook him heartily by the hand, with the frank remark, 'Hill, the day's your own.' He was exceedingly delighted with Sir Rowland's calm and beautiful conduct of this action, and with the intrepid and resolute behaviour of the troops."—*Sherer.*

† "A Frankfort officer now made his way to the outposts of our fourth division in the centre of the allies, and announced the intended defection, requiring a general officer's word of honour that they should be we

military movements for a season.* The roads were impassable from constant rain, and the low grounds heavily flooded. The French took up cantonments on the right bank of the Adour; while the allies occupied the country between the left

received and sent to Germany: no general being on the spot, Colonel Bradford gave his word; means were immediately taken to apprise the battalions, and they came over in a body, thirteen hundred men, the French not discovering their intention till just when it was too late to frustrate it."

* "During this period of mutual repose, the French officers and ours soon became intimate: we used to meet at a narrow part of the river, and talk over the campaign. They would never believe (or pretended not to believe) the reverse of Napoleon in Germany; and when we received the news of the Orange Boven affair in Holland, they said that it was impossible to convince them. One of our officers took *The Star* newspaper, rolled a stone up in it, and attempted to throw it across the river; unfortunately the stone went through it, and it fell into the water: the French officer very quietly said, in tolerably good English, "Your good news is very soon damped!"—*Batty.*

* * * * * *

"During the campaign, we had often experienced the most gentlemanlike conduct from the French officers. A day or two before the battle, when we were upon our alarm-post, at break of day, a fine hare was seen playing in a corn-field between the outposts; a brace of greyhounds were very soon unslipped, when, after an excellent course, poor puss was killed within the French lines. The officer to whom the dogs belonged, bowing to the French officer, called off the dogs, but the Frenchman politely sent the hare, with a message and his compliments, saying, that we required it more than they did."

* * * * * *

"A daring fellow, an Irishman, named Tom Patten, performed a singular feat. At the barrier there was a rivulet, along which our lines of sentries were posted. To the right was a thick low wood, and during the cessation of hostilities our officers had again become intimate with those of the French, and the soldiers had actually established a traffic in tobacco and brandy in the following ingenious manner. A large stone was placed in that part of the rivulet screened by the wood, opposite to the French sentry, on which our people used to put a canteen with a quarter-dollar, for which it was very soon filled with brandy. One afternoon about dusk, Patten had put down his canteen with the usual money in it, and retired, but, though he returned several times, no canteen was there. He waited till the moon rose, but still he found nothing on the stone. When it was near morning, Tom thought he saw the same sentry who was there when he put his canteen down; so he sprang across the stream, seized the unfortunate Frenchman, wrested his firelock from him, and actually shaking him out of his accoutrements, recrossed, vowing he would keep them until he got his canteen of brandy, and brought them to the picket-house.

of that river and the sea. Every means were employed to render the troops comfortable in their winter quarters—and to guard against surprise, telegraphs were erected in communication with every post, which, by a simple combination of flags, transmitted intelligence along the line of the cantonments, and apprised the detached officers of the earliest movement of the enemy. Abundant supplies, and the advantage of an open communication with England, enabled the army to recruit its strength*—and, with occasional interruptions of its quiet, the year 1813 passed away—and another, "big with the fate of empires," was ushered in.

Two or three hours afterwards, just as we were about to fall in, an hour before daybreak, the sergeant came to say that a flag of truce was at the barrier: I instantly went down, when I found the officer of the French picket in a state of great alarm, saying, that a most extraordinary circumstance had occurred (relating the adventure), and stating, that if the sentry's arms and accoutrements were not given back, his own commission would be forfeited, as well as the life of the poor sentry. A sergeant was instantly sent to see if they were in the picket-house; when Patten came up scratching his head, saying "He had them in pawn for a canteen of brandy and a quarter-dollar;" and told us the story in his way; whereupon the things were immediately given over to the French captain, who, stepping behind, put two five-franc pieces into Patten's hand. Tom, however, was not to be bribed by an enemy, but generously handed the money to his officer, requesting that he would insist on the French captain taking the money back.

"The Frenchman was delighted to get the firelock and accoutrements back, and the joy of the poor fellow who was stripped of them may be conceived, as, if it had been reported, he would certainly have been shot, by sentence of court-martial, in less than forty-eight hours."—*Cadell.*

* This general statement must unfortunately be qualified—for never was a commander more sadly perplexed for want of money. "We are just as bad as the Spaniards. *I yesterday wanted to send off a courier to General W. Clinton in Catalonia, and the money for his expenses was borrowed from those who happened to have a little to lend.*"

BATTLE OF ORTHEZ.

Weather changes.—Operations recommence.—Harispe driven from his position by Wellington. Preparations for passing the Adour.—Guards and Rifles cross over—are attacked, but maintain their ground until reinforced.—Soult takes a position at Orthez.

THE intrenchments into which Soult, on the failure of his attempts upon the allied positions, had withdrawn his troops, covered the approach to Bayonne on the side opposite to Anglet, retaining, however, the village and the range of heights from the Biarits to the Nive. This strong camp rested its left flank on the river, below the Château de Marrac and its walled gardens—the whole position forming the segment of a circle, of which the cathedral of Bayonne might have been considered a centre, the extension being from the Nive to the Adour, opposite the Château de St. Bernard.

Soult prolonged his line to the confluence of the Bidouse below Guiche, and established his head quarters at Peyrehorade, at the junction of the Gave de Pau with the Gave d'Oleron. The right of the French army was commanded by Count Reille, the left by Clausel, the centre by D'Erlon, and a division at St. Jean Pied de Port by Harispe.

Six weeks passed on. The weather was too inclement to allow movements to be made on either side—and the French marshal was occupied in defending his extensive lines, and the allied general in preparing secretly for passing the Adour.*

* The Adour, like the Gave, is a name common to many rivers in the Pyrenees, both simply meaning water in some of those primeval languages, the remains of which are still widely preserved in the appellations of rivers and mountains. The greater and noted stream, into which the others are received, has its sources in the county of Bigorre, under the Pics du Midi and d'Espade, two of the highest mountains in the chain; it passes by Campan, Bagnères, Montgaillard, and Tarbes, and begins to be navigable near Grenade, a small town in the little county of Marsan. Having been joined by the Douze on the right below Tartas, it

In February the weather changed—the cross roads became practicable—and Lord Wellington with his characteristic promptness, commenced preparatory movements for the execution of his grand conception.

To distract the attention of Soult from the defence of the Adour, Wellington threatened the French left on the Bidouse, and directed Hill's corps against that of Harispe. The latter, leaving St. Jean Pied de Port garrisoned, fell back on Hellete; retiring subsequently on the heights of La Montagne, and next day uniting with another corps. Thus strengthened, Harispe formed in order of battle on a very strong position to the right of Garris.

The road, however, communicating with the bridge of St. Palais was uncovered—and though evening had come on, and the second division, with a Spanish corps under Morillo, were alone in hand, Lord Wellington determined to force the position. The Spaniards were desired to march rapidly on St. Palais, while, with Stewart's division, the heights should be carried. The attack was gallantly made, the enemy offered a brave resistance,—but the position was stormed in fine style, and held against every effort the French could make for its recovery. The contest continued until darkness had shrouded distant objects, while the battalions still fought with such furious obstinacy, that volleys were interchanged within pistol range, and the bayonet frequently resorted to. Finding it impossible to force those enduring troops from the ground they seemed determined upon keeping, Harispe, before Morillo could seize the bridge, succeeded in retiring his beaten corps. Falling back upon the Gave de Mauleon, he destroyed the bridge of Navarette; but the river was forded by the British, Harispe's position forced, and his division driven behind Gave d'Oleron.

Soult instantly destroyed the communications, and rendered the bridges over the Adour impassable. The centre of the allies being now in force on the Bidouse, and concentrating

inclines to the south-west from its junction, passes Acqs, and then holds an almost southerly course to meet the Gave de Pau, which brings with its own waters those of the Gave d'Oleron, into which the Gave de Mauleon has been received. The Adour is then joined by the Bidouse, and lastly by the Nive.

on Sauveterre, the French marshal retired from Bayonne, leaving a powerful garrison behind him for the protection of that important city.

All necessary preparations for the passage of the Adour had been completed, and from the co-operation of the British navy much assistance was expected. That hope was fully realized; and the noble exertions of the English sailors on the eastern coast of Spain, at St. Sebastian, and at Passages, were crowned by the intrepidity with which the bar of the Adour was crossed. Undaunted by the failure of the leading vessels, which perished in the surf—with death before their eyes, and their comrades swamping in the waters—on came the succeeding *chasse-marées*.* At last the true channel was discovered. Vessel succeeded vessel,—and before night a perfect bridge was established over the Adour, able from its solidity to resist a river current, and protected from any effort of the enemy by a line of booms and spars, which stretched across the river as a security against fire ships, or any other means which the French might employ for its destruction.†

* "A halberd was set up, with a handkerchief fixed to it, and upon this point the chasse-marées boldly stood in for the river. Mr. Bloye, the master's mate of the Lyra, led the passage. His boat was lost, and the whole of the crew drowned: several others shared the same fate. Captain Elliot, of the Martial, with the surgeon of that vessel and four seamen, and two belonging to the Porcupine, were amongst those who perished. Three transport-boats, with their crews, were also lost. All eyes were turned to witness the vessels plunging through the huge waves that rolled over the bar. A Spanish chasse-marée had nearly struggled through the surf, when an enormous wave was seen gradually nearing the vessel; and, just before it reached it, raising its curling ridge high above the deck, with one fatal sweep bore it down to the bottom. A moment after parts of the shattered vessel rose to the surface, and exhibited the wretched mariners clinging to its fragments: some were drifted till they actually got footing on the shore, and, as it was flood-tide, hopes were entertained of saving them by means of ropes thrown to them; but another tremendous wave rolling majestically on to the beach, in a moment bore them away for ever."—*Batty*.

† It consisted of six-and-twenty chasse-marées, lashed to each other, and moored by the bow and stern to resist the current that changed at ebb and flow. Heavy guns were occasionally substituted for anchors; and cables were strained by capstans across the centre of the decks, with strong oak planks laid transversely, and sufficiently secured to form a platform, at the same time pliant and substantial—calculated to rise or fall with the tide—and strong enough to support the weight of artillery.

Before the flotilla had entered the Adour, or the pontoons had arrived from Bedart, the guards attempted a passage of of the river by means of the small boats and a temporary raft formed of a few pontoons, and worked as a flying bridge, by means of a hawser extended from the opposite bank. As the strength of the tide interrupted this precarious mode of passage, when only six companies, with two of the 60th rifles, and a party of the rocket corps, had crossed, the position of this small body, isolated as it was, and open to the attack of overwhelming numbers, was dangerous in the extreme.* Colonel Stopford, however, made the best dispositions in his power for defence, and formed with one flank upon the river, and the other appuied upon a morass, while the heavy guns that had been placed in battery on the other shore, swept the ground in front of the position with their fire. As had been truly apprehended, an attack was made. The French advanced

Immense stone piers had been erected by the French to contract the channel of the stream, and, by an artificial current, prevent the sand from accumulating on the bar. These, from their breadth, formed an admirable causeway, while they lessened the space of water to be bridged to an extent of two hundred and seventy yards. It was supposed by French engineers impracticable to secure pontoons so as to resist the ocean swells and mountain floods to which the Adour was so constantly exposed; but a fortunate shifting of a sand-bank formed an excellent breakwater; while a boom was laid above the bridge to arrest fire-ships or floating timber, which it might have been expected the enemy would employ for its destruction.

* "A few rocket-men were hastily sent across the river, and posted on the sand-hills to aid in repelling the enemy; and two guns of the troops of horse-artillery were so placed on the left bank of the river, as to be able to flank by their fire the troops coming on to attack the front of the guards.

"The enemy came on a little before dusk of evening with drums beating the *pas-de-charge*, and driving before him the pickets sent out by General Stopford to reconnoitre. The guards awaited the approach of the French columns till within a short distance of their front, and then commenced a well-directed fire; the guns on the left bank began to cannonade them, and the rockets on the sand-hills were discharged with terrific effect, piercing the enemy's column, killing several men, and blazing through it with the greatest violence. The result was the almost immediate rout of the French, who, terror-struck at the unusual appearance, and at the effect of the rockets, and the immovable firmness of the little corps, made the best of their retreat back towards the citadel, leaving a number of killed and wounded on the ground. This gallant little combat closed the events of the day."—*Batty*.

with fifteen hundred men, and the guards and rifles received them steadily—the rocket corps, on either flank, opening with this novel and destructive projectile.* A few discharges

* "There was a prejudice in the army against this weapon, which had hitherto not been used in the field; the opinion seems to have been, that if it had been an efficient means of destruction, it would sooner have been borrowed from the East Indian nations. Lord Wellington, however, was willing that they should be tried; and some experiments which were made at Fontarabia gave reason for supposing that they might be found useful on the Adour. The direction of this new arm was assigned to Sir Augustus Fraser, but the trial was to be made under all the disadvantages of inexperience; for the corps was composed of men hastily brought together, and entirely ignorant of the arm they were to use; and the rockets themselves were equipped in five different ways, and consequently liable to as many failures."—*Southey.*

A twelve-pounder rocket laid on the ground, and discharged without a tube, by simply applying a match to the vent, will run along the ground four or five hundred yards, seldom rising higher than a man's head; and then, alternately rising and falling, will continue its course with such effect, as, after ranging 1200 yards, to pierce through twenty feet of turf, and explode on the other side, scattering the seventy-two carbine balls, with which it was loaded, in all directions. No barricade could for an instant retard its force; and should it by any accident strike against a stone, or any obstacle which it cannot pierce or overturn, it will bound off, and continue its terrible course.

They are of various dimensions, as well in length as in calibre, and are differently armed, according as they are intended for the field or for bombardment,—carrying, in the first instance, either shells or case-shot, which may be exploded at any part of their flight, spreading death and destruction among the columns of the enemy; and in the second, where they are intended for the destruction of buildings, shipping, stores, &c. they are armed with a peculiar species of composition which never fails of destroying every combustible material with which it comes in contact: the latter are called carcass-rockets.

The powers of this weapon are now established upon the best of all testimonies—that of the enemy; a striking instance of which occurred at the siege of Flushing, where General Monnet, the French commandant, made a formal remonstrance to Lord Chatham respecting the use of them in that bombardment.

The form of all the different kinds of these rockets is cylindrical, and they are composed of strong metallic cases, armed, as before stated, either with carcass composition for bombardment and conflagration, or with shells and case-shot for field-service. They are, however, of various weights and dimensions, from the eight-inch carcass, or explosion-rocket, weighing nearly three hundredweight, to the six-pound shell-rocket, which is the smallest size used in the field. The sticks which are employed for regulating their flight are also of different lengths, according to the

completely arrested the enemy's advance, and they hastily retired from the attack ; while at the turning of the tide, reinforcements were ferried over, and the position secured until

size and service of the rocket, and which, for the convenience of carriage, are stowed apart from the rocket, and so contrived as to consist of two or more parts, which are connected to it, and to each other when requisite, with the utmost expedition.

They are divided into three classes, heavy, medium, and light,—the former including all those of above forty-two pounds, which are denominated according to their calibre, as eight-inch, seven-inch, six-inch, &c. rockets ; the medium include all those from the forty-two pound to the twenty-four pound rocket ; and the light, from the eighteen-pounder to the six-pounder, inclusive. The carcass-rockets are armed with strong iron conical heads, containing a composition as hard and solid as iron itself, and which, when once inflamed, bids defiance to any human effort to extinguish it, and, consequently, involves in an inextinguishable flame every combustible material with which it comes in contact. The forty-two pounder and thirty-two pounder carcass-rockets are those which have hitherto been chiefly employed in bombardments. The penetration of the thirty-two pound carcass-rocket, in common ground, is nine feet,—and in some instances where they have been employed, have been known to pierce through several floors, and through the sides of houses : this is the smallest rocket used in bombardment, and the largest employed in the field,—the more usual size for the latter service being the twenty-four, eighteen, twelve, and six-pounders. The ranges of the eight-inch, seven-inch, and six-inch rockets, are from 2,000 to 2,500 yards ; and the quantity of combustible matter, or bursting powder, from twenty-five to fifty pounds ; and from their weight, combined with less diameter, they possess a greater power of penetration than the heaviest shells, and are therefore equally efficient for the destruction of bomb-proofs, or the demolition of strong buildings.

The largest rocket that has yet been constructed has not, we believe, weighed more than three hundred-weight.

The forty-two and thirty-two pounders are those which have hitherto been principally used in bombardment, and which, for the general purposes of that service, are found quite sufficient, as they will convey from seven pounds to ten pounds of combustible matter each, and have a range of upwards of three thousand yards. The thirty-two pounder rocket may be considered as the medium rocket, being the smallest used in bombardment as a carcass or explosion rocket, and the largest used with shot or shell in the field ; but as the twenty-four pounder is very nearly equal to it in all its applications in the latter service, being quite equal to the propelling of the Cohorn shell, or twelve-pounder shot, it is, from the saving in weight, generally preferred to the thirty-two pounder. The eighteen-pounder, which is the first of the light nature of rockets, is armed with a nine-pound shot or shell ; the twelve pounder with a six-pound ditto ; the

the following evening, when the whole of the first division, with two guns and a few troops of dragoons, succeeded in effecting a passage.

Bayonne, in the mean time, was closely invested, and the garrison forced back from the villages in front of their lines, by Sir John Hope.* Lord Wellington, having secured the attention of Soult by a formidable demonstration on his front, enabled Sir Rowland Hill to pass the Gave de Oleron unopposed, and thus turn the left flank of the French marshal. Soult instantly retired and took a position behind the Pau, establishing his head-quarters at Orthez. Picton, with the third and light divisions, had followed Hill; Clinton, with the sixth, had crossed between Laas and Montford; and Beresford observed the enemy at Peyrehorade closely, and kept them within their intrenchments.

Lord Wellington had decided on an immediate attack. The French were very strongly posted—their left wing, commanded by Clausel, rested on the Gave, and occupied the town of Orthez; the centre, under d'Erlon, was formed on the heights in the rear; while the right wing extended behind St. Boes, and held that village. Harispe's division was placed as a reserve in the rear, and crossed the great roads leading to Bordeaux and Toulouse.

On the 27th, Wellington commenced his operations. The allied left wing, composed of the fourth and seventh divisions and Vivian's brigade, under Marshal Beresford, attacked the

nine-pounder with a grenade; and the six-pounder with a three-pound shot or shell. From the twenty-four pounder to the nine-pounder rocket, inclusive, a description of case-shot rocket is formed of each nature, armed with a quantity of musket or carbine balls put into the top of the cylinder of the rocket.

* The citadel of Bayonne is a truly formidable work, standing on a commanding hill upon the right bank of the Adour, and greatly elevated above all the other defences of the city, nearly fronting the mouth of the Nive. It is almost a perfect square, with strongly-built oreillon bastions at the four angles. A double range of barracks and magazines inclose a quadrangular space in the centre called the *place d'armes*, the sides of which are parallel with the curtains of the citadel.

The north-east, north-west, and south-west bastions are surmounted by cavaliers which appear to be well armed with cannon mounted *en barbette*.

enemy's right at St. Boes; while the third and sixth divisions, under Sir Rowland Hill, with Lord Edward Somerset's light cavalry, were directed against Soult's left and centre. The British movements were ably executed. Hill crossed the river in front of the French left, and turned their flank—the enemy holding their ground with great obstinacy, while the allied attack was as remarkable for its impetuosity. A final and protracted struggle ensued—but the French, unable to sustain the combined assault of the allies, commenced retreating by divisions, and contesting every inch of ground as they abandoned it. Hill's parallel march was speedily discovered—and as that movement threatened their rear, the order of the retreat was accelerated, and gradually assumed the character of a flight. The British pressed rapidly forward—the French as quickly fell back—both strove to gain Sault de Navailles—and though charged by the English cavalry, the enemy crossed the Luy de Bearne before Hill could succeed in coming up.

The defeat of the 27th was decisive. The French loss in killed and wounded was immense. Six guns and a number of prisoners were taken; the troops threw away their arms,—many deserted altogether—and few defeats were marked by more injurious results to the vanquished, than those attendant upon that of Orthez.

The allied loss amounted to two hundred and seventy-seven killed, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three wounded, and seventy missing.

One circumstance occurred during this obstinate contest that displayed the readiness of Lord Wellington's decisions, and the rapidity with which he adopted measures to meet any incidental exigency.

A Portuguese battalion in advancing had been so roughly received, that it broke and fell back upon a brigade of the light division, who succeeded in covering its retreat. The nature of the ground on which the right of the enemy was posted, from its narrow front, confining the attack to a line of but two battalions; while a heavy battery of guns and a converging fire of musketry swept its approach and rendered the boldest efforts of the assailants unavailing in carrying the height. Wellington perceived the difficulty, and in a moment

changed his method of attack. Walker, with the seventh division, and Barnard, with a light brigade, were pushed up the left of the height to attack the right of the French at its point of junction with the centre; and Picton and Clinton were directed to advance at once, and not as they had been originally ordered, await the result of Beresford's attempt upon the hill. The whole face of the battle was thus suddenly changed—the heights were speedily won—and the enemy, after a fierce resistance, driven fairly from their ground, and forced from a most formidable position.

That night the French retired to Hagetman—and, joined by the garrison of Dax, fell back on St. Sever, and afterwards on Agen—Beresford advancing by Mont de Marsan, and Hill in the direction of Aire. Heavy rains favoured the French retreat, by impeding the advance of the allies—and it was the 2nd of March before Hill overtook them in front of Aire.

Although posted on formidable ground, Sir Rowland instantly and successfully brought them to action. The second division, with De Costa's Portuguese, advanced to the attack; the former by the road to Aire, and the latter by the heights upon the left of the enemy. The movement of Stewart's division was most brilliant; and though the Portuguese behaved gallantly and won the ridge, they were attacked furiously, and unable to hold the ground, deforced, and driven in great confusion from the height. The French followed with a strong column, and the consequences threatened to be disastrous, but the success of the second division permitted Sir Rowland to detach Byng's brigade to the assistance of De Costa; and in place of assailing a broken corps, the enemy's columns were confronted by one in equal order, and already buoyant with success. The result was what might have been expected—the French were charged and beaten from the field—the town and the position abandoned—the Adour hastily crossed—a number of prisoners made, and a regiment cut off and obliged to retire to Pau.*

Soult pursued the line of the right bank of the Adour, and

* The allied loss in this spirited affair was only twenty killed, one hundred and thirty-six wounded and two missing.

concentrated at Plaisance and Maubourget, to await Lord Wellington's attack—but finding the road to Bordeaux uncovered, the allied general marched his left wing directly on that city. On Beresford's approach, the garrison evacuated the place, crossing over to the right bank of the Garonne; and the authorities and inhabitants generally assumed the white cockade, and declared themselves in favour of the Bourbons.

TOULOUSE.

Termination of the conference of Chatillon.—Wellington determines to reduce Bayonne.—Soult marches on Toulouse, and Wellington pursues him.—Description of Toulouse.—Passage of the Garonne effected.—Battle of Toulouse.—Subsequent events and movements.

The celebrated conference at Chatillon terminated on the 19th of March, and the allied Sovereigns determined to march direct upon the capital, of which they obtained possession on the 31st. The intelligence of this momentous event had not reached the south of France—and Lord Wellington made immense preparations to enable him to invest and reduce Bayonne. Fascines and gabions were obtained in abundance—a large supply of siege artillery, with shot and shells, was landed at Passages from England—scaling-ladders were constructed in the woods—the site of the batteries marked out—and all was ready for an investment.

One division being considered sufficient for the protection of Bordeaux, that city was intrusted to the care of Lord Dalhousie, while Marshal Beresford was recalled, and joined the army with the remainder of his corps.

Soult had manœuvred to draw the allies from Bordeaux; and his *corps-d'armée* occupied positions on the right bank of the Adour, with advanced pickets in the town of Tarbes.

On the 20th of March, Hill's division was directed to attack the left wing of the enemy, after driving their outposts from Tarbes—while Clinton, with the sixth division, and Ponsonby and Lord Edward Somerset's cavalry brigades, should cross the river between Vic Bigorre and Rabastens, and, by turning the right of the French, gain Soult's rear. To guard against this menaced attack, the French marshal retired under cover of the night, and fell back upon Toulouse, destroying the bridges as he passed them

The unavoidable difficulty in crossing flooded rivers, and

moving pontoons over roads nearly impassable from heavy rains, delayed the allied march. Soult, therefore, reached Toulouse in four days, while Wellington, by great exertion, was only enabled to arrive before it in seven.

Toulouse stands on the right bank of the Garonne, which separates it from a large suburb called Saint Cyprien. The eastern and northern sides of the city are inclosed by the canal of Languedoc, which joins the Garonne a mile below the town. On the east of the city is the suburb of Saint Etienne; on the south that of Saint Michael, and on that side the great road from Carcassone and Montpellier enters the town. The population was estimated at fifty thousand souls — and it was generally understood that the inhabitants of Toulouse were secretly attached to the Bourbons.

The city is walled and connected by ancient towers—but these antiquated defences would avail little against the means employed in modern warfare. Soult, therefore, intrenched the fauxbourg of Saint Cyprien—constructed *têtes du pont* at all the bridges of the canal—threw up redoubts and breast-works, and destroyed the bridges across the Ers. The southern side he considered so secure as to require no additional defences, trusting for its protection to the width and rapidity of the Garonne.

The first attempt of the allied leader to throw a pontoon bridge across the river, was rendered impracticable by the sudden rising of its waters. Higher up, however, the passage was effected, but the roads were quite impassable—and Lord Wellington determined to lay the pontoons below the city, which was accordingly done—and Beresford with the fourth and sixth divisions, was safely placed upon the right bank.

This temporary success might have been followed by disastrous consequences. The Garonne suddenly increased — a flood came pouring down—the swollen river momentarily rose higher—and to save the pontoons from being swept away, the bridge was removed, and the divisions left unsupported, with an overpowering force in front, and an angry river in their rear. Soult neglected this admirable opportunity of attacking them; and on the second day the flood had sufficiently abated

to allow the pontoons to be laid down again, when Frere's Spanish corps passed over, and reinforced the isolated divisions. The bridge was now removed above the city, to facilitate Hill's communications, who, with the second division, was posted in front of the fauxbourg of Saint Cyprien. The passage of the third and light divisions was effected safely — and Picton and Baron Alten took up ground with their respective corps in front of the canal, and invested the northern face of Toulouse.

Early on the morning of the 10th, the fortified heights on the eastern front of the city were attacked. Soult had placed all his disposable troops in this position — and thus defended, nothing but determined gallantry on the part of the assailants could expect success.

The bridge of Croix d'Orade, previously secured by a bold attack of the 18th hussars, enabled Beresford and Frere to move up the left bank of the Garonne, and occupy ground in front of the heights preparatory to the grand attack. The sixth division was in the centre, with the Spaniards on the right, and the fourth British on the left. The cavalry of Sir Stapleton Cotton and Lord Edward Somerset were formed in support of the left and centre; and Arentchild, now in command of Vivian's brigade, was attached to the left flank, while Ponsonby protected the right. The light division occupied the vacant ground between the river Garonne and the road to Croix d'Orade; its left abutting on the division under Frere; and the third—its right resting on the river —communicated with Hill's corps upon the left by means of the pontoon bridge. These divisions — those of Hill, Picton, and Alten—were ordered to attack the enemy's intrenchments in front of their respective corps, simultaneously with the grand assault upon the heights.

The fourth and sixth divisions moved obliquely against the enemy's right, carried the heights, and seized a redoubt on the flank of the position; while the fourth Spanish corps, directed against the ridge above the road to Croix d'Orade, advanced with confidence, and succeeded in mounting the brow of the hill. But the heavy fire of the French batteries arrested their onward movement. They recoiled—became confused—and

sought shelter from the fury of the cannonade in a hollow way in front of the enemy's position.* The French, perceiving their disorder, advanced and vigorously charged. Frere vainly endeavoured to rally his broken troops and lead them on again; they were driven back confusedly on the Ers, and their déroute appeared inevitable.

Lord Wellington saw and remedied this reverse. Personally, he rallied a Spanish regiment, and bringing up a part of the light division, arrested the French pursuit, and allowed the broken regiments time to be re-organized. The bridge across the Ers was saved—Frere reformed his battalions, and the fugitives rejoined their colours.

Beresford immediately resumed the attack—two redoubts were carried—and the sixth division dislodged the enemy, and occupied the centre of their position. The contest here was exceedingly severe—Pack, in leading the attack, was wounded—and in an attempt to recover the heights by the French, Taupin, who commanded the division, was killed. Every succeeding effort failed—and the British held the ground their gallantry had won.

Picton had most imprudently changed a false into a real attack upon the bridge over the canal of Languedoc nearest its entrance into the Garonne—but the *tête du pont* was too strong to be forced, and he fell back with considerable loss. On the left, Sir Rowland Hill menaced the fauxbourg of Saint Cyprien, and succeeded in fully occupying the attention of its garrison, thus preventing them from rendering any assistance when Soult was most severely pressed.

* "They were not aware that a rather deep ravine separated them from the enemy's works; however, on they pushed, in a very disorderly manner, till they reached the point the French intended they should reach, when a fire was opened out upon them, such as they had never witnessed before. Few troops would have remained unshaken by such a reception, but to the Spaniards it was intolerable; consequently they broke into a thousand parties, and, turning tail, it was who should be first away from such unpleasant doings. I am told that Lord Wellington at this moment 'wondered whether the Pyrenees would bring them up again, they seemed to have got such a fright.' He did not indeed depend on their valour, or he would have made a bad winding up of his Peninsular campaign. The moment they left the height, every man took the way that seemed to him best, and they soon after literally covered the whole plain, and set to work with all expedition to plunder."—*Surtees.*

In the mean time, Beresford having obtained his artillery, resumed offensive movements, and advanced along the ridge with the divisions of Cole and Clinton. Soult anticipated the attack, and threw himself in front and flank in great force upon the sixth division; but the effort failed. The French marshal was driven from the hill—the redoubts abandoned—the canal passed—and, beaten on every point, he sought refuge within the walls of Toulouse.

Few victories cost more blood than this long and hard-contested battle. The allied casualties, including two thousand Spaniards, nearly extended to seven thousand men. Several regiments lost half their number—and two, the 45th and 61st, their colonels.* It was impossible to ascertain the extent to which the French suffered. Their loss was no doubt commensurate with that of the victors. Of their superior officers alone, two generals were killed, and three wounded and made prisoners.

On the night of the succeeding day, Soult, alarmed by Wellington's movements on the road to Carcassone, retired from the city, which next morning was taken possession of by the allies, although the French unblushingly assert that they gained a victory.†

* Return of the killed, wounded, and missing, of the army under the command of Field-Marshal the Marquis of Wellington, K. B., at the battle of Toulouse, April 10, 1814.

	Officers.	Sergeants.	Rank and File.	Total Loss.
Killed	31	21	543	595
Wounded	248	123	3675	4046
Missing	3	0	15	18

The above loss as under:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
British	312	1795	17
Spanish	205	1722	1
Portuguese	78	539	0
Horses	62	59	2

Wellington's Despatches.

† What, let it be simply asked, were the relative objects of Soult and Wellington? Was it not with one to hold a city that the other was as anxious to obtain? And what were the results? Soult, after his defeat at Tarbes, had made forced marches to complete the defences of Toulouse, and garrison a place to which he attached such value. His opponent advanced more leisurely; for, as the end was great, so also were the means limited and the difficulties many. Were they not surmounted?

There was seldom a bloodier, and never a more useless battle fought than that of the 10th of March—for on the evening of the 12th, an English and French field officer, Colonels Cooke and St. Simon, arrived at the allied head-quarters, with intelligence that, on the 3rd hostilities had ceased, and the war was virtually terminated. A courier, despatched from the capital with this important communication, had been unfortunately interrupted in his journey; and in ignorance of passing events, the contending armies wasted their best energies, and lost many of the bravest on both sides, in a bootless and unnecessary encounter.

Soult, on having the abdication of Napoleon formally notified to him on the night of the 13th, refused to send in his adherence to the Bourbons, merely offering a suspension of hostilities, to which Lord Wellington most properly objecting, instantly recommenced his pursuit of the French marshal's beaten divisions. The advance, however, was not continued. Soult acknowledged the provisional government—and a line of demarcation was drawn between the allied troops and those of the Duke of Dalmatia.

An unnecessary expenditure of human life cannot be regarded without deep regret, bordering upon abhorrence. Surely enough of blood had been shed uselessly at Toulouse,* but it was destined that more should flow.

"He desired to pass the Garonne, and he did pass it; he desired to win the position and works of Mont Rave, and he did win them; he desired to enter Toulouse, and he did enter it as a conqueror at the head of his troops."—*Napier*.

* The allied loss, according to official reports, was five hundred and ninety-five killed, four thousand and forty-six wounded, and eighteen missing.

SORTIE OF BAYONNE.

Bayonne invested.—Sortie on the night of the 13th.—Thouvenot driven back.—Wellington advances.—Soult sends in his adherence to the Provisional Government.—Wellington visits Paris and Madrid. The army returns to England.—Duke of Wellington takes his seat in the House of Peers.

THE British and French officers having passed through Bordeaux, forwarded a hurried notification to Sir John Hope, announcing the termination of hostilities; but, unfortunately, no accredited person was despatched. Of course, Sir John waited for orders from Lord Wellington; but he communicated the important intelligence he had received to the French outposts—and as the siege guns had not arrived, no jealousy should have been entertained by Thouvenot, who commanded the garrison of Bayonne.* Like Soult at Toulouse, that ge-

* "The enemy erected a tall mast on the cavalier of the south-west bastion, supporting a sort of round top, boarded at the sides, for the purpose of placing there a sentinel, who was thus enabled to overlook the positions of the allies all round. This was a subject of great jealousy to our soldiers, who were anxious to see the first cannon directed against so dangerous an overseer, whom they always designated by the name of 'Jack in the box.' Many of them amused themselves in drawing rude sketches on the garden walls and sides of the houses with burnt sticks, apparently consoling themselves by representing 'Jack in his box,' with outstretched arms, in the moment of expiring from a cannon-shot, which was duly depicted: their animosity was, in fact, very particularly directed against this, as they called it, unfair advantage."—*Batty*.

"At Bayonne, occasional instances occurred which shewed the extreme accuracy of the French artillery-men in pointing their cannon, and afforded the most convincing proofs of the absolute necessity of keeping our sentinels in places where they could not be discovered, and where, through holes pierced for that purpose in the garden walls, or through the hedges, they could observe the enemy's movements without necessary exposure. A soldier of the German Legion had been posted at the angle of a large house, with directions to look round the corner from time to time, but on no account to remain exposed. Unfortunately he placed one leg beyond

neral, however, wantonly provoked an affair, from which no glory resulted to himself, and much blood was unnecessarily wasted.

On the night of the 13th, two deserters came over to the allied outposts, and gave information that the whole of the garrison were under arms, and prepared to make a sortie early on the following morning. At three o'clock the British regiments were formed and ready to receive the enemy—and a false attack was presently made on the outposts in front of Anglez. In the darkness, which was intense, the firing was too apparent in its feebleness, not to betray that the attempt was but a feint, and intended only to mask a more determined effort. The true attack was speedily made. The allied pickets in front of the citadel were partially surprised—and, rushing forward, two French columns with their customary impetuosity broke through the line of outposts stationed between St. Etienne and St. Bernard, while another powerful column moved upon the former village, and the whole line of pickets on the right bank of the river became seriously engaged.

A deep hollow way leads through St. Etienne, inclosed in

the angle of the building, and in a moment afterwards it was carried off by a cannon-shot. This might have been accidental, but a second and third instance immediately following served to convince us it was not so. A soldier of the light infantry, belonging to those stationed at St. Bernard under the command of Lord Saltoun, was posted behind a breastwork dug across the road which leads from the suburb of St. Etienne towards Bouraut, not far from the bank of the Adour. This road was looked down upon from the citadel, and was guarded with extreme jealousy by the enemy. The soldier was desired occasionally to look over the breastwork, but always to conceal himself again as quickly as possible; he, however, had the rashness to stand boldly upright on it, and was instantaneously killed by a cannon-ball, which literally cut him in two.

"A similar instance of their accuracy in firing occurred on the 23rd of February, when Colonel Maitland's brigade took shelter behind the sand-hills on the borders of the marsh in front of the intrenched camp. A drummer in the 3rd battalion of the first Guards had got upon the summit of the sand-hill, but had not been there many moments before a cannon-shot, fired from a battery of the intrenched camp nearest to the Adour, pierced the ground directly underneath his feet, and brought down the frightened drummer headlong amongst his comrades below, who were much amused on discovering that he had not sustained the slightest injury."

some places by high banks, and at others by garden walls. The ground about St. Etienne is everywhere confined, and the communications are few and difficult. Hence, when the advanced line was broken, many of the pickets were totally cut off. In their attempts to retire, several murderous affairs ensued—when finding themselves desperately situated, they resorted to as desperate means. Some fought their way through, and succeeded in escaping—more, however, perished in the attempt,—and heaps of dead, both French and English, lay crowded together in spaces of little extent, and the bayonet wounds by which they had mutually perished, betrayed the ferocity with which the British had resisted to the last.

As it might be naturally supposed that the grand object of the sortie would be the destruction of the bridge of vessels over the Adour, Lord Saltoun placed himself in readiness to repel the expected attack, and occupied in force the convent of St. Bernard, which he had already strongly fortified. The first division, moved forward to support the picket, was cannonaded by the French gun-boats, which dropping down the river had covered the sortie. The enemy came forward in imposing numbers—the whole of the village of St. Etienne fell into their hands—and while giving orders for the defence of some important buildings, Major-general Hay was unfortunately killed.

On the first alarm, Sir John Hope, with his staff, hastened towards St. Etienne—and not aware that the village was already in possession of the enemy, and that his pickets had retired, he entered the hollow road as the shortest way to reach the scene of action. In a few minutes the enemy's column was discovered in the feeble light, and the general wheeled round to extricate himself from the threatened danger of being taken. It was now too late—the French infantry hurried on, and commenced firing within a dozen yards—Sir John's horse was killed, and falling on his leg prevented him from rising. Two of his staff dismounted to assist him, but they too were severely wounded, and rendered unable to relieve the general—and the whole fell into the hands of the enemy.*

* "It appeared that the French were only able to extricate Sir John Hope by drawing his leg out of the boot, which was afterwards found under the horse's side."—*Batty.*

Sir John was immediately hurried to Bayonne, and on the road was again wounded in the foot by a shot from the English pickets. Other prisoners, of lesser note, had fallen into the hands of the French, during the darkness and confusion incident on a night attack—among these was Colonel Townshend, who commanded the pickets of the Guards.

The first brigade of Guards was now desired to support the right flank, and the second directed to recover the ground that lay between it and the village of St. Etienne. Finding the attack confined to the centre of the British lines immediately in front of the citadel, the third battalion of the Guards was detached, under Colonel Stuart, to regain the hollow road, and drive the enemy from the fields in its rear.

These attempts were finally successful. The Coldstream and first Foot Guards rushed forward on opposite flanks, cheering loudly as they charged—and the French, alarmed lest they should be cut off from Bayonne, rapidly retired over the glacis of the citadel, suffering considerable loss* from the musketry of their pursuers.

The contest at St. Etienne had been maintained with great obstinacy. A company of the 38th, commanded by Captain Forster, occupied and held a house in that village, against every effort the enemy made to dispossess them. The little garrison were sadly reduced, when a brigade of Germans under General Hinuber, recovered the village, and saved the remnant of the gallant band.

A night attack is always attended by an awful grandeur that it is almost impossible to imagine or describe—and, in effect, nothing could exceed the sortie from the citadel of Bayonne. The deeper flashes of the cannon, the sparkling of the musketry, the sudden bursting of the shells, after describing curves of light in their transit,† and the brilliant illumi-

* "When the enemy were driven out of St. Etienne, a field-piece was brought to bear on the retreating columns, and no less than thirteen rounds of grape and canister shot were fired at them with effect as they retreated down the great road to St. Esprit. The slaughter at this point was terrific."—*Batty*.

† A shell by daylight is occasionally visible. "The twenty-four inch mortar fired at intervals during the day. The shell was distinctly seen making its curve, and alighting with great precision. In the air it had

nation occasionally produced by the fire-balls thrown from the fortress to direct the range of its artillery, were singularly contrasted with the darkness of the night, which, after these brief and brilliant displays, appeared gloomier and denser than before. Presently, a fascine depôt became ignited by the bursting of a shell, and several houses at the same time caught fire and burned furiously, throwing a lurid glare over a field on which death was busy. To complete this fearful picture, the thunder of one hundred guns, and the bursting of shells, united with the cheering of the combatants and the cries of the wounded—all, in point of horror, rendering it, as a scene of slaughter, perfect.

On both sides the sortie of Bayonne entailed a deplorable loss of life.* Independent of prisoners, the British numbered fully five hundred killed and wounded, while the French loss was estimated at eight hundred and fifty. Several superior officers fell—and a great number of subordinate rank were reckoned among the killed and wounded.

"Towards the close of the action, the moon had risen, and as dawn broke over the scene of battle, a spectator could discern the dreadful havoc that had been made. The French and English soldiers and officers were lying on all sides, either killed or wounded; and so intermixed were they, that there

the appearance of a huge cricket-ball, and had, apparently, little velocity.'—*Siege of Antwerp.*

* "At the close of the action, the dead and wounded, along the high road and on the ground adjoining it, were lying thicker than perhaps, in an equal extent, on any field of battle which took place during the war, not excepting Waterloo, although the latter continued eight hours, whilst this was over in three. Lord Wellington, in riding over the ground, remarked, that he had never observed so large a number of killed in so small a compass."

Return of the killed, wounded, and missing, in the operation of the army, under the command of Field-Marshal the Marquis of Wellington, K. G., in a sortie made by the garrison of Bayonne, on the morning of the 14th of April, 1814.

	Officers.	Sergeants.	Rank and File.	Total.	Horses.
Killed	8	3	139	150	0
Wounded	36	28	393	457	1
Missing	6	7	223	236	0

Wellington's Despatches.

appeared to have been no distinct line belonging to either party."*

The command of the left wing devolved on Major-General Colville, and the rival armies continued to observe each other with the most jealous vigilance.

Lord Wellington never relaxed his active movements; and Soult having refused to acknowledge the provisional government, the allied commander advanced. The bold and decisive measures of the allied leader doubtless hastened the Duke of Dalmatia in making his decision—and, on the arrival of a second official communication, Soult notified his adherence, and hostilities ceased. Suchet had already shewn him the example—and Toulouse displayed the white flag. A line of demarcation was made by commissioners between the rival armies, and a regular convention signed by the respective commanders.† On the 27th, Thouvenot was instructed by

* "After the engagement was over, the outposts and their officers freely met each other,—when the British expressed a becoming regret at the unnecessary loss of life the night affair had so uselessly occasioned. The French treated it with a levity that by no means raised them in English estimation. 'It was merely a light affair—nothing but a *petite promenade militaire*;' and not the slightest expression of regret was uttered for the many of their comrades who were lying thick upon the field."—*Batty*.

† Field-Marshal the Marquis of Wellington and the Marshals the Duke of Dalmatia and the Duke of Albufera being desirous of concluding a suspension of hostilities between the armies under their respective orders, and of agreeing upon a line of demarcation, have named the undermentioned officers for that purpose; viz. on the part of the Marquis of Wellington, Major-General Sir George Murray, and Major-General Don Luis Wimpffen; and, on the part of the Duke of Dalmatia and of the Duke of Albufera, the General of Division Count Gazin.

These officers having exchanged their full powers have agreed upon the following articles:—

Art. I.—From the date of the present convention there shall be a suspension of hostilities between the allied armies under the orders of Field-Marshal the Marquis of Wellington, and the armies of France under the orders of Marshal the Duke of Dalmatia and of Marshal the Duke of Albufera.

Art. II.—Hostilities shall not be recommenced on either part without a previous notice being given of five days.

Art. III.—The limits of the department of the Haute Garonne, with the departments of Arriege, Aude, and Tarn, shall be the line of demar-

Soult to surcease hostilities, and acknowledged the Bourbons

cation between the armies as far as the town of Buzet, on the river Tarn. The line will then follow the course of the Tarn to its junction with the Garonne, making a circuit, however, on the left bank of the Tarn opposite Montauban, to the distance of three-quarters of a league from the bridge of Montauban. From the mouth of the river Tarn, the line of demarcation will follow the right bank of the Garonne, as far as the limits of the department of the Lot and Garonne, with the department of La Gironde. It will then pass by La Reole, Sanveterre, and Rauzan, to the Dordogne, and will follow the right bank of that river, and of the Gironde, to the sea. In the event, however, of a different line of demarcation having been already determined by Lieutenant-General the Earl of Dalhousie and General Decden, the line fixed upon by those officers shall be adhered to.

Art. IV.—Hostilities shall cease also on both sides in regard to the places of Bayonne, St. Jean de Pied de Port, Navarreins, Blaye, and the castle of Lourdes.

The governors of these places shall be allowed to provide for the daily subsistence of the garrisons in the adjacent country, the garrison of Bayonne with a circuit of eight leagues from Bayonne, and the garrisons of the other places named within a circuit of three leagues round each place.

Officers shall be sent to the garrisons of the above places to communicate to them the terms of the present convention.

Art. V.—The town and forts of Santona shall be evacuated by the French troops, and made over to the Spanish forces. The French garrison will remove with it all that properly belongs to it, together with such arms, artillery, and other military effects as have not been the property originally of the Spanish government.

The Marquis of Wellington will determine whether the French garrison of Santona shall return to France by land or by sea, and, in either case, the passage of the garrison shall be secured, and it will be directed upon one of the places or ports most contiguous to the army of the Duke of Dalmatia.

The ships of war or other vessels now in the harbour of Santona, belonging to France, shall be allowed to proceed to Rochfort with passports for that purpose.

The Duke of Dalmatia will send an officer to communicate to the French general commanding in Santona the terms of the present convention, and cause them to be complied with.

Art. VI.—The fort of Venasque shall be made over as soon as possible to the Spanish troops, and the French garrison shall proceed by the most direct route to the head-quarters of the French army: the garrison will remove with it the arms and ammunition which are originally French.

Art. VII.—The line of demarcation between the allied armies and the

—the lilies floated over the citadel—and saluted by three

army of Marshal Suchet, shall be the line of the frontier of Spain and France, from the Mediterranean to the limits of the department of the Haute Garonne.

Art. VIII.—The garrison of all the places which are occupied by the troops of the army of the Duke of Albufera shall be allowed to return without delay into France. These garrisons shall remove with them all that properly belongs to them, as also the arms and artillery which are originally French.

The garrison of Murviedro and of Peniscola shall join the garrison of Tortosa, and these troops will then proceed together by the great road, and enter France by Perpignan. The day of the arrival of these garrisons at Gerona, the fortresses of Figueras and of Rosas shall be made over to the Spanish troops, and the French garrisons of these places shall proceed to Perpignan.

As soon as information is received of the French garrisons of Murviedro, Peniscola, and Tortosa, having passed the French frontier, the place and forts of Barcelona shall be made over to the Spanish troops, and the French garrisons shall march immediately for Perpignan. The Spanish authorities will provide for the necessary means of transport being supplied to the French garrisons on their march to the frontier.

The sick or wounded of any of the French garrisons who are not in a state to move with the troops, shall remain and be cured in the hospitals where they are, and will be sent into France as soon as they have recovered.

Art. IX.—From the date of the ratifications of the present convention, there shall not be removed from Peniscola, Murviedro, Tortosa, Barcelona, or any of the other places, any artillery, arms, ammunition, or any other military effects belonging to the Spanish government. And the provisions remaining at the evacuation of these places shall be made over to the Spanish authorities.

Art. X.—The roads shall be free for the passage of couriers through the cantonments of both armies, provided they are furnished with regular passports.

Art. XI.—During the continuance of the present convention, deserters from either army shall be arrested, and shall be delivered up if demanded.

Art. XII.—The navigation of the Garonne shall be free from Toulouse to the sea, and all boats in the service of either army, employed in the river, shall be allowed to pass unmolested.

Art. XIII.—The cantonments of the troops shall be arranged so as to leave a space of two leagues at least between the quarters of the different armies.

Art. XIV.—The movements of the troops for the establishment of their cantonments, shall commence immediately after the ratification of the present convention.

The ratification is to take place within twenty-four hours for the army

hundred rounds of artillery, Napoleon's abdication, and the restoration of the Bourbons, were formally announced.*

of the Duke of Dalmatia, and within forty-eight hours for the army of the Duke of Albufera.

Done in triplicate at Toulouse on the 18th of April, 1814.[1]

(Signed)	(Signed)	(Signed)
G. Murray,	Luis Wimpffen,	De Gazan,
M. G. & Q. M. G.	Gefe de E. M. G. De Campaña de los Exercitos Espanoles.	Le Lieut. Général.
(Approuvé)	(Confirmed)	(Approuvé)
Le M. Duc d'Albufera.	Wellington.	M. Duc de Dalmatia.

* It would appear, that to some unaccountable fatality that sanguinary affair must be attributed. Rumours had already reached the outposts, that Napoleon had abdicated—and although from these reports the vigilance of the blockading army might have been naturally expected to abate, the besieged should have remained merely on the defensive, and Thouvenot's sortie was unwarrantable. The result was not to his advantage. His casualties were admitted to reach nine hundred men, and the allied were nearly equal—both losing a general. The siege had not commenced—for neither stores nor artillery had been brought forward—hence, there was no immediate cause for apprehension; and, though nothing was known certainly, it was generally believed that Napoleon was either dead or dethroned. The operation, therefore, appears rather designed to gratify bad passions than attain any military object. It seemed to have been purely a work of slaughter—and to gain no end, men were unnecessarily lost. "On both sides the troops, broken into small bodies by the inclosures. and unable to recover their order, came dashing together in the darkness, fighting often with the bayonet, and sometimes friends encountered, sometimes foes: all was tumult and horror. The guns of the citadel, vaguely guided by the flashes of the musketry, sent their shot and shells booming at random through the lines of fight; and the gun-boats, droppi g down the river, opened their fire upon the flank of the supporting columns, which being put in motion by Sir John Hope, on the first alarm, were now coming up from the side of Boucaut. Thus nearly one hundred pieces of artillery were in full play at once; and the shells having set fire to the fascine depôts and to several houses, the flames cast a horrid glare over the striving masses."—*Napier*.

At best it was a sanguinary experiment. No object was gained or could be gained—much blood was idly wasted—Thouvenot, in a few hours, was as closely inclosed, as he had been before his sally—his loss exceeded that inflicted on his enemy—and many of his casualties were caused by the indiscriminating fire of his own guns.

[1] Jones's Account of the War in Spain and Portugal, page 433.

In the north of France, Napoleon's downfal had been hurrying rapidly to its close. The congress at Chatillon finally concluded its sittings on the 19th of March—and on the next day, Buonaparte was severely repulsed in a general engagement with the allies at Arcis. Even the repeated reverses he had latterly endured, could not extinguish that audacity of action for which the French emperor was so remarkable. With a ruined army, he threw himself behind the Marne on the 22nd, regardless of the enormous *corps d'armée* collected in his front, and whose numbers were quite adequate to crush a force like his, weakened by defeat, and disheartened by the defection of the southern provinces. Directing his march on St. Dizier, he declared "that he should reach Vienna before the allies entered Paris." If this mad project were devised only to interrupt their advance on the French capital, it failed entirely,—the allied corps marched steadily on Paris—Marmont and Mortier were driven back upon that city—and the capital was regularly invested on the 29th.

Affairs had now reached a crisis. To defend that city with a corps not mustering twenty thousand men, would have been, with every assistance attainable from the inhabitants and *gendarmerie*, an act of madness. On the 30th, the allies carried the heights of Bellevue. The marshals retired—Joseph, the ex-King of Spain, quitted the capital—and the city, evacuated by the regular troops, capitulated.

Failing in his efforts at distracting the allied generals in their advance, Napoleon, after a smart affair, decided to countermarch on Paris—but the Prussian corps, that held Vitry, completely barred the direct line of march, and obliged him to take a circuitous rout. Having put his army again into motion, Buonaparte travelled post, and when within four leagues of Paris, learned that his capital was actually in possession of the allies. After much indecision he determined, with what troops he could collect, to march from Fontainbleau to Paris, on the 3rd of April. But his history had been already politically closed by a decree passed on the preceding day by the conservative senate. His deposition was solemnly pronounced—the soldiery liberated from their allegiance—all confidence, civil and military, was destroyed—and a throne,

erected on the ruins of kingdoms, and cemented by seas of blood, crumbled into nothingness, and,

> "Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Left not a wreck behind."

With political events we have no business, and it is sufficient to cursorily observe, that arrangements were effected for Napoleon's retirement from public life to the "lonely isle," where he might still, in fancy, "call himself a king." To this secluded spot, many of his old and devoted followers accompanied him. Peace was generally proclaimed over Europe; tranquillity restored in France; the "Grand Nation," to all appearance, contented itself with the change of government; the allied sovereigns retired with their respective corps, each to his own dominions; and the victorious army of Wellington quitted the French soil, on which it had consummated its glory; and received, on landing on the shores of Britain, that enthusiastic welcome which its "high deeds" and boundless gallantry deserved from a grateful country.*

Lord Wellington quitted Toulouse on the night of the 30th of April, and reached Paris safely on the morning of the 4th of May. His reception by the restored monarch and the allied sovereigns was most gratifying—for none had done so

* On the question of Peninsular distinctions now tardily conceded, we will not touch, inasmuch as we fear that we could not do it temperately. The subjoined is a record of the corps refused a medal. "Well, if the breast be bare, thank God, they can proudly point to their glorious colours!"

A list of regiments which served in the Peninsula *that were not present at Waterloo*, with the number of honorary distinctions they are permitted to bear on their colours for their services in that country and the South of France:—3rd Dragoon Guards, 4; 5th, 4; 3rd Light Dragoons, 4; 4th, 6; 14th, 6; 9th Lancers, 1; 2nd Foot, 8; 3rd, 7; 5th, 12; 6th, 8; 7th, 9; 9th, 9; 10th, 1; 11th, 7; 20th, 5; 24th, 8; 26th, 7; 29th, 5; 31st, 7; 34th, 7; 36th, 10; 37th, 1; 38th, 10; 39th, 7; 43rd, 12; 45th, 14; 47th, 4; 48th, 11; 50th, 8; 53rd, 7; 57th, 6; 58th, 6; 59th, 5; 60th, 16; 61st, 8; 62nd, 1; 66th, 9; 67th, 2; 68th, 6; 74th, 11; 76th, 3; 81st, 2; 82nd, 7; 83rd, 11; 84th, 2; 85th, 3; 87th, 7; 88th, 11; 91st, 9.

To the above may be added the 94th and 97th regiments—with others disbanded before permission to assume the badges was conceded, but equally deserving of distinction with those on whom they were conferred.

much for the deliverance of Europe;—none, when all beside, with few exceptions, "blanched from the helm," so fearlessly persevered, regardless of disheartening abandonment abroad and more evil auguries at home. Advanced to a dukedom, the allied general had gained every honour to which a British subject was admissible—while every court in Europe had already marked their admiration and respect, by presenting to the Liberator of Spain the insignia of the highest orders at their disposition.

The flattering reception bestowed upon the English duke in the French capital detained him but a brief space from his high command. He left Paris on the 10th—hurried to Toulouse—arranged every thing for a short absence—and hastened to Madrid to welcome the deposed monarch, who, through his instrumentality, had been replaced upon the throne. The honours already conferred upon the duke by the provisional government were confirmed by Ferdinand, and the rank of Captain-General of Spain added to the rest. On the 5th of June he quitted Madrid—reached head-quarters on the 10th, —reviewed those splendid divisions to whom so often he had pointed out the path of victory,—and, in a modest and plainly-written order, bade his companions in arms farewell*—and returned to England "the admired" of his own, and the

* "Adjutant-General's Office,
Bordeaux, 14th June, 1814.

"The Commander of the Forces, being upon the point of returning to England, takes this opportunity of congratulating the army upon the recent events which have restored peace to their country and to the world.

"The share which the British army has had in producing these events, and the high character with which the army will quit this country, must be equally satisfactory to every individual belonging to it, as they are to the Commander of the Forces, and he trusts that the troops will continue the same good conduct to the last.

"The Commander of the Forces once more requests the army to accept his thanks.

"Although circumstances may alter the relations in which he has stood towards them for some years, so much to his satisfaction, he assures them he will never cease to feel the warmest interest in their welfare and honour; and that he will at all times be happy to be of any service to those to whose conduct, discipline, and gallantry, their country is so much indebted.

(Signed) "E. M. Pakenham, A. G."

"envied one" of his opponents. His general order was dated the 14th of June,* and on the 23rd he landed at Dover and proceeded to the capital.

It is a singular, and, we believe, an unprecedented occurrence, that when presented to the House of Lords, four patents of nobility, namely, those of Viscount, Earl, Marquis, and Duke, were severally read, when, for the first time, Wellington took his seat among the assembled peers of Britain.

* It was a strange coincidence, that on that day twelve months, the duke was employed in issuing orders for the concentration of his army, to crush the second and last effort of him who, for so many years, had swayed the destinies of empires.

NAPOLEON'S RETURN.—BATTLE OF QUATRE BRAS.

Napoleon's return.—His enthusiastic reception.—Makes mighty efforts to restore the military power of France.—Duke of Wellington arrives in Brussels, and takes the command of the allies.—Belgium.—Napoleon leaves Paris.—Drives in the Prussian outposts.—Ney attacks the Prince of Orange.—Wellington marches to his assistance.—Battle of Quatre Bras.

A FEW months passed away—Europe was apparently at rest—its military attitude was gradually softening down—and all the belligerent powers, weary of a state of warfare that, with slight intermission, had lasted for a quarter of a century, enjoyed the repose which the overthrow of Napoleon's power had produced. But this state of quietude was delusory—it was the treacherous calm that precedes a tempest. Untamed by adversity, that ambitious spirit was gathering strength for another effort—France was ready to receive him—past victories would thus be rendered useless—Europe convulsed again—and none could foresee what strange events the descent of Napoleon might produce.

No recorded career parallels that of Napoleon Buonaparte; and in the history of kings and conquerors, the strangest story was his own. He seemed the shuttlecock of Fortune—and she placed him "on a pinnacle of pride merely to mark her own mutability." Hurled from the sovereignty of half the world, his star had lost its ascendancy, apparently to rise no more,—when, by the happiest accident, his voyage from Elba was uninterrupted*—his landing unopposed—an enthusiastic welcome everywhere was given to the intruder—legions congregated at his bidding—the empire was offered and accepted—and the first intelligence of his descent was closely followed by a formal acknowledgment of his restoration to the sovereignty of France.

* Appendix, No. 2.

Napoleon landed in the Var on the 1st of March, and on the 19th he slept in the palace of Fontainbleau. Louis had abandoned the capital, and in a few hours the dynasty of the Bourbons seemed forgotten. None opposed the return of the exile—his decrees were absolute, his wishes were anticipated. The splendour of military parade delighted the soldiery, while the theatric glitter of a *champ de Mai* was admirably adapted to catch the fancies, and win the momentary attachment of a gay and thoughtless people. The whole pageant, in scenic effect, was suited for those whom it was designed to lure—and on the 17th of April, Napoleon was formally restored to that empire, from which the same "sweet voices" had, but a few months before, so formally deposed him.

Parisian adulation, and the military devotion he received from the moment his foot touched the shore at Cannes, did not blind him to "coming events." A vain effort to make terms with the allied powers was scornfully rejected. At Vienna, his overtures were treated with disdain, and his letter to the English regent was returned with the seal unbroken. He saw from all these premonitory occurrences, that a storm was about to burst, and lost no time in preparing for a determined resistance. A powerful army alone could avert the danger —and, with his customary tact, Napoleon made prodigious efforts to restore the military strength of the empire, which the Russian, German, and Peninsular campaigns had during the last years so miserably weakened.

French vanity was successfully appealed to—the memory of past victories recalled—and martial glory, that powerful touchstone of national feeling, successfully employed to win the people to his standard. The younger of the male population were called out by ordonnances, and the retired veterans collected once more around those eagles, which, in prouder days, had entered half the European capitals in triumph.

The military power of France was organized anew. Commissioners, specially employed, enforced the operations of Napoleon's decrees in every department of the kingdom. The Imperial Guard was re-established—the cavalry increased and remounted—that powerful arm, the artillery, by which half the victories of the French army had been achieved, was

enlarged and improved—and, in a time inconceivably short, a most splendid *corps d'armée*, perfect in every department, was ready for the field.

While Napoleon was thus engaged, Wellington, having signed on behalf of the Prince Regent the treaty of Vienna, arrived at Brussels on the 5th of April, to take command of the British army. There, the troops of the Prince of the Netherlands, with those of Nassau and Brunswick, were placed under his orders—the whole forming the Anglo-Belgic army.

The Prussian *corps d'armée* were cantoned in and about Namur and Charleroi—while Ostend, Antwerp, Tournay, Ypres, Mons, and Ghent, were occupied by the allies. The position of the Anglo-Belgic army was extended and detached —for the preceding harvest in the Low Countries had been unusually deficient; and of course, the British and Belgic cantonments covered an additional surface to obtain the requisite supplies.

The allied corps in June were thus disposed. Lord Hill, with the right wing, occupied Ath. The left, under the Prince of Orange, was posted at Braine-le-Comte and Nivelles. The cavalry, under the Marquis of Anglesea, were established round Grammont; and the reserve and head-quarters, under the duke, were quartered in Brussels.

Belgium, for centuries, had been the seat of war—and every plain, every fortress, had its tale of martial achievement to narrate. Within its iron frontier there were few places which had not witnessed some affair of arms—the whole country was rife with military reminiscences — and it was destined to prove the scene where the greatest event in modern warfare should be transacted. As a country, Belgium was admirably adapted for martial operations—the plains, in many places extensive, terminated in undulated ridges or bolder heights; while the surface generally admitted the movements of masses of infantry. Canals, rivers, morasses, and villages, presented favourable positions to abide a battle, and difficult ones for an advancing army to force—while the fortresses everywhere offered facilities for retiring upon,—and presented serious obstacles to those who must mask or carry them when advancing.

To a commander circumstanced like Wellington, great perplexity, as to the distribution of his army, must arise—for the mode and point of Napoleon's attack were alike involved in mystery. He might decide on adopting a defensive war, and permit the allies to become the assailants. This course, however, was not a probable one—but where he would precipitate himself was the difficulty. He was already in great force around Maubeuge and Binch, and consequently, Nivelles and Charleroi were equally exposed to aggression. On the right, he might attack Namur with Girard's corps; or, with D'Erlon's, advance on Courtrai by Lille; while leaving the wood of Soignies on his right, he could reach Brussels by Mons and Braine-le-Comte, thus gaining the rear of the allies, and favouring an insurrectionary movement of the Belgians—an event on which he placed considerable reliance. All these movements were open to Napoleon—and had he adopted others than he did at the opening of the campaign, that more fortunate results would have attended them, are now subjects only for military speculation.

Meanwhile, after leaving Paris on the 12th, and inspecting Laon as he passed, he reached Avennes on the 14th. The respective corps had moved instantaneously from their cantonments, and with admirable precision united themselves on the Belgic frontier, and to them Napoleon issued his celebrated address. A slight change of the poet's words would best describe it—

"It was his *boldest* and his last!"

The dangerous proximity of Brussels to the point where Napoleon's *corps d'armée* were concentrating, naturally produced an anxious inquietude among the inhabitants and visitants. The city was filled every hour with idle rumours, but time alone could develope Napoleon's plans.

The first intelligence of a threatening movement on the part of the French emperor was forwarded to the Duke of Wellington, when Blucher learned that Zeithen's corps was attacked. The despatch reached Brussels at half-past four—but, as it merely intimated that the Prussian outposts had been driven back, the information was not of sufficient importance to induce the British commander to make any change in the

cantonments of the allied army. Nothing, in fact, could have been more masterly than the manner in which the different corps were disposed. From necessity, they were extended over a large surface—but still, they were so stationed as to admit a concentration of the whole within four-and-twenty hours, or a junction with the Prussian right, should a flank movement be found desirable.

A second despatch reached the duke at midnight, and its intelligence was more decisive than the former. Napoleon was across the Sambre, and in full march on Charleroi and Fleurus. Orders were instantly issued for the more detached corps to break up from their cantonments and advance upon Nivelles, while the troops in Brussels should march direct by the forest of Soignies, on Charleroi. Thus there would be a simultaneous reunion of the brigades as they approached the scene of action, while their communication with the Prussian right should be carefully secured.

Blucher's second despatch was delivered to the British general in the ball-room of the Duchess of Richmond. That circumstance most probably gave rise to the groundless report that Wellington and the Prussian marshal were surprised—but nothing could be more absurd than this supposition. Both commanders were in close and constant communication, and their plans for mutual co-operation were amply matured.*

* "'I had,' resumed the emperor, 'combined a bold manœuvre, with a view of preventing the junction of the hostile armies. I had combined my cavalry into a single corps of twenty thousand men, and appointed it to rush into the midst of the Prussian cantonments. This bold attack, which was to be executed on the 14th with the rapidity of lightning, seemed likely to decide the fate of the campaign. French troops never calculate the number of an enemy's force: they care not how they shed their blood in success: they are invincible in prosperity. But I was compelled to change my plan. Instead of making an unexpected attack, I found myself obliged to engage in a regular battle, having opposed to me two combined armies, supported by immense reserves. The enemy's forces quadrupled the number of ours. I had calculated all the disadvantages of a regular battle. The infamous desertion of Bourmont forced me to change all my arrangements. To pass over to the enemy on the eve of a battle!—atrocious! The blood of his fellow-countrymen be on his head! The malediction of France will pursue him!'"—*Voice from St. Helena.*

Where the intended attack—if Napoleon would indeed venture to become aggressor—should be made, was an uncertainty,—and it had been arranged, that if Blucher were assailed, Wellington should move to his assistance, or, in the event of the British being the first object with Napoleon, then the Prussian marshal should sustain the duke with a corps, or with his whole army, were that found necessary. Nothing could be more perfect than the cordial understanding between the allied commanders—and the result proved how faithfully these mutual promises of support were realized.

A defensive war was better suited to the military resources of France, and more likely to excite national spirit, than a forward movement; but still, with his characteristic daring, keeping the Prussians for a time in check, Napoleon might penetrate to Brussels by the road of Charleroi. It would have been undoubtedly a dangerous experiment—but circumstanced as he was, even with one hundred thousand Prussians on his flank, it was not improbable that the trial would be hazarded.

Two hours after midnight, the gaiety of "fair Brussels" closed—the drums beat to arms, and all was hurry and preparation. Momentarily the din increased, "and louder yet the clamour grew," as the Highland pibroch answered the bugle-call of the light infantry.* The soldiery, startled from their sleep, poured out from the now deserted dwellings; and the once peaceful city exhibited a general alarm.

The sun rose on a scene of confusion and excitement. The military assembled in the Place Royale; and the difference of individual character might be traced in the respective bearings of the various soldiery. Some were taking a tender—many, a last leave of wives and children—others, stretched upon the pavement, were listlessly waiting for their comrades to come up—while not a few strove to snatch a few moments of repose, and appeared half insensible to the din of war around them. Waggons were loading and artillery harnessing; orderlies and aides-de-camp rode rapidly through the streets; and in the gloom of early morning the pavement sparkled beneath the

* "Stories of Waterloo."

iron feet of the cavalry, as they hurried along the causeway to join their respective squadrons, which were now collecting in the Park.

The appearance of the British brigades as they filed from the Park and took the road to Soignies, was most imposing. The martial air of the Highland regiments, the bagpipes playing at their head, their tartans fluttering in the breeze, and the early sunbeams flashing from their glittering arms, excited the admiration of the burghers who had assembled to see them march. During the winter and spring, while they had garrisoned Brussels, their excellent conduct and gentle demeanour had endeared them to the inhabitants; and "they were so domesticated in the houses where they were quartered, that it was no uncommon thing to see the Highland soldier taking care of the children, or keeping the shop of his host."* Regiment after regiment marched—the organization of all most perfect:—the Rifles, Royals, 28th—each exhibiting some martial peculiarity, on which the eye of Picton appeared to dwell with pride and pleasure as they filed off before him. To an intelligent spectator a national distinction was clearly marked. The bearing of the Scotch bespoke a grave and firm determination—while the light step and merry glance of the Irish militiaman told that war was the game he loved, and a first field had no terrors for him.

Eight o'clock pealed from the steeple clocks; all was quiet—the brigades, with their artillery and equipages, were gone—the crash of music was heard no longer—the bustle of preparation had ceased—and an ominous and heart-sinking silence succeeded the noise and hurry that ever attends a departure for the field of battle.

Napoleon's plan of penetrating into Belgium† was now so clearly ascertained, that Wellington determined to concentrate

* "Paul's Letters."

† "To the left wing, under Marshal Ney, was assigned the dangerous honour of encountering the British. The words '*Nous marchons contre les Anglais*' passed uncheered along the column, when its destination became known. The ill-omened sounds checked not indeed the spirits of the brave, but it was associated with too many fatal recollections, to elicit even a single shout of anticipated triumph from the most sanguine of that enthusiastic host."—*Campaign of Waterloo.*

on the extreme point of his line of occupation. His march was accordingly directed on Quatre Bras, a small hamlet situated at the intersection of the road to Charleroi, by that leading from Namur to Nivelles.

This village, which was fated to obtain a glorious but sanguinary celebrity, consists of a few mean houses, having a thick and extensive wood immediately on the right called Le Bois de Bossu. All around the wood and hamlet, rye-fields of enormous growth, and quite ready for the sickle, were extended.

After a distressing march of twenty miles in sultry weather and over a country destitute of water, the British brigades reached the scene of action at two o'clock. They found the Prince of Orange with a division of his army endeavouring to hold the French in check, and maintain a position of whose great importance he was so well aware. The prince, unable to withstand the physical superiority of Ney's corps, had gradually lost ground—the Hanoverians had been driven back—and the Bois de Bossu was won and occupied by the enemy.*

To recover this most important wood, from which the French could debouche upon the road to Brussels, was the duke's first object. The 95th were ordered to attack the tirailleurs who held it ; the order was gallantly executed, and after a bloody and sustained resistance the French were forced to retire.

On the left, the Royals and 28th were hotly engaged, and on the right the 44th and Highland regiments were simultaneously assailed. The battle now became general. Before the British could deploy, the French cavalry charged furiously—the tall rye masking their advance and favouring the attack. Generally these charges were unsuccessful—and the perfect discipline and steady courage of the English enabled them to repel the enemy. Lancers and cuirassiers were driven back with desperate slaughter—while whole squadrons, shattered in their retreat, and leaving the ground covered with

* "And here we come to the first accusation preferred by Napoleon against Marshal Ney. The exile of St. Helena charges that gallant and intrepid officer with having lost many hours of valuable time by delaying the attack on Quatre Bras till three o'clock in the afternoon, though Napoleon himself, whose army had a shorter distance to traverse, only began the attack upon Ligny at the same hour."—*Campaign of Waterloo.*

their dead and dying, proved with what fatal precision the British squares sustained their fusilade.

The efforts of the French to break the squares, however, were fierce and frequent. Their batteries poured upon these unflinching soldiers a storm of grape—and when an opening was made by the cannon, the lancers were ready to rush upon the devoted infantry. But nothing could daunt the lion-hearted English—nothing could shake their steadiness. The dead were coolly removed, and the living occupied their places. Though numbers fell, and the square momentarily diminished, it still presented a serried line of glittering bayonets, through which lancer and cuirassier endeavoured to penetrate—but in vain.

"One regiment, after sustaining a furious cannonade, was suddenly, and on three different sides, assailed by cavalry. Two faces of the square were charged by the lancers, while the cuirassiers galloped down upon another. It was a trying moment. There was a death-like silence; and one voice alone, clear and calm, was heard. It was their colonel's, who called upon them to be 'steady.' On came the enemy!—the earth shook beneath the horsemen's feet; while on every side of the devoted band, the corn bending beneath the rush of cavalry disclosed their numerous assailants. The lance blades nearly met the bayonets of the kneeling front rank—the cuirassiers were within a few paces—yet not a trigger was drawn. But, when the word 'fire!' thundered from the colonel's lips, each side poured out its deadly volley—and in a moment the leading files of the French lay before the square, as if hurled by a thunderbolt to the earth. The assailants, broken and dispersed, galloped off for shelter to the tall rye, while a constant stream of musketry from the British square, carried death into their retreating squadrons."*

But, unhappily, these furious and continued charges were not always inefficient. On the right, and in the act of forming square, the 42nd were attacked by the lancers. The sudden rush, and the difficulty of forming in corn reaching to the shoulder, gave a temporary success to the assailants. Two

* Stories of Waterloo.

companies, excluded from the square, were ridden over and cut down. The colonel was killed—half the regiment disabled—but the remainder formed and repulsed the charge; while those detached in the *mêlée* fought back to back with desperate coolness, until the withering fusilade of their companions dispersed the cavalry, and enabled them to rejoin their ranks.

The remaining regiments of the Highland brigade were hotly pressed by the enemy; they had not a moment's respite; for no sooner were the lancers and cuirassiers driven back, than the French batteries opened with a torrent of grape upon the harassed squares, which threatened to overwhelm them. Numbers of officers and men were already stretched upon the field, while the French, reinforced by fresh columns, redoubled their exertions, while the brave and devoted handful of British troops seemed destined to cover with their bodies that ground their gallantry scorned to surrender. Wellington, as he witnessed the slaughter of his best troops, is said to have been deeply affected; and repeated references to his watch, showed how anxiously he waited for reinforcements.

The Bois de Bossu had continued to be the scene of a severe and fluctuating combat. The 95th had driven the French out—but under a heavy cannonade, and supported by a cavalry movement, the rifles were overpowered by numbers and forced to retire, fighting inch by inch, and contesting every tree. Ney established himself at last within the wood—and ordered up a considerable addition to the light troops, who had already occupied this important point of the position.

The contest was at its height. The incessant assaults of the enemy were wasting the British regiments, but, with the exception of the Bois de Bossu, not an inch of ground was lost. The men were falling in hundreds—death was busy everywhere—but not a cheek blanched, and not a foot receded! The courage of these undaunted soldiers needed no incitement—but on the contrary, the efforts of their officers were constantly required to restrain the burning ardour that would, if unrepressed, have led to ruinous results. Maddened to see their ranks thinned by renewed assaults which they were merely suffered to repel, they panted for the hour of action.

The hot blood of Erin was boiling for revenge—and even the cool endurance of the Scotch began to yield, and a murmur was sometimes heard of, "Why are we not led forward?"

And yet. though forward movements were denied them, the assailants paid dearly for this waste of British blood. For a long hour, the 92nd had been exposed to a destructive fire from the French artillery that occasioned a fearful loss. A regiment of Brunswick cavalry had attempted to repel a charge of cuirassiers, and repulsed with loss, were driven back upon the Highlanders in great disorder. The hussars galloped down a road on which part of the regiment was obliqued—the remainder lining the ditch in front. The rear of the Brunswickers intermingled with the headmost of the French horsemen, and for a while, the 92nd could not relieve them with their musketry. At last the pursuers and pursued rode rapidly past the right flank of the Highlanders, and permitted them to deliver their volley. The word "fire!" was scarcely given, when the close and converged discharge of both wings fell, with terrible effect, upon the advanced squadron. The cuirassiers were literally cut down by that withering discharge, and the road choked up with men and horses rolling in dying agony —while the shattered remnant of what but a few moments before had been a splendid regiment, retreated in desperate confusion to avoid a repetition of that murderous fusilade.

At this period of the battle, the guards, after a march of seven-and-twenty miles, arrived from Enghein, from whence they had moved at three in the morning. Exhausted by heat and fatigue, they halted at Nivelles, lighted fires, and prepared to cook their dinners. But the increasing roar of cannon announced that the duke was seriously engaged, and a staff officer brought orders to hurry on. The bivouac was instantly broken up—the kettles packed—the rations abandoned—and the wearied troops cheerfully resumed their march.

The path to the field of battle could not be mistaken; the roar of cannon was succeeded by the roll of musketry, which at every step became more clearly audible; and waggons, heaped with wounded British and Brunswickers interspersed, told that the work of death was going on.

The Guards, indeed, came up at a fortunate crisis. The Bois de Bossu was won; and the tirailleurs of the enemy,

debouching from its cover, were about to deploy upon the roads that it commanded, and would thus intercept the duke's communication with the Prussians. The fifth division, sadly reduced, could hardly hold their ground—any offensive movement was impracticable—and the French tirailleurs were actually issuing from the wood—but on perceiving the advancing columns, they halted. The first brigade of Guards, having loaded and fixed bayonets, were ordered to advance—and, wearied as they were with a fifteen hours' march, they cheered, and pushed forward.* In vain the thick trees impeded them—and although every bush and coppice was held and disputed by the enemy, the tirailleurs were driven in on every side. Taking advantage of a rivulet which crossed the wood, the enemy attempted to form and arrest the progress of the Guards. That stand was momentary — they were forced from their position, and the wood once more was carried by the British.

Their success was, however, limited to its occupation; the broken ground and close timber prevented the battalion from forming; and when it emerged, and of course in considerable disorder—from its cover, the masses of cavalry drawn up in the open ground charged and forced it back. At last, after many daring attempts to debouch and form, the first brigade fell back upon the third battalion, which, by flanking the wood, had been enabled to form square, and repulse the cavalry, and there the brigade halted. Evening was now closing in—the attacks of the enemy became fewer and feebler—a brigade of heavy cavalry with horse artillery came up—and, worn out by the sanguinary struggle of six long hours, the assailants ceased their attack—and the fifth and third divisions took a position for the night upon the ground their unbounded heroism had held through this long and bloody day.

Thus terminated the fight of Quatre Bras—and a more glorious victory was never won by British bravery. Night closed the battle—and when the limited number of the allied troops actually engaged is considered, this sanguinary conflict will stand almost without a parallel. At the opening of the action at half-past two, the Duke's force could not have

* "The undismayed gallantry of the Guards was the more remarkable, as they were composed chiefly of young soldiers and volunteers from the militia, who had never been in action."—*Mudford.*

exceeded sixteen thousand—his whole cavalry consisting of some Brunswick hussars, supported by a few Belgian and Hanoverian guns—and the great distance of their cantonments from the field of battle prevented the British cavalry and horse artillery arriving until late in the evening. Vivian's brigade (1st Hanoverian, and 10th and 18th hussars) came up at seven o'clock—but the rest only reached Quatre Bras at the close of the action, having made a forced march from behind the Dender, over bad roads for more than forty miles. Ney, by his own account, commenced the battle with the second corps and Excelman's cavalry—the former numbering thirty thousand, strong in artillery, and its cavalry, that of the second corps included, amounting to three thousand six hundred. The French marshal complains that the first corps, originally assigned to him, and which he had left at Frasnes in reserve, had been withdrawn by Napoleon without any intimation, and never employed during the entire day—and thus, as Ney writes to Fouche, "twenty-five or thirty thousand men were, I may say, paralyzed, and idly paraded during the battle, from the right to the left, and the left to the right, without firing a shot." All this admitted, surely his means were amply sufficient to have warranted a certain victory? In numbers his cavalry were infinitely superior—his artillery was equally powerful—while in those important arms, Wellington was miserably weak—and all he had to oppose to his stronger antagonist, were the splendid discipline and indomitable courage of British infantry.

The loss sustained by the British and their allies in this glorious and hard-contested battle amounted to three thousand seven hundred and fifty, *hors de combat*. Of course, the British suffered most severely, having three hundred and twenty men killed, and two thousand one hundred and fifty-five wounded. The Duke of Brunswick fell in the act of rallying his troops, and an immense number of British officers were found among the slain and wounded. During an advanced movement, the 92nd, while repulsing an attack of both cavalry and infantry, met a French column, retreating to the wood, which halted and turned its fire on the Highlanders, already assailed by a superior force. Notwithstanding, the regiment bravely held its ground until relieved by a

regiment of the Guards, when it retired to its original position. In this brief and sanguinary conflict, its loss amounted to twenty-eight officers, and nearly three hundred men.

The casualties, when compared with the number of the combatants, will appear enormous. Most of the battalions lost their commanding officers—and the rapid succession of subordinate officers on whom the command devolved, told how fast the work of death went on. Trifling wounds were disregarded—and men, severely hurt, refused to retire to the rear, or rejoined their colours after a temporary dressing. Picton's was a remarkable instance of this disregard of suffering; he was severely wounded at Quatre Bras, and the fact was only ascertained after his glorious fall at Waterloo.

The French loss, according to their own returns, was "very considerable, amounting to four thousand two hundred killed or wounded;" and Ney in his report says, "I was obliged to renounce my hopes of victory; and in spite of all my efforts, in spite of the intrepidity and devotion of my troops, my utmost efforts could only maintain me in my position till the close of the day."

"Ney fell back upon the road to Frasnes. The moon rose angrily—still a few cannon-shot were heard after the day had departed; but gradually they ceased. The fires were lighted, and such miserable provisions as could be procured were furnished to the harassed soldiery; and while strong pickets were posted in the front and flanks, the remnant of the British, with their brave allies, piled their arms and stretched themselves on the field."*

While the British held their battle-ground, the Prussians had been obliged to retire in the night from Ligny.† This,

* Stories of Waterloo.

† From its immediate connexion with the battles of Quatre-Brass and Waterloo, a brief sketch of the sanguinary engagement at Ligny will be given.

Although burning to commence his attack upon his old and formidable antagonist, the bad roads and inclement weather that delayed Bulow's march, prevented the completion of Napoleon's dispositions until the day was far advanced. Blucher's[1] position embraced the heights between

[1] Blucher's earlier career was in the service of the Prussian monarch. He left it on his own solicitation, and his discharge is curious and charac-

however, was not ascertained until morning—as the aide-de-camp despatched with the intelligence to Quatre Bras had un-

Bry and Sombref, with the villages of Ligny and St. Amand in front. The ground was well adapted for defence,[1] the surface being undulated and broken, and covered with farm-yards and orchards. The villages were naturally strong, standing on the crest of a ravine skirted by trees and copse-wood.

At three o'clock Napoleon's order of battle was completed, and Vandamme's corps commenced the engagement by attacking the village of St. Amand.

The French leader's judgment was correct in selecting the right of the Prussians for his first effort. It was the more assailable, because Blucher, anxious to secure his centre at Ligny, had concentrated his best troops there; and from the Prussian position being considerably in advance of Quatre Bras, had Napoleon effected his object, and turned the right flank, he must certainly have succeeded in cutting off the communication between the allied commanders, as he would have possessed the great road from Namur to Nivelles. Napoleon's calculations were just; and the Prussian centre was materially weakened by sending succours to the right.

At first the impetuosity of the French attack was successful, and Petit Amand was carried by Lefol's brigade with the bayonet. Blucher in person re-attacked the village, and in turn the French were expelled. These varying successes led to a murderous conflict. Girard's[2] division came to Vandamme's support, and succeeded in gaining the churchyard, while Blucher held the heights above the village in such force as rendered any forward movement of the French impracticable.

From this conflict on the right the battle gradually extended, until the opposing armies were generally engaged: Ligny was furiously assaulted, while Grouchy endeavoured to turn the Prussian left at Sombref.

Nothing could equal the fury with which every part of the position was

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teristic. Frederick wrote the following note, and addressed it to the commandant of his regiment:

"Captain Von Blucher has leave to resign, and may go to the devil as soon as he pleases. "FREDERICK."

[1] The entire position measured about four miles from right to left, and was occupied by nearly 70,000 infantry and 9,000 cavalry, with 252 pieces of artillery: of nearly similar strength were the forces of the assailants.

[2] From the similarity of sound, the names of Gerard and Girard have been frequently confused. The latter commanded a division of the reserve (2nd corps) under Vandamme; Gerard had the 4th corps, or army of the Moselle. Girard was killed in the attack on St. Amand: Gerard survived the campaign, and subsequently was general *en chef* at the siege of Antwerp.

fortunately been killed on the road. Corps after corps arrived during the night, placing the Duke of Wellington in a

assailed but the obstinacy with which it was defended. Every orchard and enclosure was only to be carried after a sanguinary encounter. The villages were furiously contested; the combatants fought hand-to-hand; regiment met regiment with the bayonet; and Ligny, within the space of five hours, was six times won and lost. This seemed the chosen field of slaughter; the streets were heaped with dead; reserves, coming from either armies as battalions, one after another were annihilated. Two hundred pieces of cannon poured their torrents of round and grape upon the village. The French columns at last gained ground: the Prussian charge of cavalry failed in repulsing them; and in attempting to repel the cuirassiers, Blucher was dismounted, and escaped death or captivity by a miracle.[1]

Evening came,—the battle raged with unabated fury—both armies fighting with desperate fierceness, and as yet no decisive advantage gained. The French were masters of the burning village; the mill of Bussey and heights commanding Ligny were still occupied by the Prussians.

These Napoleon determined to carry by a grand effort, and the Imperial Guard, the reserve of the fourth corps, and a brigade of cuirassiers, under a storm of artillery, traversed the village and assailed the mill and heights; a desperate encounter ensued. The Imperial Guard attacked the Prussian squares with the bayonet, while at the same moment the rival cavalry were charging. Neither party would yield ground; the ground was heaped with corpses, blood flowed in torrents, and still the battle raged. Darkness, however, favoured the advance of a French division, which had made a

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[1] The French cavalry followed up their success, and then it was that Blucher so narrowly escaped captivity,—a fate that, to him, would have been worse than death itself. His horse, a beautiful grey charger, the gift of the Prince Regent of England, had been wounded: it broke down, and fell just as the lancers turned to fly from the pursuing enemy. "Now, Nostitz, I am lost!" said the gallant rider to his aide-de-camp, at the moment that he sunk beneath the dying steed. Count Nostitz, who, in the confusion, had alone remained by his side, instantly leaped to the ground, and, sword in hand, stood over his fallen chief, while the whole body of the French cavalry passed on, totally unmindful of the group. Before, however, the count could take advantage of the calm, and extricate the general from beneath the dead charger, the Prussians had turned upon their pursuers, and forced the cuirassiers to retrograde as fast as they had come: so that the whole of the broken rout again rushed by the fallen marshal. As soon as the Prussians (who knew nothing of what had happened to their leader) arrived, Nostitz seized the bridle of a non-commissioned officer's horse, and, with the aid of the soldier, placed the bruised and almost insensible commander in the saddle, and hurried him from the field.

position to have become assailant next morning had Blucher succeeded in maintaining his position, and repulsed Napoleon's attack.

The night passed—the wounded were removed*—the dead partially buried;—disabled guns were repaired, ammunition served out, and all was ready for "a contest on the morrow."

circuitous movement from the village, the Prussians found their flank turned and the enemy on the point of attacking their rear. Without a reserve, for that had been already detached to strengthen the right, and having ascertained that Wellington could hardly maintain himself at Quatre Bras, and that Bulow could not get up in time, Blucher determined to retreat on Tilly and unite himself with the fourth corps. At ten o'clock the order to fall back was given, and the centre and right retrograded in perfect order. Forming again within a quarter of a league of the field of battle, they recommenced their retreat; and, unmolested by the enemy, retired upon Wavre, while the French occupied the ground the Prussians had abandoned, and bivouacked on the heights.

Zeithen, who commanded the right of the Prussians, evaded Vandamme's attempts to detain him, and fell back, keeping his communications with the centre unbroken, while Theilman repulsed Grouchy's attack upon Sombref, and after holding the village of Bire during the night, retreated at daylight and formed a junction with Bulow at Gemblaux.

"Blucher's retreat was most judicious. He calculated that the English commander must fall back from Quatre Bras, and accordingly by retiring upon Wavre, his line of retreat was parallel with that of Wellington upon Waterloo.

"It may be anticipated that the loss sustained in this long and desperate conflict was on both sides tremendous. Buonaparte stated his killed and wounded at three thousand men; but it has been clearly ascertained that it amounted to double that number. The Prussians suffered dreadfully. They left fifteen thousand men upon the field—and they may be stated as having perished;. for the unrelenting ferocity with which both sides fought, prevented quarter from being asked or given. Fifteen pieces of cannon, which Blucher had abandoned, comprised the trophies of the victory, if a battle gained under such circumstances, and unattended with a single important result, deserves that title."

* "The wounded who had been collected during the night, were early in the morning sent off to Brussels. Every attention was bestowed upon them by the inhabitants. Wellington had taken the necessary precautions to secure them rest and relief; and the reception of the British wounded at Brussels, formed a striking contrast to the abandonment of the French sufferers at Charleroi. Napoleon left them to their fate; and such as escaped death among the ruins of Ligny and St. Amand, perished, for want of assistance, in the deserted streets of Charleroi."—*Stories of Waterloo.*

The intelligence of the Prussian retreat, of course, produced a correspondent movement—and the Duke of Wellington, to maintain his communications with Marshal Blucher, decided on falling back upon a position in front of the village of Waterloo, which had been already surveyed, and selected by the allied leader as the spot on which he should make a stand.

MOVEMENTS OF THE 17TH JUNE.

Napoleon arrives at Frasnes, and Wellington retires towards Waterloo.—Cavalry affair at Genappe.—The allies take their position.—Dispositions of the different corps.—The field of battle.

Napoleon had reached Frasnes at nine o'clock on the morning of the 17th, and determined on attacking the allied commander. Still uncertain as to the route by which Blucher was retiring, he detached Grouchy in pursuit with the third and fourth corps, and the cavalry of Excelmans and Pajol, with directions to overtake the Prussian marshal, if possible, and in that case bring him to action.

While Buonaparte delayed his attack until his reserve and the sixth corps came up, his abler antagonist was preparing to retire. This operation in open day was difficult, as the Dyle was in the rear of the allies, and the long and narrow bridge at the village of Genappe the only means by which the *corps d'armée* could effect its passage. Wellington disposed some horse-artillery and dismounted dragoons upon the heights, and leaving a strong rear-guard in front of Quatre Bras, he succeeded in masking his retreat until, when discovered, it was too late to offer any serious interruption to the regressive movement of the allies. While the rear of the columns were still defiling through the narrow streets of Genappe, Napoleon's advanced cavalry overtook and attacked the rear-guard, and a sharp affair ensued. The 7th Hussars, assisted by some squadrons of the 11th and 23rd Light Dragoons, charged the French horsemen boldly—but they were repulsed; and a second effort was bravely but ineffectually attempted. The Life Guards were instantly ordered up, and led in person to the charge by Lord Anglesea, who was in command of the British rear-guard. Their attack was decisive—the enemy were severely checked, and driven in great disorder back upon

their supports. No other attempt was made by the French cavalry to embarrass the retreat of the allied columns—and except by an occasional cannonade, too distant to produce any serious effect, the remainder of the march on Waterloo was undisturbed by the French advance.

The allies reached the position early in the evening, and orders were issued for the divisions to halt and prepare their bivouacs. The ground for each brigade had been already marked out—the troops piled their arms,—the cavalry picketed their horses—the guns were parked—fires were lighted along the lines, and all prepared the best mode of sheltering themselves from the inclemency of the weather, which scanty means could afford them in an exposed position like that of Waterloo.

All through the day rain had occasionally fallen—but as night came on, the weather became more tempestuous. The wind rose, and torrents of rain, with peals of thunder and frequent lightning, rendered the dreary night before the battle anything but a season of repose.

While the troops bivouacked on the field, the Duke of Wellington with the general officers and their respective staffs occupied the village of Waterloo. On the doors of the several cottages the names of the principal officers were chalked—"and frail and perishing as was the record, it was found there long after many of those whom it designated had ceased to exist!"

The ground on which the allied commander had decided to accept battle was chosen with excellent judgment. In front of the position, the surface declined for nearly a quarter of a mile, and rose again for an equal distance, until it terminated in a ridge of easy access, along which the French had posted a number of their brigades—the intermediate space between the armies being covered by a rich crop of rye nearly ready for the sickle. In the rear, the forest of Soignies, intersected by the great roads from Charleroi to Brussels, extended; and nearly at the entrance to the wood, the little village of Waterloo was situated. The right of the British was stretched over to Merke Braine, and the left appuied upon a height above Ter le Haye. The whole line was formed on a gentle acclivity the flanks partially defended by a small raviue with broken

ground. The farm-house of La Haye Sainte, in front of the left centre, was defended by a Hanoverian battalion—and the chateau of Hougomont, in advance of the right centre, held by a part of the Guards and a few companies of Nassau riflemen. This was the strongest point of the whole position; and the Duke had strengthened it considerably, by erecting barricades and perforating the walls with loopholes, to permit the musketry of its defenders to be effectively employed.

Wellington's first line, comprising some of his best regiments, was drawn up behind these posts—the second was still farther in the rear, and, from occupying a hollow, was sheltered from the fire of the French artillery. The third was formed of the cavalry: and they were more retired still, extending to Ter le Haye. The extreme right of the British obliqued to Merke Braine, and covered the road to Nivelles—while the left kept the communication with the Prussians open by the Ohain road, which runs through the passes of Saint Lambert. As it was not improbable that Napoleon might endeavour to reach Brussels by marching circuitously round the British right, a corps of observation, composed of the greater portion of the fourth division, under Sir Charles Colville, was detached to Halle; and consequently those troops, during the long and bloody contest of the 18th, were at a distance from the field, and remained *non combattant.*

The allied dispositions were completed soon after daylight, although it was nearly noon before the engagement seriously commenced. The division of Guards, under General Cooke, was posted on a rise immediately adjoining the chateau of Hougomont, its right leaning on the road to Nivelles; the division of Baron Alten, had its left flank on the road of Charleroi, and was drawn up behind the house of La Haye Sainte. The Brunswick troops were partly in line with the Guards and partly held in reserve; and the Nassau troops were generally attached to Alten's division. Some of the corps in line, and a battalion acting *en tirailleur*, occupied the wood of Hougomont. This *corps d'armée* was commanded by the Prince of Orange.

The British divisions of Clinton and Colville, two Hanoverian brigades, and a Dutch corps under the command of Lord Hill, were placed *en potence*, in front of the right.

On the left, the division of Picton, a British brigade under Sir John Lambert, a Hanoverian corps, and some troops of the Netherlands, extended along the hedge and lane which traverses the rising ground between the road to Charleroi and Ter le Haye. This village, with the farm of Papilotte, contiguous to the wood of Frichemont, was garrisoned by a post of the Nassau contingent, commanded by the hereditary Prince of Weimar. The cavalry were under the direction of the Earl of Uxbridge—and the artillery were commanded by Sir George Wood.

No part of the allied position was remarkable for natural strength; but where the ground displayed any advantages, they had been carefully made available for defence. The whole surface of the field of Waterloo was perfectly open, and the acclivities of easy ascent. Infantry movements could be easily effected—artillery might advance and retire,—and cavalry could charge. On every point the British position was assailable; and the island soldier had no reliance but in "God and his Grace"—for all else depended on his own stout heart and vigorous arm.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Morning of the 18th.—Armies in each other's presence.—Opening, progress, and close of the battle.—Losses sustained.—Subsequent operations.—Conclusion.

Morning broke—the rain still continued, but with less severity than during the preceding night; the wind fell, but the day lowered, and the dawn of the 18th* was gloomy and foreboding. The British soldiers recovered from the chill cast over them by the inclemency of the weather; and, from the ridge of their position, calmly observed the enemy's masses coming up in long succession, and forming their numerous columns on the heights in front of La Belle Alliance.

The bearing of the French was very opposite to the steady and cool determination of the British soldiery. With the former, all was exultation and arrogant display; while, with characteristic vanity, they boasted of an imaginary success at Quatre Bras, and claimed a decisive victory at Ligny!

Although, in point of fact, beaten by the British on the 16th, Napoleon tortured the retrograde movement of the Duke on Waterloo into a defeat; and the winning a field from Blucher, attended with no advantage beyond the capture of a few disabled guns, afforded a pretext to declare in his dispatches that

* Napoleon passed the night of the 17th in a farm-house which was abandoned by the owner, named Bouquean, an old man of eighty, who had retired to Planchenoit. It is situated on the high road from Charleroi to Brussels. It is half a league from the château of Hougomont and La Haye Sainte, and a quarter of a league from La Belle Alliance and Planchenoit. Supper was hastily served up in part of the utensils of the farmer that remained. Buonaparte slept in the first chamber of this house: a bed with blue silk hangings and gold fringe was put up for him in the middle of this room. His brother Jerome, the Duke of Bassano, and several generals, lodged in the other chambers. All the adjacent buildings, gardens, meadows, and enclosures, were crowded with military and horses.—*French Detail.*

the Prussian army was routed and disorganized, without a prospect of being rallied.

The morning passed in mutual dispositions for battle—and the French attack commenced soon after eleven o'clock. The first corps, under Count D'Erlon, was in position opposite La Haye Sainte, its right extending towards Frichemont, and its left leaning on the road to Brussels. The second corps, uniting its right with D'Erlon's left, extended to Hougomont, with the wood in its front.

The cavalry reserve (the cuirassiers) were immediately in the rear of these corps ; and the Imperial Guard, forming the grand reserve, were posted on the heights of La Belle Alliance. Count Lobau, with the sixth corps, and D'Aumont's cavalry, were placed in the rear of the extreme right, to check the Prussians, should they advance from Wavre, and approach by the defiles of Saint Lambert. Napoleon's arrangements were completed about half-past eleven, and immediately the order to attack was given.

The place from which Buonaparte viewed the field, was a gentle rising ground* beside the farm-house of La Belle Alliance. There he remained for a considerable part of the day, dismounted, pacing to and fro with his hands behind him, receiving communications from his aides-de-camp, and issuing orders to his officers. As the battle became more doubtful, he approached nearer the scene of action, and betrayed increased impatience to his staff by violent gesticulation, and using immense quantities of snuff. At three o'clock he was on horseback in front of La Belle Alliance ; and in the evening, just before he made his last attempt with the Guard, he had reached a hollow close to La Haye Sainte. Wellington, at the opening of the engagement, stood upon a ridge imme-

* The eminence on which Buonaparte was while he gave his orders during the battle is part of the territory of Planchenoit. It is called the Field of Trimotio, and is the property of several individuals : it is not far from the farm of Caillou. Buonaparte retired to this house for a moment during the battle. After he had lost it, endeavouring to avoid the crowd in the great road, he threw himself into the orchard opposite this farm-house to get the start of the mass of fugitives. A part of these, being closely pursued, sought refuge in the buildings of the farm ; they were set on fire, and several of them reduced to ashes.—*Letters of a French Officer.*

diately behind La Haye, but as the conflict thickened, where difficulties arose and danger threatened, there the duke was found. He traversed the field exposed to a storm of balls, and passed from point to point uninjured—and on more than one occasion, when the French cavalry charged the British squares the duke was there for shelter.

A slight skirmishing between the French tirailleurs and English light troops had continued throughout the morning, but the advance of a division of the second corps, under Jerome Buonaparte, against the post of Hougomont, was the signal for the British artillery to open, and was, in fact, the commencement of the battle of Waterloo. The first gun fired on the 18th was directed by Sir George Wood upon Jerome's advancing column; the last was a French howitzer, at eight o'clock in the evening, turned by a British officer against the routed remains of that splendid army with which Napoleon had begun the battle.

Hougomont* was the key of the duke's position, a post naturally of considerable strength, and care had been taken to increase it. It was garrisoned by the light companies of the Coldstream and 1st and 3rd Guards;† while a detachment from General Byng's brigade was formed on an eminence

* "Hougomont[1] is comprised of an old tower, a chapel, and a number of offices, partly surrounded by a farm-yard. It had also a garden, inclosed by a high strong brick wall; and round the garden, a wood of beech, an orchard, and a hedge, by which the wall was concealed; in another part, there was a pond, serving as a moat. Steps were taken to strengthen these means of defence by loop-holing, or perforating the walls, for the fire of musketry; and erecting scaffolding, to give the troops within an opportunity of firing from the top of the wall. The enemy's cannon could only be brought to bear upon the upper part of the walls and buildings, and the great damage it received was by shells."

† The loss of the guards, in killed and wounded, in the defence of Hougomont, amounted to twenty-eight officers, and about eight hundred rank and file. The foreign corps (Nassau and Brunswickers) lost about one hundred.

[1] Its name, according to ancient tradition, comes from the circumstance, that the hill on which is at present the neighbouring plantation, was covered with large pines, the rosin of which was in great request. The place was hence called Gomont, for Gomme Mont, or Mont de Gomme. This château has existed for ages, and belonged to the family of Arrazola Deonate.

behind, to support the troops defending the house and the wood* on its left. Three hundred Nassau riflemen were stationed in the wood and garden; but the first attack of the enemy dispersed them.

To carry Hougomont, the efforts of the second corps were principally directed throughout the day. This fine corps, thirty thousand strong, comprised three divisions; and each of these, in quick succession, attacked the well-defended farm-house. The advance of the assailants was covered by a tremendous cross-fire of nearly one hundred pieces, while the British guns in battery on the heights above, returned the cannonade, and made fearful hovoc in the dense columns of the enemy as they advanced or retired from the attack. Although the French frequently occupied the wood, it afforded them indifferent shelter from the musketry of the troops defending the house and garden; for the trees were but slight, and planted far asunder. Foy's division passed entirely through and gained the heights in the rear; but it was driven back with immense loss by part of the Coldstream and 3rd Guards.†

At last, despairing of success, the French artillery opened with shells upon the house; the old tower of Hougomont was quickly in a blaze; the fire reached the chapel, and many of the wounded, both assailants and defenders, perished miserably there. But still, though the flames raged above, shells burst around, and shot ploughed through the shattered walls and windows, the Guards nobly held the place, and Hougomont remained untaken.‡ It was computed that Napoleon's

* The proprietor of the ruins of the château of Hougomont has caused all the woods to be felled. Those trees, torn by a thousand balls, and that observatory, all the silent witnesses of so much glory and so much suffering, have vanished for ever.

† The attack against the position of Hougomont lasted, on the whole, from twenty-five minutes before twelve until a little past seven at night.

‡ "Within half an hour one thousand five hundred men were killed in the small orchard at Hougomont, not exceeding four acres. The loss of the enemy was enormous. The division of General Foy alone lost about three thousand; and the total loss of the enemy in the attack of this position is estimated at ten thousand in killed and wounded. Above six thousand men of both armies perished in the farm of Hougomont: six hundred French fell in the attack on the château and the farm; two hundred English were killed in the wood; twenty-five in the garden; one

repeated and desperate attacks upon this post cost him eight thousand men. The British lost fourteen hundred.

The advance of Jerome on the right was followed by a general onset upon the British line—three hundred pieces of artillery opening their cannonade, and the French columns in different points advancing to the attack. Charges of cavalry and infantry, sometimes separately and sometimes with united force, were made in vain. The British regiments were disposed, individually, in squares, with triple files, each placed sufficiently apart to allow it to deploy when requisite. The squares were mostly parallel, but a few were judiciously thrown back; and this disposition, when the French cavalry had passed the advanced regiments, exposed them to a flanking fire from the squares behind. The English cavalry were in the rear of the infantry, and the artillery in battery over the line. The fight of Waterloo may be easily comprehended by simply stating, that for ten hours it was a continued succession of attacks of the French columns on the squares; the British artillery playing upon them as they advanced, and the cavalry charging when they receded.

"But no situation could be more trying to the unyielding courage of the British army than this disposition in squares at Waterloo. There is an excited feeling in an attacking body that stimulates the coldest and blunts the thoughts of danger. The tumultuous enthusiasm of the assault spreads from man to man, and duller spirits catch a gallant frenzy from the brave around them. But the enduring and devoted courage which pervaded the British squares when, hour after hour, mowed down by a murderous artillery, and wearied by furious and frequent onsets of lancers and cuirassiers; when the constant order, "Close up!—close up!" marked the quick succession of slaughter that thinned their diminished ranks; and when the day wore later, when the remnants of two, and even three regiments were necessary to complete the square, which one of them had formed in the morning—to support this with

thousand one hundred in the orchard and meadow; four hundred men near the farmer's garden; two thousand of both parties behind the great orchard. The bodies of three hundred English were buried opposite the gate of the château; and those of six hundred French were burned at the same place."—*Booth's Narrative.*

firmness, and 'feed death,' inactive and unmoved, exhibited that calm and desperate bravery which elicited the admiration of Napoleon himself."*

At times the temper of the troops had nearly failed; and, particularly among the Irish regiments, the reiterated question of—"When shall we get at them?" showed how ardent the wish was to avoid inactive slaughter, and, plunging into the columns of the assailants, to avenge the death of their companions. But the "Be cool, my boys!" from their officers was sufficient to restrain this impatience—and, cumbering the ground with their dead, they waited with desperate intrepidity for the hour to arrive when victory and vengeance should be their own!

While the second corps was engaged at Hougomont, the first was directed by Napoleon to penetrate the left centre. Had this attempt succeeded, the British must have been defeated, as it would have been severed and surrounded. Picton's division was now severely engaged. Its position stretched from La Haye Sainte to Ter la Haye; in front there was an irregular hedge; but being broken and pervious to cavalry, it afforded but partial protection. The Belgian infantry, who were extended in front of the fifth division, gave way as the leading columns of D'Erlon's corps approached

* Stories of Waterloo.

Probably the statement of an enemy will bear the noblest testimony to the measureless bravery of the British infantry. A French general thus notices them:—"We saw these sons of Albion, formed in square battalions, in the plain between the wood of Hougomont and the village of Mount Saint John; and to effect this compact formation, they had doubled and redoubled their ranks several times. The cavalry which supported them was cut to pieces, and the fire of their artillery completely silenced, and generals and staff officers were galloping from one square to another, not knowing where to find shelter. Carriages, wounded men, parks of reserve, and auxiliary troops, were all flying in disorder towards Brussels. Death was before them, and in their ranks; disgrace in their rear! In this terrible situation, neither the bullets (*boulets*, cannon-balls) of the Imperial Guard, discharged almost point blank, nor the victorious cavalry of France, could make the least impression on the immoveable British infantry. One might have been almost tempted to fancy that it had rooted itself in the ground, but for the *majestic movement* which its battalions *commenced* some minutes after sunset, at the moment when the approach of the Prussian army apprised Wellington that he had just achieved the most decisive victory of the age."—*Foy*.

STEPNEY PUBLIC

Augustus

—the French came boldly to the fence—and Picton, with Kempt's brigade, as gallantly advanced to meet them.

A tremendous combat ensued. The French and British closed; for the cuirassiers had been already received in squares and repulsed with immense loss. Instantly Picton deployed the division into line; and pressing forward to the hedge, received and returned the volley of D'Erlon's infantry, and then crossing the fence, drove back the enemy at the point of the bayonet. The French retreated in close column, while the fifth mowed them down with musketry, and slaughtered them in heaps with their bayonets. Lord Anglesea seized on the moment, and charging with the Royals, Greys, and Enniskilleners, burst through every thing that opposed him. Vainly the mailed cuirassier and formidable lancer attempted to withstand this splendid body of heavy cavalry: they were overwhelmed; and the French infantry, already broken and disorganized by the gallant fifth, fell in hundreds beneath the swords of the English dragoons. The eagles of the 45th and 105th regiments, and upwards of two thousand prisoners, were the trophies of this brilliant charge.*

But, alas! like most military triumphs, this had its misfortune to alloy it. "Picton fell! But where could the famed commander of the old 'Fighting Third' meet with death so gloriously? He was at the head of the division as it pressed forward with the bayonet; he saw the best troops of Napoleon repulsed; the ball struck him, and he fell from his horse; he heard the Highland lament answered by the deep execration of Erin; and while the Scotch slogan was returned by the

* "At this critical and awful moment, Lord Uxbridge galloped up; the three regiments of cavalry were in the most masterly style wheeled into line, and presented a most beautiful front of about thirteen hundred men: as his lordship rode down the line, he was received by a general shout and cheer from the brigade. After having taken a short survey of the force and threatening attitude of the enemy, and finding the Highland brigade, although still presenting an unbroken front, upon the point of being on both sides outflanked by an immense superiority of numbers, his lordship determined upon a charge, which, for the wonderful intrepidity of its execution, and its complete success, has rarely been equalled, and certainly never surpassed. The Royals appeared to take the lead, while the Greys preserved a beautiful line at speed; more to the left over the cross-road, near which spot their brave chief, Colonel Hamilton, fell."

Irish hurrah, his fading sight saw his excited division rush on with irresistible fury. The French column was annihilated—and two thousand dead enemies told how desperately he had been avenged. This was, probably, the bloodiest struggle of the day. When the attack commenced—and it lasted not an hour—the fifth division exceeded five thousand men; and when it ended, it scarcely reckoned eighteen hundred bayonets!" *

While Picton's division and the heavy cavalry had repulsed D'Erlon's effort against the left, the battle was raging at La Haye Sainte, a post in front of the left centre. This was a rude farm-house and barn, defended by five hundred German riflemen; and here the attack was fierce and constant, and the defence gallant and protracted. While a number of guns played on it with shot and shells, it was assailed by a strong column of infantry. Thrice they were repulsed; but the barn caught fire, and the number of the garrison decreasing, it was found impossible, from its exposed situation, to supply the loss, and throw in reinforcements. Still worse, the ammunition of the rifle corps failed—and reduced to a few cartridges, their fire had almost ceased.

Encouraged by this casualty, the French, at the fourth attempt, turned the position. Though the doors were burst in, still the gallant Germans held the house with their bayonets; but, having ascended the walls and roof, the French fired on them from above, and, now reduced to a handful, the post was carried. No quarter was given—and the remnant of the brave riflemen were bayoneted on the spot.

This was, however, the only point where, during this long and sanguinary conflict, Buonaparte succeeded. He became master of a dilapidated dwelling, its roof destroyed by shells, and its walls perforated by a thousand shot-holes; and when obtained, an incessant torrent of grape and shrapnels from the British artillery on the heights above, rendered its acquisition useless for future operations, and made his persistance in maintaining it, a wanton and unnecessary sacrifice of human life.

There was a terrible sameness in the battle of the 18th of June, which distinguished it in the history of modern slaugh-

* Stories of Waterloo.

ter. Although designated by Napoleon "a day of false manœuvres," in reality, there was less display of military tactics at Waterloo, than in any general action we have on record. Buonaparte's favourite plan, to turn a wing, or separate a corps, was the constant effort of the French leader. Both were tried—at Hougomont to turn the right, and at La Haye Sainte to break through the left centre.* Hence, the French operations were confined to fierce and incessant onsets with masses of cavalry and infantry, generally supported by a numerous and destructive artillery. Knowing, that to repel these desperate and sustained attacks, a tremendous sacrifice of human life must occur, Napoleon, in defiance of their acknowledged bravery, calculated on wearying the British into defeat. But when he saw his columns driven back in confusion—when his cavalry receded from the squares they could not penetrate—when battalions were reduced to companies by the fire of his cannon, and still that "feeble few" shewed a perfect front,† and held the ground they had originally taken —no wonder his admiration was expressed to Soult—"How beautifully these English fight! but they must give way!" ‡

And well did British bravery merit that proud encomium, which their enduring courage elicited from Napoleon. For hours, with uniform and unflinching gallantry, they repulsed the attacks of troops who had already proved their superiority

* "The marshal told me, during the battle, that he was going to make a great effort against the centre of the enemy, while the cavalry should pick up the cannon, which did not seem to be much supported. He told me several times when I brought him orders, that we were going to gain a great victory."—*Drouet's Speech.*

† Several remonstrances from general officers were sent in to the Duke of Wellington, to induce him to retire the exhausted regiments. His question was, "Will they stand?"—"Till they perish," was the reply. "Then I will stand with them to the last man."

‡ "The declination of ground was most favourable to the infantry who, under a tremendous cannonade, were thus, in a great measure, sheltered by their lying down by order. On the approach—the majestic approach —of the French column, the squares rose, and with a steadiness almost inconceivable, awaited, without firing, the rush of the cavalry; who, after making fruitless efforts, sweeping the whole artillery of the line, and receiving the fires of the squares as they passed, retired, followed by, and pell-mell with, our own cavalry, who formed behind our squares, and advanced on the first appearance (which was unexpected) of the enemy's squadrons."

over the soldiers of every other nation in Europe. When the artillery united its fire, and poured exterminating volleys on some devoted regiment, the square, prostrate on the earth, allowed the storm to pass over them. When the battery ceased, to permit their cavalry to charge and complete the work of destruction, the square was again upon their feet—no face unformed—no chasm to allow the horsemen entrance—but a serried line of impassable bayonets was before them, while the rear ranks threw in a reserved fire with murderous precision. The cuirass was too near the musket then to avert death from the wearer—men and horses went down in heaps—each attempt ended in defeat—and the cavalry at last retired, leaving their best and boldest before a square, which, to them, had proved impenetrable.

When the close column of infantry came on, the square had deployed into line. The French were received with a destructive volley, and next moment the wild cheer which accompanies the bayonet charge, announced that England advanced with the weapon she had always found irresistible. The French never crossed bayonets fairly with the British; for when an attempt was made to stand, a terrible slaughter attested England's superiority.

But the situation of Wellington momentarily became more critical. Masses of the enemy had fallen, but thousands came on anew. With desperate attachment, the French army passed forward at Napoleon's command—and although each advance terminated in defeat and slaughter, fresh battalions crossed the valley, and mounting the ridge with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" exhibited a devotion which never had been surpassed. Wellington's reserves had been gradually brought into action—and the left, though but partially engaged, could not be weakened to send assistance to the right and centre. Many battalions were miserably reduced; and the fifth division, already cut up at Quatre Bras on the evening of the 16th, presented but a skeleton of what these beautiful brigades had been when they left Brussels two days before. The loss of individual regiments was prodigious. The 27th had four hundred men mowed down in square without drawing a trigger; it lost all its superior officers; and a solitary subaltern who remained, commanded it for half the day. Another, the

92nd regiment, when not two hundred were left, rushed at a French column and routed it with the bayonet; and a third, the 33rd, when nearly annihilated, sent to require support—none could be given; and the commanding officer was told that he must "stand or fall where he was!"*

Any other save Wellington would have despaired; but he calculated, and justly, that he had an army which would perish where it stood. But when he saw the devastation caused by the incessant attacks of an enemy who appeared determined to succeed, is it surprising that his watch was frequently consulted, and that he prayed for night or Blucher? When evening came on, no doubt Buonaparte began to question the accuracy of his "military arithmetic,"—a phrase happily applied to this meting out death by the hour. Half the day had been consumed in a sanguinary and indecisive conflict; all his disposable troops but the Guard had been employed, and still his efforts were foiled; and the British, with diminished numbers, shewed the same bold front they had presented at the commencement of the battle. He determined, therefore, on another desperate attempt upon the whole British line; and while issuing orders to effect it, a distant cannonade announced that a fresh force was approaching to share the action. Napoleon, concluding that Grouchy was coming up, conveyed the glad tidings to his disheartened columns. But an aide-de-camp quickly removed the mistake—and the Emperor received the unwelcome intelligence that the strange force now distinctly observed debouching from the woods of Saint Lambert, was the advanced guard of a Prussian corps. Buonaparte appeared, or affected to appear, incredulous; but the fatal truth was ascertained too soon.

While the delusive hope of immediate relief was industriously circulated among his troops, Napoleon despatched Count Lobau, with the sixth corps, to employ the Prussians, while in person, he should direct a general attack upon the British line.

Meanwhile the Prussian advance had debouched from the wood of Frichermont, and the operations of the old marshal,

* The preceding and subsequent details of the battle are chiefly taken from *Stories of Waterloo.*

in the rear of Napoleon's right flank became alarming. If Blucher established himself there in force, unless success against the British in his front was rapid and decisive, or that Grouchy came promptly to his relief, Buonaparte knew well that his situation must be hopeless. Accordingly, he directed the first and second corps and all his cavalry reserves against the duke,—the French mounted the heights once more—and the British were attacked from right to left.

A dreadful and protracted encounter followed; for an hour the contest was sustained, and, like the preceding ones, it was a sanguinary succession of determined attack and obstinate resistance. The impetuosity of the French onset at first obtained a temporary success. The English light cavalry were driven back,—and for a time a number of the guns were in the enemy's possession,—but the British rallied again—the French forced across the ridge, retired to their original ground, without effecting any permanent impression.

It was now five o'clock; the Prussian reserve cavalry under Prince William was warmly engaged with Count Lobau —Bulow's corps, with the second, under Pirch, were approaching rapidly through the passes of Saint Lambert; and the first Prussian corps, advancing by Ohain, had already begun to operate on Napoleon's right.* Bulow pushed forward towards Aywire, and, opening his fire on the French, succeeded in driving them from the opposite heights.

The Prussian left, acting separately, advanced upon the village of Planchenoit, and attacked Napoleon's rear. The French maintaining their position with great gallantry, and the Prussians, being equally obstinate in their attempts to force the village, produced a bloody and prolonged combat. Napoleon's right had begun to recede before the first Prussian corps, and his officers, generally, anticipated a disastrous issue, that nothing but immediate success against the British, or instant relief from Grouchy, could remedy. The Imperial Guard, his last and best resource, were consequently ordered

* Bulow died on the 25th of February, 1816, of an inflammation of the lungs, at Koenigsburg, of which city he was governor. On his death, the King of Prussia paid the most marked compliment of respect to his memory, by ordering every officer of his army to put on mourning for three days.

up. Formed in close column, Buonaparte in person advanced to lead them on; but dissuaded by his staff, he paused near the bottom of the hill, and to Ney, that "spoiled child of victory," the conduct of this redoubted body was intrusted. In the interim, as the French right fell back, the British moved gradually forward; and converging from the extreme points of Merke Braine and Braine la Leud, compressed their extent of line, and nearly assumed the form of a crescent. The Guards were considerably advanced, and having deployed behind the crest of the hill, lay down to avoid the cannonade with which Napoleon covered the onset of his best troops. Ney, with his proverbial gallantry, led on the Middle Guard; and Wellington, putting himself at the head of some wavering regiments, in person brought them forward, and restored their confidence.

As the Imperial Guard approached the crest where the household troops were couching, the British artillery, which had gradually converged upon the *chaussée*, opened with canister-shot. The distance was so short,* and the range so accurate, that each discharge fell with deadly precision into the column as it breasted the hill. Ney, with his customary heroism, directed the attack; and when his horse was killed —on foot, and sword in hand, he headed the veterans whom he had so often led to victory. Although the leading files of the Guard were swept off by the exterminating fire of the English batteries, still their undaunted intrepidity carried them forward, and they gallantly crossed the ridge.

Then came the hour of British triumph. The magic word was spoken—"Up, Guards, and at them!" In a moment the household brigade were on their feet: then waiting till the French closed, they delivered a murderous volley, cheered, and rushed forward with the bayonet, Wellington in person directing the attack.

* "When the Imperial Guards, led on by Marshal Ney, about half-past seven o'clock, made their appearance from a corn-field, in close columns of grand divisions nearly opposite, and within a distance of fifty yards from the muzzles of the guns, orders were given to load with cannister-shot, and literally five rounds from each gun were fired with this species of shot, before they shewed the least symptom of retiring. At the twenty-ninth round, their left gave way."—*Letters of an Artillery Officer.*

With the 42nd and 95th, the British leader threw himself on Ney's flank, and rout and destruction succeeded. In vain their gallant chief attempted to rally the recoiling Guard; but driven down the hill, the Middle were intermingled with the Old Guard, who had formed at the bottom in reserve.

In this unfortunate *mêlée*, the British cavalry seized on the moment of confusion, and plunging into the mass, cut down and disorganized the regiments which had hitherto been unbroken. The British artillery ceased firing—and those who had escaped the iron shower of the guns, fell beneath sabre and bayonet.

The unremediable disorder consequent on this decisive repulse, and the confusion in the French rear, where Bulow had fiercely attacked them, did not escape the eagle glance of Wellington. "The hour is come!" he is said to have exclaimed, as, closing his telescope, he commanded the whole line to advance. The order was exultingly obeyed; and, forming four deep, on came the British. Wounds, and fatigue, and hunger, were all forgotten, as with their customary steadiness they crossed the ridge; but when they saw the French, and began to move down the hill, a cheer that seemed to rend the heavens pealed from their proud array, as with levelled bayonets they pressed on to meet the enemy.

But, panic-struck and disorganized, the French resistance was short and feeble. The Prussian cannon thundered in their rear—the British bayonet was flashing in their front—and unable to stand the terror of the charge, they broke and fled. A dreadful and indiscriminate carnage ensued. The great road was choked with equipages, and cumbered with the dead and dying; while the fields, as far as the eye could reach, were covered with a host of helpless fugitives.* Courage and discipline were forgotten; and Napoleon's army of

* "On a surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that fifty thousand men and horses were lying! The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle was reduced to litter, and beaten into the earth; and the surface, trodden down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by the cannon wheels, strewn with many a relict of the fight. Helmets and cuirasses, shattered fire-arms and broken swords; all the variety of military ornaments; lancer caps and Highland bonnets; uniforms of every colour, plume and pennon; musical instruments, the

yesterday was now a splendid wreck—a terror-stricken multitude! His own words best describe it—"It was a total rout!"

Never had France sent a finer army to the field—and never had any been so signally defeated. Complete as the *déroute* at Vittoria had appeared, it fell infinitely short of that sustained at Waterloo. Tired of slaughtering unresisting foes, the British, early in the night, abandoned the pursuit of the broken battalions and halted. But the Prussians, untamed

apparatus of artillery, drums, bugles;—but good God! why dwell on the harrowing picture of 'a foughten field?'—each and every ruinous display bore mute testimony to the misery of such a battle."

* * * * * *

"Could the melancholy appearance of this scene of death be heightened, it would be by witnessing the researches of the living, amid its desolation, for the objects of their love. Mothers and wives and children for days were occupied in that mournful duty; and the confusion of the corpses, friend and foe intermingled as they were, often rendered the attempt at recognising individuals difficult, and, in some cases, impossible."

* * * * * *

"In many places the dead lay four deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, when exposed for hours to the murderous fire of a French battery. Outside, lancer and cuirassier were scattered thickly on the earth. Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen in the bootless essay, by the musketry of the inner files. Farther on, you traced the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered. Chasseur and hussar were intermingled; and the heavy Norman horse of the Imperial Guard were interspersed with the grey chargers which had carried Albyn's chivalry. Here the Highlander and tirailleur lay, side by side together; and the heavy dragoon, with 'green Erin's' badge upon his helmet, was grappling in death with the Polish lancer."

* * * * * *

"On the summit of the ridge, where the ground was cumbered with dead, and trodden fetlock-deep in mud and gore, by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, the thick-strewn corpses of the Imperial Guard pointed out the spot where Napoleon had been defeated. Here, in column, that favoured corps, on whom his last chance rested, had been annihilated; and the advance and repulse of the Guard was traceable by a mass of fallen Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made; for there the Old Guard, when the middle battalions had been forced back, attempted to meet the British, and afford time for their disorganized companions to rally. Here the British left, which had converged upon the French centre, had come up;—and here the bayonet closed the contest."

by previous exertion, continued to follow the fugitives with increased activity, and nothing could surpass the unrelenting animosity of their pursuit. Plunder was sacrificed to revenge —and the memory of former defeat and past oppression produced a dreadful retaliation, and deadened every impulse of humanity. The *væ victis* was pronounced—and thousands, besides those who perished in the field, fell that night by Prussian lance and sabre.

What Napoleon's feelings were when he witnessed the overthrow of his guard—the failure of his last hope—the death-blow to his political existence, cannot be described, but may be easily imagined. Turning to an aide-de-camp, with a face livid with rage and despair, he muttered in a tremulous voice —"*A présent c'est fini!—sauvons nous;*" and turning his horse, he rode hastily off towards Charleroi, attended by his guide and staff.

* * * * * *

In whatever point of view Waterloo is considered, whether as a battle, a victory, or an event, in all these, every occurrence of the last century yields, and more particularly in the magnitude of results. No doubt the successes of Wellington in Spain were, in a great degree, primary causes of Napoleon's downfal; but still the victory of Waterloo consummated efforts made for years before in vain to achieve the freedom of the Continent—and wrought the final ruin of him, through whose unhallowed ambition a world had been so long convulsed.

As a battle, the merits of the field of Waterloo have been freely examined, and very indifferently adjudicated.* Those

* Buonaparte has been severely censured for daring to attack Wellington and Blucher[1] simultaneously. Had different results attended the battles of Quatre Bras and Ligny, probably military criticism on Napoleon's bold plans would have been more favourable. Ney seems certainly to have pointed out a safer course, and his idea of first overwhelming the British, and afterwards taking the Prussians in detail, might have been more successful had it been adopted. But even admitting, in part, that Napoleon's

[1] General Berton, in what he calls his "Précis Historique militaire et critique des Batailles de Fleurus et de Waterloo," says, that the French dispositions for the battle of Ligny evinced "le chef-d'œuvre du coup-d'œil militaire," which he afterwards calls "le génie de la guerre."

who were best competent to decide, have pronounced this battle as that upon which Wellington might securely rest his fame—while others, admitting the extent of the victory, ascribe the result rather to fortunate accident than military skill.*

Never was a falser statement hazarded. The success attendant on the day of Waterloo can be referred only to the admirable system of resistance in the general, and an enduring

"arrangements" were erroneous, they still were worthy of the vigorous and martial spirit that planned them. His great mistake may be traced to a mind that refused to be controlled by cold calculation. He aimed at more than he could accomplish. With limited means he acted upon a great and comprehensive scheme; and, disdaining to recognise his weakness, he pursued an object demanding ampler resources than he possessed. This was sufficiently proved by the result; for he was unable to gather the fruits of his triumph over the Prussians, whom he permitted to retreat without the slightest interruption. His army contented itself with remaining upon the ground it won so hardly, without even an attempt to harass the slowly retiring columns of the enemy.

There have been conflicting statements as to whether Buonaparte did, or did not know, that Bulow was in force in the rear of his right. Ney says, that Labedoyère brought him a message from the emperor, that Grouchy, at seven o'clock, had attacked the extreme left of the Anglo-Prussian army, while Girard states, that at nine in the morning Napoleon knew that a Prussian column, which had escaped the marshal (Grouchy), was advancing in his rear. Gneisenau affirms, that the fourth Prussian corps (Bulow's) moved from Dien-le-Mont by Wavre on Saint Lambert at daybreak. Certainly Buonaparte might have been acquainted with its advance during the day; but whether he was or was not, its arrival at Waterloo in the evening decided that day and his destiny.

* An army hastily drawn together, composed of the troops of various nations, amongst which were counted several brigades of inexperienced militia, was the force the Duke of Wellington had to oppose to one of the most formidable and best-appointed armies which France ever produced.

Every officer and soldier, I am persuaded, did his duty; but the Duke of Wellington alone was capable of giving union to such a force. No other man living could have rendered the service which he performed with an army so composed.

The British cavalry and artillery of this army were superb and magnificent; superior, perhaps, to any force of the kind which the world had ever seen; and Marshal Blucher, who reviewed the former a short time before the opening of the campaign, declared that he had not given the world credit for containing so many fine men. The infantry, who, after all, carried away the foremost honours of the day, were inferior in point of men; there were many second battalions, composed entirely of lads and recruits that had never seen a shot fired.

valour, rarely equalled and never surpassed, in the soldiers whom he commanded. Chance, at Waterloo, had no effect upon results;—Wellington's surest game was to act only on the defensive—his arrangements with Blucher, for mutual support, being thoroughly matured, he knew that before night the Prussians must be upon the field. Bad weather and bad roads, with the conflagration of a town in the line of march, which, to save the Prussian tumbrils from explosion, required a circuitous movement—all these, while they protracted the struggle for several hours beyond what might have been reasonably computed, only go to prove that Wellington, in accepting battle, under a well-founded belief that he should be supported in *four hours*—when single-handed he maintained the combat and resolutely held his ground during a space of *eight*, had left nothing dependent upon accident, but, providing for the worst contingencies, had formed his calculations with admirable skill.

The apologists for Napoleon lay much stress on Ney's dilatory march on Quatre Bras, and Grouchy's unprofitable movements on the Dyle. The failure of Ney upon the 16th will be best accounted for by that marshal's simple statement. His reserve was withdrawn by Napoleon—and when the Prince of Moskwa required and ordered it forward, to make a grand effort on the wearied English, the corps "was idly parading" between Quatre Bras and Ligny; and during the arduous struggle at both places, that splendid division had never faced an enemy or discharged a musket. Ney's failure in his attack was therefore attributable to Napoleon altogether —for had his reserve been at hand, who can suppose that the exhausted battalions of the allies, after a march of two-and-twenty miles, and a long and bloody combat, must not have yielded to fresh troops in overpowering masses, and fallen back from a position tenable no longer? To Grouchy's imputed errors, also, the loss of Waterloo has been mainly ascribed both by Napoleon and his admirers. But that marshal's conduct was not obnoxious to the censure so unsparingly bestowed upon it—for, had he disobeyed orders, and acceded to the proposition of his second in command, would a movement by his left have effected any thing beyond the delay of Napoleon's overthrow for a night? By following Girard's

advice, and marching direct on Waterloo, the day would have ended, probably, in a drawn battle—or even Wellington might have been obliged to retire into the wood of Soignies. But in a few hours Blucher would have been up—in the morning the Anglo-Prussian army would have become assailant—and with numbers far superior, who will pretend to say that Napoleon's defeat upon the 19th, would not have been as certain and as signal as his *déroute* at Waterloo, upon the fatal evening that closed upon a fallen empire and a last field?

The allied loss* was enormous, but it fell infinitely short of

* Return of killed and wounded, with an abstract of the disposal of the wounded from the War-office, July, 1815.

Killed on the spot, non-commissioned and privates,	1715
Died of wounds	856
Missing, supposed killed	353
Total	2924
Wounded	6831
Total killed and wounded	9755

Abstract of the disposal of wounded:—

Wounded by amputation	236
Discharged	506
Transferred to the veteran battalion	167
Rejoined their regiments	5068
In hospitals, under cure, 10th April, 1816	854
Total wounded	6831

Return of French Artillery taken at Waterloo:—

12-pounder guns	35	12-pounder waggons	74
6-pounder ditto	57	6-pounder ditto	71
6-inch howitzers	13	Howitzer ditto	50
24-pounder ditto	17	Total	195
Total cannons	122		

Spare gun-carriages.

12-pounder	6	Forage waggons	20
Howitzer	6	Waggons of Imp. Guard	52
6-pounders	8	Total	72
	20	Grand total	409

that sustained by Napoleon's army. Of the latter nothing like an accurate return was ever made—but from the most correct estimates by French and British officers, upwards of five-and-twenty thousand men were rendered *hors de combat;* while multitudes were sabred in the flight, or perished on the roads from sheer fatigue, and in deserted villages for want of sustenance and surgical relief.

On the 19th the Duke of Wellington was again in motion, and having crossed the frontier, he marched upon the French capital by Binch, Malplaquet, and Château Cambresis. Colville's division, composed of part of the sixth British and sixth Hanoverians, took the advance of the army, and carried Cambray by assault on the evening of the 24th. Peronne la Pucelle was on the following day stormed by the Guards—and on the 30th, the Duke of Wellington's light cavalry were close to the walls of Paris.

Grouchy's *corps d'armée*, amounting to forty thousand men, when detached on the 17th by Napoleon to prevent a junction of the Prussians with the British, reached Gembloux immediately after Blucher's rear-guard had quitted that place on its route to Wavre. At Baraque, early next morning, the French cavalry overtook the Prussians, attacked, and drove them back. At one o'clock a heavy cannonade was distinctly heard—and Girard urged Grouchy to leave a corps of observation in front of the Prussians, and march direct on Waterloo, while Vandamme, on the contrary, pressed the marshal to move at once on Brussels. Grouchy, however, was determined to obey the strict letter of his instructions, and made every effort to bring the Prussians to action. At six in the evening, one of many officers, despatched by Napoleon to order Grouchy to march to his assistance, succeeded in finding the marshal and delivered the order of the emperor. It was now six o'clock—and the marshal crossed the Dyle and moved rapidly towards Waterloo—but all there was lost; and at daybreak, on learning the fatal news, Grouchy abandoned his line of march, repassed the Dyle in four divisions, and joined the cavalry of Excelmans at Namur on the following morning. The marshal, for a time, held that town; while his rear-guard, commanded by Vandamme,* checked the Prus-

* "After being informed of the loss of the battle of Waterloo, Vandamme

sians—and then retiring by Dinant, he brought his corps safely to Paris after a march of eight days, and by a retreat that his enemies admitted to be conducted with admirable skill.

Meanwhile, Blucher, having masked the fortresses of Maubuge, Landrecy, and Phillipville, took possession of St. Quentin, while Zeithen advanced to Guise. On the 29th, he halted in front of the French position between St. Denis and Vincennes—having succeeded in gaining a day's march on his indefatigable ally the Duke of Wellington.

On that evening Napoleon quitted the capital never to enter it again. Hostilities ceased immediately—the Bourbons were recalled, and placed upon the throne—and Europe, after years of anarchy and bloodshed, at last obtained repose—while he, "alike its wonder and its scourge," was removed to a scene far distant from that which had witnessed his triumphs and his reverses—and within the narrow limits of a paltry island, that haughty spirit, for whom half Europe was too small, dragged out a gloomy existence, until death loosened the chain, and the grave closed upon the Captive of Saint Helena.

remained constantly with the rear-guard: it was under these circumstances that he was severely wounded in the belly by a ball; notwithstanding his pain and loss of blood, he still remained on horseback. When he reached the village, where the army had just halted, he dismounted from his horse; his breeches were full of blood. A surgeon offered to dress his wound—'Let me alone,' said he; 'I have something else to do.' He immediately began to examine the map, and to write his orders."

THE LATE INDIAN CAMPAIGNS

AGAINST

THE AFFGHANS, THE BILUCHIS,

AND

THE SIKHS.

1838 to 1846.

THE

LATE INDIAN CAMPAIGNS,

&c.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.*

Condition of Europe after the battle of Waterloo.—Necessity for peace.

A PERIOD of undisturbed repose succeeded that fearful interval in European history, extending from the murder of a weak and worthless monarch, to the deposition of the master spirit of the age, who had founded a blood-cemented throne on the ruins of a corrupt and licentious dynasty. From the revolutionary outbreak to the peace of Paris, the annals of these stormy times are but a continuous record of violence and slaughter—for the brief cessation of hostilities in 1801, was employed, on both sides, in active preparations to recommence a deadlier struggle—and France and England, like angry and exhausted duellists, rested only for the moment, until, with recruited strength, they might renew the game of death more furiously. As "time and the hour run through the longest day," so national resources at last must find a limit—for if war be a sanguinary, it is also a most expensive pursuit. Save those of Britain and France, the European exchequers were exhausted—one country finding her marvellous resources in the honest supplies which flowed in from possessions on which a sun never sets†—the other, by adopting a nefarious policy of making war support war—or,

* To render *The Victories of the British Armies* complete to the present day, the Indian campaigns, occurring since the issue of the first edition of the work, have been annexed, as supplementary chapters, by the author.

† To an inquiry made by Napoleon of Talleyrand, "What do you consider the extent of the British empire?" "Wherever a frigate has water to swim" was the short, but comprehensive reply.

in plain language, obliging the aggressed to find all for the aggressor that he might require. War cripples trade—and "the nation of shopkeepers," as Napoleon contemptuously designated England, felt the monetary pressure heavily—and John Bull, when called upon again and again, growled as he unclosed his purse-strings—but he always came forward when money was required. The enormity of these demands, appeared only to elicit the boundless extent of the means upon which England could fall back—for in one year* the naval and military expenditure of the country exceeded the almost incredible total of forty-two millions sterling, without including immense subsidiatory outlays to friendly powers and foreign mercenaries.†

On the continent, the conscriptive system then in operation was virtually the same, although under different provisions and modifications. The greater European powers could always bring a force to the field numerically imposing—but that all-important requisite to carry out war—namely, the *métallique*, was wanting. Men without money are mere automatons—they have no motive capability,—and before a continental brigade could make an opening march, England had to furnish them with what is figuratively, but correctly called—"the sinews."

Did France escape the iron pressure of the times that all besides upon the continent felt so sensibly? Her trade had been for years annihilated—and, unscrupulous as the means resorted to were by which her empty coffers might be filled, the end now could not be realized. Plunder, territorial or fiscal—the annexation of a state, or the imposition of a forced loan—all these from a too frequent repetition, had failed at last. Her neighbours, who formerly had been her El Dorado, were neither in temper nor situation to be longer made available to meet her necessities. Schoolmen say "ex nihilo nihil fit,"—Napoleon found the truth of that admitted adage,

* 1814.

† In 1813, England gave to Portugal one million sterling—two to Spain—one to Sweden. To other powers, she gave five millions—and 400,000*l.* to Sicily. Half a million of muskets were sent to the Peninsula—and nearly as many more to different parts of the continent, with two million pounds of powder, and forty-eight millions of cartridges!!

—and "beautiful France" was required to look to her fair self for her resources.

But however, and by what means, money might have been procured, to meet exigencies which towards the end of the war daily became more stringent, a more fearful difficulty occurred, because it was not remediable—not only the wealth, but the *physique* of the country was exhausted—and the eternal drains made upon the French population shewed the natural consequences which all must have foreseen. Thousands after thousands of her best and bravest had crossed the frontier never to return—and anticipated conscriptions produced in a levy of raw youth but indifferent food for powder. When addressing the council of state on his return from his disastrous campaign in Germany, this fatal truth escaped,—and on this occasion Napoleon, descending from his former affectation of Roman dignity, betrayed the exhaustion of the country. His language was common-place and passionate, and his disjointed harangue hurried from his dangers to his designs. "Wellington," said he, "is in the south — the Russians threaten the northern frontier—Austria the south-eastern,—yet, shame to speak it, the nation has not risen in mass to repel them! Every ally has abandoned me: the Bavarians have betrayed me!—Peace? no peace till Munich is in flames! I demand of you 300,000 men; I will form a camp at Bordeaux of 100,000, another at Lyons, a third at Metz: with the remnant of my former levies, I shall have 1,000,000 of men in arms. But it is men whom I demand,—full-grown men; not these miserable striplings who choke my hospitals with sick, and my highways with carcases. Give up Holland? rather let it sink into the sea! Peace, it seems, is talked of when all around ought to re-echo with the cry of war!"

No wonder, therefore, when after his most singular and successful evasion from Elba, that all save those nameless men, on whom war bestows an evanescent consequence, sincerely desired the state of tranquillity which followed so quick upon the hundred days' *émeute*. Europe, as Napoleon used to say, when "peace was on his lips and deadly intents raging in his bosom"—required repose. All felt the necessity and admitted it—and for more than a quarter of a

century, the external relations of the continental powers have since continued amicable.

There were times, however, when this peaceful state of things was threatened with interruption—but happily the temperate policy of the prudent countervailed the rashness of those desperate men, who, in a settled order of things, have no position in society. Occasionally, the thunder grumbled—but the gathering clouds dispersed again. A revolution was effected—and not a bloodless one—and yet the rest of Europe looked calmly on. As at Algiers, Navarino, and elsewhere, the great powers found it necessary sometimes to put forth their strength—but generally, these operations were in connection. France has carried on a petty and inglorious contest in Polynesia, and a more unprofitable one in Africa;—and Russia, with neither credit nor success, made vain attempts upon the Circassian mountaineers—England the while looked calmly on; her attitude was dignified — the lion couched — but woe betide any who provoked his spring! The absurd and unjust demands of her transatlantic neighbours—"a little more than kin, and less than kind"—were temperately but emphatically negatived. The idle threats of a feeble power—feeble from conflicting interests, and inert from its overgrowth, were heard with full contempt—Yankee orators thundered her *delenda*—but England smiled, and merely asked them to pay their debts—for she well knew that, like stubble fired, a demagogue's fury blazes, scintillates, and becomes smoke.

And did Britain thus remain unmoved in the abundant conviction of her own security?—No—she despised impotent threatenings. as strongly as she repudiated impudent demands. She knew that to America, war would produce annihilation. The thunderbolt was lying at her foot—and the hand was ready to launch it. The first angry shot discharged would have covered the ocean with her fleets—and in a few brief months, nothing under stars and stripes would have been seen upon the Atlantic—a ruined trade and servile war must have resulted—and the States would have been as a consequence partitioned.

A radical's course of action, in or out of Parliament, is the same. His business is not to see what is right, but if possible

to discover what is wrong—and if he can't find it, he must fancy it. No one can deny that the Admiralty—Whig and Tory, without distinction, are blundering eternally—but as the resources of England seem illimitable, failures are rendered nugatory—and errors, when remediable, heedless of the expense uselessly occasioned, are corrected. Every candid and unprejudiced officer will admit that Britain had never a navy before, to be compared with that which she now possesses—and on careful examination, it will be found that her military establishment is still more perfect.

Never did a great power spring from military insignificance to acknowledged superiority, so rapidly as Great Britain. In 1805, she was a by-word among nations—in 1815, her martial character was first in European estimation, although ten brief years before it had held the lowest place.* Like ore unsought for, talent, as gold when in the mine, often continues for centuries in abeyance, until circumstances evoke it. As in individuals, so also national capabilities may be accidentally developed—and what England was ignorant of possessing, the Peninsula was first fated to disclose.

* * * * * * * *

To a far more limited extent than that which had been felt in France—England found that the deteriorating effects of twenty years' war were making themselves apparent upon her own population. The necessity of dragging beardless boys from home to fill her hospitals did not exist—but an immense bounty, and a lowered standard in recruiting, proved that the Moloch of the battle-field made demands which with difficulty could be answered.† In her militia she had an admirable reserve to fall back upon—their *élite* volunteered freely for the line—and hence, the strength of regiments in the field was

* Such was Napoleon's opinion. In an address to his army, he says—"Soldiers! I have occasion for you! The hideous presence of the leopard contaminates the continent of Spain and Portugal. Let your aspect terrify and drive him thence! Let us carry our conquering eagles even to the Pillars of Hercules; there also we have an injury to avenge."

† The drafts sent from home to one Irish regiment in the Peninsula, from 1808 to 1814, amounted, in round numbers, to four times the number of bayonets which, in its greatest strength, the battalion had ever with the colours.

maintained by constant drafts of disciplined soldiers. As the war progressed, the efficiency of the Peninsular divisions as steadily advanced—until Wellington might say, as he did, with truth, that the army with which he crossed the Pyrenees was "the most perfect machine that ever had been constructed, and one with which he could do any thing and go anywhere."—Glorious be the memory of these matchless soldiers!

Peace came—and the military establishment of Britain was of necessity reduced. With a few exceptions, the regiments of the line lost their additional battalions—every man not thoroughly serviceable was discharged—and the militias were disbanded. But England had at last found where her hidden strength had so long lain dormant. Formerly her sole dependence rested on her wooden walls—her dominion over ocean was undisputed—there was not a sea on which her proud ensign did not float—nor a corner of the earth unvisited by her trading vessels. The Peninsula, however, had given her another arm — she had proved its power, and determined that the integrity of its strength should be preserved—and, while in number her army was reduced, in efficiency it was augmented. No longer drained of the flower of her youth, and obliged to fill up the casualties incident to siege and battle-field with levies from her population, physically inferior, she now only recruited picked men. To the experience of the past, the improvements of modern science were united—and under the chief-commandership of the honoured and lamented Hill, the organization of the British army became perfect. Sacred be that great and good man's memory! Living—he was easy of access, bland in his manner, and honest in his purpose—and dead, he bequeathed to the soldier the example of a well-earned fame—and to his country, an army—as far as numbers go—unmatched, unmatchable—in Europe.

CHAPTER I.

THE AFFGHANISTAN CAMPAIGNS.*

The Shah invades Affghanistan.—Sir John Keane advances on Candahar.—Reduction of Ghuznee.—Surrender of Dost Mahomed.—Retreat of Monson.—Bailey's surrender.

TWENTY years elapsed—and so far as England was concerned, Europe continued tranquil. If the British sword did not rust, it rested quietly in the sheath—and the East ere long was destined to prove, that during that period of inactivity, its temper had remained unaltered.

Throughout this work European politics have been carefully eschewed—and the complications, falsity, and foul character of Eastern diplomacy, would be irrelevant, and disgust but not interest. In 1836, the aggressive acts of Persia, influenced by Russian gold, were sufficiently alarming, but all doubt was removed, when the Shah invaded Affghanistan, and laid siege to Herat. Although that city held strongly out, and finally repulsed the Persians, the country generally was anxious for their alliance,† and to check an influence that

* 1838-39-42.

† "At this moment, the united influence of Persia and Russia would seem to be established in all the Affghan dominions, with the single exception of Herat, and the existence of that influence in those countries, viewed in conjunction with the course which those powers have recently been pursuing, and the measures that have resulted from their joint diplomatic exertions, is so obviously incompatible with the tranquillity of India, and even with its security, that no measures can be more unequivocally measures of self-defence than those which the British government is called upon to adopt for the purpose of counteracting the evils with which India is threatened: Persia has no provocation to complain of. The course pursued by the British government towards this government has been one of uniform friendship and forbearance; and it appears to me that it would be a hazardous and costly line of policy to adopt, were the British government any longer to permit Persia, under shelter of her treaty with England, to open the way to India for another and far more formidable power."—*McNeill's Despatch, 8th August*, 1838.

might prove truly dangerous hereafter, the Indian government decided on an armed intervention, and the restoration of Shah Shoojah was made the apology for a hostile demonstration.

The entrance of an invading army into Affghanistan was heralded by the Simla declaration,* and a strong force, termed "the army of the Indus," in due time penetrated this mountain country by the route of the Bolan Pass.†

The occupation of Affghanistan was disastrous from the first. The troops were severely harassed and half-starved—and the blunders of the political agents, want of cordiality in the commanders, dissension between the contingents of Bengal and Bombay, all gave little promise of ultimate success. Early in April, Sir John Keane joined and took the chief command, and on the 7th he advanced on Candahar. The march was extremely oppressive. Intense heat, want of water, desultory attacks, all made the movement a distressing one, but Candahar was at last reached, and Shah Shoojah restored to the Musnad.

Sir John's next operation was the reduction of Ghuznee,‡ and it would appear rather unaccountable that with this strong fortress before him, he should have left his siege-train at Candahar.

* 1st October, 1838.

† "They now entered upon the passage of the terrible Bolan Pass, a huge chasm, running between precipitous rocks to the length of seventy miles, and rising in that distance to the height of 5,637 feet above the plains below, which are here about 750 feet in height above the level of the sea. The dangerous defiles which abound in these mountains are infested by the poorest and wildest tribes of the country, who live entirely by plunder; but they fortunately refrained from molesting the troops to the extent which they might have done."—*War in Affghanistan.*

‡ "Ghuznee, instead of being, as had been represented, almost defenceless, was a place of remarkable strength, and was found by the engineers to possess a high rampart in good repair, built on a scarped mound, about thirty-five feet high, flanked by numerous towers, and surrounded by a fausse-braye and wet ditch. The irregular figure of the 'enceinte' gave a good flanking fire, whilst the height of the citadel covered the interior from the commanding fire of the hills to the north, rendering it nugatory. In addition to this, the towers at the angles had been enlarged, screen-walls had been built before the gates, the ditch cleared out and filled with water, stated to be unfordable, and an outwork built upon the right bank, so as to command its bed."—*Engineer's Report.*

Sir John, however seemed to hold Peninsular practice in fortunate recollection, for he repeated at Ghuznee,* what Brochard, a French engineer, had tried so successfully at Amarante,† blew down a barricade, and carried the place by

* 23rd July, 1839.

† "At this crisis, Brochard, an engineer officer, devised a plan, as remarkable for its ingenuity as it was perfect in success. His project was to blow down the centre barricade, destroy the cord which communicated with the Portuguese mine, and, in the confusion, which the explosion would be certain to produce, carry the bridge by assault. To place the powder close beneath the palisades, without its being discovered, was both a doubtful and a dangerous attempt; but to the brave nothing is impossible.

"The troops were quietly got under arms, and placed as near the head of the bridge as their being concealed from the Portuguese guard would permit; while, to call off the attention of the latter, some twenty men were stationed to keep up a fire upon the intrenchments, so directed as not to endanger the sappers, who had volunteered for the real service of the hour. It was a service so hopeful and hazardous as to excite the liveliest solicitude for its success. The barrel of powder was covered with a grey cloak, that it might neither be heard nor seen, and the man who undertook to deposit it in its place wore a cloak of the same colour. The clear moonlight was favourable to the adventure, by the blackness of the shadow which the parapet on one side produced. In that line of darkness the sapper crept along at full-length, pushing the barrel before him with his head, and guiding it with his hands. His instructions were to stop if he heard the slightest movement on the Portuguese side; and a string was fastened to one of his feet, by which the French were enabled to know how far he had advanced, and to communicate with him. Having placed the barrel, and uncovered that part where it was to be kindled, he returned with the same caution. Four barrels, one after the other, were thus arranged without alarming the Portuguese. The fourth adventurer had not the same command of himself as his predecessors had evinced. Possessed either with fear, or premature exultation, as soon as he had deposited the barrel in its place, instead of making his way back slowly and silently along the line of shadow, he rose and ran along the middle of the bridge in the moonlight. He was seen, fired at, and shot in the thigh. But the Portuguese did not take the alarm as they ought to have done; they kept up a fire upon the entrance of the bridge, and made no attempt to discover for what purpose their intrenchments had been approached so closely.

"Four hours had elapsed before the four barrels were placed: by that time it was midnight, and in another hour, when the Portuguese had ceased their fire, a fifth volunteer proceeded in the same manner with a saucisson fastened to his body; this he fixed in its place, and returned safely. By two o'clock this part of the business was completed, and Laborde was informed that all was ready. Between three and four a fog

storm. Khelat* was subsequently taken by assault, and the army of the Indus soon after broken up,—the Bombay contingent retiring to cantonments, and the Bengal retaining military occupation of Cabool.

Dost Mahomed, who had escaped, immediately appeared in arms, and the tribes between the Oxus and Hindoo Koosh broke out into open insurrection. Dennie defeated the Affghan chief in front of Bameean, and Sale took Tootundurrah, Jugla, and Rahderrah. With exhausted resources, the Dost found that to continue a contest would be hopeless,—and on the 3rd of November, he surrendered to the envoy, the unfortunate Sir William MacNaughten.†

The next epoch in Indian history is painfully unfortunate, and the military occupation of Affghanistan forms a fearful pendant to Monson's retreat‡ and Bailey's surrender. The

arose from the river and filled the valley, so that the houses on the opposite shore could scarcely be discerned through it. This was favourable for the assailants. The saucisson was fired; and the explosion, as Brochard had expected, threw down the intrenchments, and destroyed the apparatus for communicating with the mine."

* 13th November, 1839.

† On the 12th of November, Sir Willoughby Cotton, who, before he reached India on his return home the previous year, had, in consequence of the troubled appearance of things, been again placed in command of the forces in Affghanistan, moved from Cabool with a portion of the troops to Jellalabad, to winter there, and Dost Mahomed was escorted by him so far on his way to Loodianah. At Peshawar the ex-ameer waited the arrival of his family, who had resided at Ghuznee since they had been under the protection of the British. Of his numerous sons all now had surrendered except Akbar Khan, who continued to hold out to the last, and eventually took terrible vengeance for all that his family had suffered. The residence first appropriated to the use of our distinguished captive, was the same that Shah Shoojah had occupied for so many years at Loodianah; but he was afterwards removed to Mussoree, on the north-west frontier of our territories, where the climate was better adapted for his health. The pension we allowed him was three lacs of rupees, or £30,000 a year.

‡ "Monson was as brave as any officer in the English army; second to none in undaunted valour at storming a breach, but he wanted the rarer quality of moral intrepidity, and the power of adopting great designs on his own responsibility. On the 6th of July, Holkar was engaged in crossing the Chumbul; the fortunate moment of attack, never to be recalled, was allowed to escape; and two days afterwards the English general commenced his retreat. He did what ordinary officers would have done at Assaye, when it was ascertained Stevenson's division could not

resistance of Bailey was most glorious,* but the retreats from Hindustan and Cabool were consequences of indecision and want of daring. By the latter many a commander has been

come up; and what was the result? In a few hours the subsidiary horse, now four thousand strong, which was left to observe the enemy, was enveloped by clouds of the Mahratta cavalry, and after a bloody struggle, cut to pieces with their gallant commander."

Painful as the sequel proved, it may yet be briefly told. Colonel Monson gained the Makundra pass, and afterwards retreated to Kotah and Rampoora, after abandoning his artillery. Reinforced by two battalions and three thousand irregular horse, he quitted the fort and marched directly for the British frontier. Heavy rains fell; and on reaching the banks of the Bannas, he found the stream impassable. The position of this ill-fated corps was truly desperate. "In their front was a raging torrent, in their rear twenty thousand horsemen, continually receiving fresh accessions of strength in infantry and guns, as they successively came up. The river having at length become fordable, four battalions crossed over; and the enemy, seeing his advantage, immediately commenced a furious attack on the single battalion and pickets, which now remained alone on the other side. With such heroic constancy, however, was this unequal contest maintained by these brave men, that they not only repulsed the whole attacks made upon them, but, pursuing their success, captured several of the enemy's guns; an event which clearly demonstrated what results might have followed the adoption of a vigorous offensive in the outset, when the troops were undiminished in strength and unbroken in spirit."

Disasters followed fast upon each other. The sepoy guard who accompanied the military chests was attacked by the cavalry of Scindiah, their own ally; and when the Mahrattas were defeated, they treacherously deserted to Holkar. The whole of the irregular horse, which had reinforced Monson at Rampoora, followed the example; and a few companies of sepoys—a rare occurrence among those faithful people—quitted their ranks, and joined this enemy. Formed in oblong square, the greater portion of the latter part of the retreat was executed—fifteen thousand horse incessantly harassing in front, flank, and rear, the retiring column—and only kept at bay by the indomitable courage, and unbroken formation of the remnant of this glorious division. At last, worn down by fatigue, and reduced by casualties and desertion of twelve thousand men, scarcely a thousand entered Agra, without cannon, baggage, or ammunition, and only fit for the hospitals, and afterwards to be invalided.

* When the remnant of Bailey's army were delivered up by that truculent monster, Tippoo Sultaun, they were marched across the country to Madras, a distance of four hundred miles. "During the march, the utmost pains were taken by Tippoo's guards to keep the Hindoo privates separate from their European officers, in the hope that their fidelity might yet sink under the hardships to which they were exposed, but in vain;

saved, even though that daring should have bordered upon rashness. In Monson's affair, Holkar might have been arrested on the Chumbul,—and bold measures, promptly carried out, have proved successful in Affghanistan; but Monson retreated when he should have held his ground, and Burnes and MacNaughten temporized when they should have acted. A brief notice will best sum up the disastrous finale of the Affghanistan invasion. Burnes, in false security, was murdered—and MacNaughten placed himself in the power of a treacherous ruffian, and paid the penalty of his folly with his life. The rest is a tale of perfidy, disgrace, and slaughter.

But yet gloomy as that miserable history is, brilliant scintillations of British heroism were not wanting. The forcing of the mountain passes was most creditable to Dennie, as the defence of Jellalabad was to Sale. Both since have filled a soldier's grave—and braver spirits never breathed their last upon a battle-field.

and not only did they all remain true to their colours, but swam the tanks and rivers by which they were separated from the officers during the night, bringing them all they could save from their little pittance; "for we," they said, "can live on any thing, but you require beef and mutton."

CHAPTER II.

BILUCHI CAMPAIGN.*

Jealousy of the Scinde chieftains.—Proceedings of Sir Charles Napier.—Defeat of the Bilúchis.

For a time, affairs in Scinde, after the Cabool disasters, looked peaceable; but the conditions proposed by new treaties to the Amirs, in the infringements upon their game preserves, and the abolition of transit duties, occasioned much discontent. Gradually, this jealousy of the Scinde chieftains ripened into hatred; and while evasive policy was resorted to by the Amirs, a corps, under Sir Charles Napier, advanced to support the British representative, Major Outram. The agency had been attacked—gallantly defended—and Outram effected an honourable retreat; while the Amirs, collecting in great force at Fulali, Sir Charles, with his small force, determined to attack them. An extract from his own despatch will best describe this daring and most brilliant affair :—

"On the 16th I marched to Muttaree, having there ascertained that the Amirs were in position at Míani (ten miles' distance), to the number of 22,000 men, and well knowing that a delay for reinforcements would both strengthen their confidence and add to their numbers, already seven times that which I commanded, I resolved to attack them, and we marched at 4 A.M. on the morning of the 17th; at eight o'clock the advanced guard discovered their camp; at nine o'clock we formed in order of battle, about 2,800 men of all arms, and twelve pieces of artillery. We were now within range of the enemy's guns, and fifteen pieces of artillery opened upon us, and were answered by our cannon. The enemy were very strongly posted, woods were on their flanks, which I did not think could be turned. These two woods

* 1842.

were joined by the dry bed of the river Falláli, which had a high bank. The bed of the river was nearly straight, and about 1,200 yards in length. Behind this and in both woods were the enemy posted. In front of their extreme right, and on the edge of the wood, was a village. Having made the best examination of their position which so short a time permitted, the artillery was posted on the right of the line, and some skirmishers of infantry, with the Scinde irregular horse, were sent in front to try and make the enemy shew his force more distinctly; we then advanced from the right in echellon of battalions, refusing the left to save it from the fire of the village. The 9th Bengal light cavalry formed the reserve in rear of the left wing; and the Poona horse, together with four companies of infantry, guarded the baggage. In this order of battle we advanced as at a review across a fine plain swept by the cannon of the enemy. The artillery and H. M.'s 22nd regiment in line, formed the leading echellon, the 25th N.I. the second, the 12th N.I. the third, and the 1st grenadier N.I. the fourth.

"The enemy was 1,100 yards from our line, which soon traversed the intervening space. Our fire of musketry opened at about 100 yards from the bank in reply to that of the enemy; and in a few minutes the engagement became general along the bank of the river, on which the combatants fought for about three hours or more with great fury, man to man. Then, my lord, was seen the superiority of the musket and bayonet over the sword and shield and matchlock. The brave Bilúchis first discharging their matchlocks and pistols, dashed over the bank with desperate resolution; but down went these bold and skilful swordsmen under the superior power of the musket and bayonet. At one time, my lord, the courage and numbers of the enemy against the 22nd, the 25th, and the 12th regiments bore heavily in that part of the battle. There was no time to be lost, and I sent orders to the cavalry to force the right of the enemy's line. This order was very gallantly executed by the 9th Bengal cavalry and the Scinde horse; the details of which shall be afterwards stated to your lordship, for the struggle on our right and centre was at that moment so fierce, that I could not go to the left

"In this charge the 9th light cavalry took a standard, and

several pieces of artillery, and the Scinde horse took the enemy's camp, from which a vast body of their cavalry slowly retired fighting. Lieutenant Fitzgerald gallantly pursued them for two miles, and, I understand, slew three of the enemy in single combat. The brilliant conduct of these two cavalry regiments decided in my opinion the crisis of the action, for from the moment the cavalry were seen in rear of their right flank, the resistance of our opponents slackened; the 22nd regiment forced the bank, the 25th and 12th did the same, the latter regiment capturing several guns, and the victory was decided. The artillery made great havoc among the dense masses of the enemy, and dismounted several of their guns. The whole of the enemy's artillery, ammunition, standards, and camp, with considerable stores and some treasure, were taken."

War was now regularly proclaimed—and on the 22nd of March, the Sikhs recommenced hostilities at Mattari—Sir Charles Napier, in the meanwhile, having effected a junction with his reinforcements. Halting at the village of Duppa, on the 23rd, he decided on attacking the Bilúchis on the 24th. The enemy were in a strong position, numbering 20,000 men. The Anglo-Indian army might amount in round numbers to 5,000, all arms included. Thus runs the despatch :—

"The forces under my command marched from Hyderabad this morning at daybreak. About half past 8 o'clock we discovered and attacked the army under the personal command of the Meer Shere Mahomed, consisting of twenty thousand men of all arms, strongly posted behind one of those large nullahs by which this country is intersected in all directions. After a combat of about three hours, the enemy was wholly defeated with considerable slaughter, and the loss of all his standards and cannon.

"His position was nearly a straight line; the nullah was formed by two deep parallel ditches, one 20 feet wide and 8 feet deep, the other 42 feet wide and 17 deep, which had been for a long distance freshly scarped, and a banquet made behind the bank expressly for the occasion.

"To ascertain the strength of his line was extremely difficult, as his left did not appear to be satisfactorily defined; but he began moving to his right when he perceived that the British

force outflanked him in that direction. Believing that this movement had drawn him from that part of the nullah which had been prepared for defence, I hoped to attack his right with less difficulty, and Major Leslie's troop of horse artillery was ordered to move forward and endeavour to rake the nullah. The 9th light cavalry and Poona horse advancing in line, on the left of the artillery, which was supported on the right by her Majesty's 22nd regiment, the latter being, however, at first considerably retired to admit of the oblique fire of Leslie's troop. The whole of the artillery now opened upon the enemy's position, and the British line advanced in echellons from the left, H. M.'s 22nd regiment leading the attack.

"The enemy was now perceived to move from his centre in considerable bodies to his left, apparently retreating, unable to sustain the cross-fire of the British artillery; on seeing which Major Stack, at the head of the 3rd cavalry, under command of Captain Delamain, and the Sindh horse, under command of Captain Jacob, made a brilliant charge upon the enemy's left flank, crossing the nullah and cutting down the retreating enemy for several miles. While this was passing on the right, H. M.'s 22nd regiment, gallantly led by Major Poole, who commanded the brigade, and Captain George, who commanded the corps, attacked the nullah on the left with great gallantry, and I regret to add, with considerable loss. This brave battalion marched up to the nullah under a heavy fire of matchlocks, without returning a shot till within forty paces of the intrenchment, and then stormed it like British soldiers. The intrepid Lieutenant Coote first mounted the rampart, seized one of the enemy's standards, and was severely wounded while waving it and cheering on his men.

"Meanwhile the Poona horse, under Captain Tait, and the 9th cavalry, under Major Story, turned the enemy's right flank pursuing and cutting down the fugitives for several miles. H. M.'s 22nd regiment was well supported by the batteries commanded by Captains Willoughby and Hutt, which crossed their fire with that of Major Leslie. Then came the 2nd brigade under command of Major Woodburn, bearing down into action with excellent coolness. It consisted of the 25th, 21st, and 12th regiments, under the com-

mand of Captains Jackson, Stevens, and Fisher, respectively; these regiments were strongly sustained by the fire of Captain Whitley's battery, on the right of which were the 8th and 1st regiments, under Majors Browne and Clibborne; these two corps advanced with the regularity of a review up to the intrenchments, their commanders, with considerable exertion, stopping their fire, on seeing that a portion of the Sindh horse and 3rd cavalry in charging the enemy had got in front of the brigade. The battle was decided by the troop of horse artillery and H. M.'s 22nd regiment."

CHAPTER III.

THE SIKH CAMPAIGNS.*

State of the Punjaub. — Sir Henry Hardinge appointed governor.— Strength and organization of the Sikh army.—Moodkee.—Ferozepore. —Defeat of the Sikhs. — Battle of Aliwal. — Its consequences. — Sobraon.—Conclusion.

THE fatal *dénouement* of the retreat from Cabool was still in vivid colouring before the British public, when tidings from the East announced that it might be considered only as the forerunner of still more alarming demonstrations, and these from a power fully as unfriendly, and far more formidable to English interests than the Ghiljies and fanatic tribes of Affghanistan. The Punjaub† for years had been internally convulsed. The musnud in turn was occupied by women whose debaucheries were disgusting, and men who had reached it by the foulest murders. The country was frightfully disorganized—one bond of union alone existed among the Sikhs—and that was the most deadly hostility to the British.

The state of things beyond the Sutlej alarmed the Indian government, and Lord Ellenborough acted with energy and good judgment—Scinde and Gwalior must be deprived of the power of being mischievous—and while the former was annexed in form to the possessions of the Company, Gwalior was being prepared for undergoing a similar change. To give effect to these important measures, an army of observation

* 1845-6.

† The region of North-Western India, known in modern times under the name of the Punjaub, is remarkably well defined by geographical limits. On the north, it is bounded by one of the Himalaya ranges. On the west by the Khybur and Soliman mountains and the Indus. On the south and east the Sutlej divides it from British India. Its area is computed to inclose 85,000 square miles. The arteries of the Indus, namely the Jelum, Chenab, Ravi, Beas, and Sutlej, traverse the whole country, and form its local divisions into what are termed doabs. The Punjaub, being translated, hence means "the country of five rivers."

marched upon the Sutlej—but long before any results from his policy could be developed, Lord Ellenborough was recalled, and Sir Henry Hardinge appointed to succeed him. In the spring of 1844, the new governor reached Calcutta.

The Cabool disasters had rendered the very thought of Eastern war most unpopular at home—and Sir Henry assumed the chief command, with a full determination to avoid a rupture with the Sikhs—could such be avoidable; but that, as events proved, was imposible — and pacific policy was tried and found wanting.

"The summer of 1845 was marked by frightful excesses in Lahore. Murder and debauchery went hand-in-hand together; and the Ranee herself, as well as her chief adviser, Jowar Singh, no longer disguised their purpose of coming to blows with the English. On the part of Jowar Singh, this was but the prosecution of a policy which had long been in favour with him; and as he was heartily detested by the rest of the sirdars, they made it a pretext for conspiring against him and putting him to death. But the Ranee was swayed by different motives. From day to day her army became more unmanageable; and she desired, above all things, to get rid of the nuisance, even if her deliverance should come with a victorious British force to Lahore. Accordingly, after having long withstood the clamours of her officers, she gave a hearty, yet a reluctant, consent to the proposed invasion of the protected states; and a plan of operations was drawn up, which indicated no slight knowledge of the art of war on the part of those from whom it emanated."*

As yet Sir Henry had avoided every appearance of angry demonstration. Loodiana and Ferozepore were well garrisoned. The former place was weak—the latter better calculated for resistance. A magazine to supply both places had been judiciously established where the Umballa road touches that of Kurnaul—for Busseean was equally accessible to the garrisons which were threatened.

Coming events had not been disregarded by the chief in command—and in June, Sir Henry in person proceeded to the western provinces. Approaching hostilities had in the

* "The Sikhs and late Campaign."

autumn become too evident — the Sikhs were advancing to the Sutlej — and instead of having, as formerly reported, 15,000 men in and about Lahore, they had actually seven divisions, which might fairly average, each with the other, 8,000 men. One of these was to remain to garrison the capital —the remainder were disposable—and, as it was believed, destined to attack Loodiana, Kurrachee, Ferozepore, Scinde, and Attock.

Before the subsequent transactions are described, a detail of the strength, organization, and *matériel* of the Sikh army will be interesting—and an officer,* whose brief but lucid account of the Punjaub, is admirably perspicuous and judiciously condensed, thus pictures the construction of a military force, whose local position and efficiency rendered the repression of its formidable power imperative upon the Indian executive.

"This force, consisting of about 110,000 men, is divided into regulars and irregulars; the former of whom, about 70,000 strong, are drilled and appointed according to the European system. The cavalry branch of the disciplined force amounts to nearly 13,000, and the infantry and artillery to 60,000 more. The irregulars, variously armed and equipped, are nearly 40,000 strong, of which number upwards of 20,000 are cavalry, the remainder consisting of infantry and matchlock-men, while the contingents, which the sirdars or chiefs are obliged to parade on the requisition of the sovereign, amount to considerably above 30,000 more. The artillery consisted in Runjeet's time of 376 guns, and 370 swivels mounted on camels or on light carriages adapted to their size. There is no distinct corps of artillery as in other services, but there are 4,000 or 5,000 men, under a daroga, trained to the duty of gunners, and these are distributed with the ordnance throughout the regular army. The costume of the regular infantry is scarlet, with different coloured facings, to distinguish regiments, as in the British service. The trousers are of blue linen; the head-dress is a blue turban, with one end loose, and spread so as to entirely cover the head, back of the neck, and shoulders; the belts are of black

* Lieut.-Col. Steinbach, late of the service of the Maharajah Runjeet Singh and his immediate successors.

leather; the arms a musket and bayonet, the manufacture of Lahore. The cavalry wear helmets or steel caps, round which shawls or scarfs are folded. The *irregulars*, in their dress and appointments, fully justify the appellation which their habits and mode of making war obtained for them. Cotton, silk, or broad cloth tunics of various colours, with the addition of shawls, cloaks, breastplates, or coats of mail, with turban or helmets, *ad libitum*, impart to them a motley but picturesque appearance. They are all badly mounted, and, indeed, little can be said even of the regular cavalry in this respect. The Punjaub breed of horses is far from good, and they do not import stock from other countries to improve their own cattle. The pay of the sepoys of the regular army of the Punjaub is higher than that of the same class in the army of the East-India Company, each common soldier receiving ten rupees per mensem. The troops of the irregulars receive twenty-five rupees each, out of which they provide their arms and clothing, and feed their horse, putting the government to no other expense whatever for their services.

"Enlistment in the regular army of the Punjaub is quite voluntary, and the service is so popular that the army could upon an emergency be increased to almost any amount. The soldiery are exceedingly apt in acquiring a knowledge of their military duties; but they are so averse to control that instances of insubordination are common; latterly, indeed, open mutiny has frequently characterized the relations of officer and soldier. Insubordination is punished — when punishment is practicable—with confinement, loss of pay, or extra duty. But in the present state of military disorganization no means of chastising rebellion are available.

"No pensions were, or are, assigned to the soldiery for long service, nor is there any provision for the widows and families of those who die, or are killed in the service of the state. Promotions, instead of being the right of the good soldier in order of seniority, or the reward of merit in the various grades, is frequently effected by bribery. In the higher ranks, advancement is obtained by the judicious application of *douceurs* to the palm of the favourites at court, or the military chieftains about the person of the sovereign. In the event of the government of the Punjaub falling into the

hands of the British, some time would probably elapse before the dissolute rabble which now composes the army could be brought under a state of as perfect discipline as that which exists in the Anglo-Indian army; but there is no doubt that ultimately the result of a system, strict and severe from the commencement, when supported by a stern and absolute monarchy, would display itself, and render the Sikh troops as devoted a body as the regular native army of Hindostan. Only twenty-three years have elapsed since the military force in the Punjaub consisted of a large and undisciplined horde. In 1822, the first European officers presented themselves (according to Prinsep) at Runjeet Singh's durbar, seeking military service and entertainment. These were Messrs. Allard and Ventura, who had served in the French army until the annihilation of Napoleon Buonaparte deprived them of employment. At first, Runjeet Singh, with the suspicion common to a native Indian prince, received them coldly; and his distrust of their purposes was heightened by the Punjaubee chieftains, who were naturally jealous of the introduction of Europeans into the military service; but a submissive and judicious letter from these officers removed the apprehensions of the Maharajah, and he, with the spirit and originality of a man of genius, admitted them into his service; appointing them instructors of his troops in the European system of drill and warfare. The good conduct and wise management of these gentlemen speedily removed Runjeet Singh's prejudices against Europeans; and the door to employment being thrown open, several military men entered the service of the Maharajah, and at the close of his reign there were not less than a dozen receiving his pay, and, to use an Indian expression, 'eating his salt.' The successors of Runjeet Singh, however, did not look with an eye of favour upon men who were not to be bought, and whose sense of personal dignity revolted at the treatment to which the unbridled Sikh chieftains were inclined to subject them. The greater part accordingly resigned their commissions; some of them retiring with ample fortunes, and others seeking honourable employment elsewhere.

"The Sikh army, until lately, was considered by many British officers, who had the opportunity of seeing it, to have

been in a fair state of discipline. They form very correct lines, but in manœuvring their movements are too slow, and they would, in consequence, be in danger, from a body of British cavalry, of being successfully charged during a change of position. They would also run the risk of having their flanks turned by their inability to follow the motion of an European enemy with equal rapidity.*

"The arms, that is to say, the muskets, are of very inferior stamp, incapable of throwing a ball to any distance, and on quick and repeated discharges liable to burst. Their firing is bad, owing to the very small quantity of practice ammunition allowed by the government; not more than ten balls out of a hundred, at the distance of as many paces, would probably tell upon an enemy's ranks. They still preserve the old system of three ranks, the front one kneeling when firing and then rising to load, a method in action liable to create confusion.

"In person, the infantry soldiers are tall and thin, with good features and full beards; their superior height is owing to the extraordinary length of their lower limbs. They are capable of enduring the fatigue of long marches for several days in succession (the author having on one occasion marched with his regiment a distance of 300 miles within twelve days), and are, generally speaking, so hardy that exposure to oppressive heats or heavy rains has little effect upon them. In a great measure this is the result of custom. Excepting in the vicinity of Lahore and Peshawur, there are few regular quarters or cantonments; the men occupy small tents or caravanserais.

"The drum and fife and bugle are in general use in the Sikh infantry regiments, and in some of the favourite royal corps of Runjeet Singh an attempt was made to introduce a band of music, but a graft of European melody upon Punjaubee discord did not produce, as may be imagined, a very harmonious result.

* The author, in speaking irreverently of the Sikh army, may be considered in a measure to register his own condemnation. But the reader will kindly remember, that a lieutenant-colonel only commands a single regiment; and it may be inferred that, with his eyes open to the deficiencies of others, the author did his best to repair those of his own corps.

"The cavalry of the Sikh army is very inferior in every respect to the infantry. While the latter are carefully picked from large bodies of candidates for service, the former are composed of men of all sorts and sizes and ages, who get appointed solely through the interests of the different sirdars. They are mean-looking, ill-dressed, and, as already stated, wretchedly mounted. Their horse trappings are of leather of the worst quality, and their saddles are of the same miserable material, and badly constructed. When the horse is in motion, the legs and arms of the rider wave backwards and forwards, right and left, by way, as it were, of keeping time with the pace of the animal bestridden. The horses are small, meagre, and ill-shaped, with the aquiline nose which so peculiarly proclaims inferiority of breed. In the field, the conduct of Sikh cavalry has generally corresponded with their appearance and efficiency. They are totally deficient of firmness in the hour of struggle, and only charge the foe when a vast superiority of numerical force gives them a sort of warranty of success."

Undeceived touching the supposed weakness of the Sikh army, Sir Henry Hardinge, in conjunction with his gallant superior in command, Sir Hugh Gough, concentrated his troops, called for reinforcements from the interior, added largely to his commissariate—and what in Eastern warfare is altogether indispensable, largely increased his beasts of burden and means of transport. Then taking a central position, he waited calmly and prudently until the Sikh designs should be more clearly developed.

November came—the storm had been gathering—remonstrances from the governor-general had failed—and on the 4th, the Sikh vakeel was formally dismissed. Still immediate hostilities were not anticipated — when suddenly, news arrived on the 13th, that the enemy had crossed the Sutlej, and Ferozepore was invested. The British commander hurried by forced marches to its relief—and on the 18th, after a seven leagues' march, at noon the Anglo-Indian army reached the village of Moodkee.* A movement of twenty miles

* Soon after mid-day, the division under Major-General Sir Harry Smith, a brigade of that under Major-General Sir J. M'Caskill, and another of that under Major-General Gilbert, with five troops of horse

under an eastern sun is most distressing—and the wearied troops having bivouacked, ignorant of the proximity of an enemy, cut wood, lighted fires, and commenced cooking. Strange as it may appear, although in the immediate presence of the Sikh army, no vidette had seen it, and the booming of the enemy's guns first gave note of preparation.

"The army was in a state of great exhaustion, principally from the want of water, which was not procurable on the road, when about three P. M., information was received that the Sikh army was advancing; and the troops had scarcely time to get under arms and move to their positions, when that fact was ascertained.

"I immediately," says Lord Gough, "pushed forward the horse artillery and cavalry, directing the infantry, accompanied by the field batteries, to move forward in support. We had not proceeded beyond two miles, when we found the enemy in position. They were said to consist of from 15,000 to 20,000 infantry, about the same force of cavalry, and forty guns. They evidently had either just taken up this position, or were advancing in order of battle against us.

"To resist their attack, and to cover the formation of the infantry, I advanced the cavalry under Brigadiers White, Gough, and Mactier, rapidly to the front, in columns of squadrons, and occupied the plain. They were speedily followed by the five troops of horse artillery, under Brigadier Brooke, who took up a forward position, having the cavalry then on his flanks.

"The country is a dead flat, covered at short intervals with a low, but in some places, thick jhow jungle and dotted with sandy hillocks. The enemy screened their infantry and artillery behind this jungle and such undulations as the ground afforded; and, whilst our twelve battalions formed from echellon of brigade into line, opened a very severe cannonade upon our advancing troops, which was vigorously replied to by the battery of horse artillery under Brigadier Brooke,

artillery, and two light field batteries, under Lieutenant-Colonel Brooke, of the horse artillery (brigadier in command of the artillery force), and the cavalry division, consisting of her Majesty's 3rd light dragoons, the body-guard, 4th and 5th light cavalry, and 9th irregular cavalry, took up their encamping-ground in front of Moodkee.—*Despatch.*

which was soon joined by the two light field batteries. The rapid and well-directed fire of our artillery appeared soon to paralyze that of the enemy; and, as it was necessary to complete our infantry dispositions without advancing the artillery too near to the jungle, I directed the cavalry under Brigadiers White and Gough to make a flank movement on the enemy's left, with a view of threatening and turning that flank, if possible. With praiseworthy gallantry, the 3rd light dragoons, with the 2nd brigade of cavalry, consisting of the body-guard and fifth light cavalry, with a portion of the 4th lancers, turned the left of the Sikh army, and, sweeping along the whole rear of its infantry and guns, silenced for a time the latter, and put their numerous cavalry to flight. Whilst this movement was taking place on the enemy's left, I directed the remainder of the 4th lancers, the 9th irregular cavalry, under Brigadier Mactier, with a light field battery, to threaten their right. This manœuvre was also successful. Had not the infantry and guns of the enemy been screened by the jungle, these brilliant charges of the cavalry would have been productive of greater effect.

"When the infantry advanced to the attack, Brigadier Brooke rapidly pushed on his horse artillery close to the jungle, and the cannonade was resumed on both sides. The infantry, under Major-Generals Sir Harry Smith, Gilbert, and Sir John M'Caskill, attacked in echellon of lines the enemy's infantry, almost invisible amongst the wood and the approaching darkness of night. The opposition of the enemy was such as might have been expected from troops who had every thing at stake, and who had long vaunted of being irresistible. Their ample and extended line, from their great superiority of numbers, far outflanked ours; but this was counteracted by the flank movements of our cavalry. The attack of the infantry now commenced; and the roll of fire from this powerful arm soon convinced the Sikh army that they had met with a foe they little expected; and their whole force was driven from position after position with great slaughter, and the loss of seventeen pieces of artillery, some of them of heavy calibre; our infantry using that never-failing weapon, the bayonet, whenever the enemy stood. Night only saved them from worse disaster, for this stout conflict was maintained

during an hour and a half of dim starlight, amidst a cloud of dust from the sandy plain, which yet more obscured every object.

"I regret to say, this gallant and successful attack was attended with considerable loss; the force bivouacked upon the field for some hours, and only returned to its encampment after ascertaining that it had no enemy before it, and that night prevented the possibility of a regular advance in pursuit."*

In this brilliant and sanguinary battle, the British loss was necessarily heavy. Sir Robert Sale, and Sir John McCaskill were killed — and Brigadiers Bolton and Mactier, with Colonels Byrne and Bunbury, wounded. The total casualties amounted to 872 of all arms.

Nothing could have been more fortunate than the *prestige* which Moodkee gave to the campaign. One damning fault of the Spanish generals on the Peninsula, was that they literally overmarched their troops until they came to a dead stand-still — and this the British commanders most judiciously avoided.† A little delay in active operations was, under circumstances, particularly politic—for while the Sikhs were

* Official Despatch.

† There was great suffering everywhere for want of water. Hunger men may endure for days together; but a burning thirst, in a tropical climate, is terrible; and when the fever in the blood becomes aggravated by such exertions as the British army had that day made, the whole world seems valueless in comparison with a cup of cold water. None came, however, for several hours; yet the gallant fellows bore the privation without a murmur; and when the following day brought them a reinforcement of two European regiments of infantry, with a small battery of heavy guns, they felt that they were irresistible. Nevertheless, the general, with great good sense, gave them two entire days to refresh; he had nothing to gain by precipitating matters. Ferozepore had been saved by the battle of the 18th; and his communications with the place being in some sort restored, he had time to warn Sir John Littler of his purposes, and to prepare him for co-operating in their accomplishment. These were the chief advantages of delay; besides that, others probably occurred to him, namely, the opportunity which was afforded for the coming up of the corps which had been directed to march from Delhi, Meerut, and other stations. And on the part of the Sikhs, it was doubtless considered that their very numbers would render a long halt on one spot impossible for them; for no country, however fertile, can sustain the pressure of sixty thousand men many days.—*Sir Hugh Gough's Despatches.*

shaken in confidence, and marvelling at their discomfiture, the British lion was gathering strength to make another and a deadlier spring.

On the morning of the 21st, the Anglo-Indian army again took the offensive, and marched against the intrenched position of the enemy—and the details of the succeeding events of that bloody and glorious day are thus lucidly and modestly given.

"Instead of advancing to the direct attack of their formidable works, our force manœuvred to their right; the second and fourth divisions of infantry, in front, supported by the first division and cavalry in second line, continued to defile for some time out of cannon-shot between the Sikhs and Ferozepore. The desired effect was not long delayed, a cloud of dust was seen on our left, and according to the instructions sent him on the preceding evening, Major-General Sir John Littler, with his division, availing himself of the offered opportunity, was discovered in full march to unite his force with mine. The junction was soon effected, and thus was accomplished one of the great objects of all our harassing marches and privations, in the relief of this division of our army from the blockade of the numerous forces by which it was surrounded.

"Dispositions were now made for a united attack on the enemy's intrenched camp. We found it to be a parallelogram of about a mile in length and half a mile in breadth, including within its area the strong village of Ferozeshah; the shorter sides looking towards the Sutlej and Moodkee, and the longer towards Ferozepore and the open country. We moved against the last-named face, the ground in front of which was, like the Sikh position in Moodkee, covered with low jungle.

"The divisions of Major-General Sir John Littler, Brigadier Wallace (who had succeeded Major-General Sir John M'Caskill), and Major-General Gilbert, deployed into line, having in the centre our whole force of artillery, with the exception of three troops of horse artillery, one on either flank, and one in support, to be moved as occasion required. Major-General Sir Harry Smith's division, and our small cavalry force, moved in second line, having a brigade in reserve to cover each wing.

"I should here observe, that I committed the charge and direction of the left wing to Lieut.-Gen. Sir Henry Hardinge, while I personally conducted the right.

"A very heavy cannonade was opened by the enemy, who had dispersed over their position upwards of 100 guns, more than 40 of which were of battering calibre; these kept up a heavy and well-directed fire, which the practice of our far less numerous artillery, of much lighter metal, checked in some degree, but could not silence; finally, in the face of a storm of shot and shell, our infantry advanced and carried these formidable intrenchments; they threw themselves upon the guns, and with matchless gallantry wrested them from the enemy; but, when the batteries were partially within our grasp, our soldiery had to face such a fire of musketry from the Sikh infantry, arrayed behind their guns, that, in spite of the most heroic efforts, a portion only of the intrenchment could be carried. Night fell while the conflict was everywhere raging.

"Although I now brought up Major-General Sir Harry Smith's division, and he captured and long retained another point of the position, and her Majesty's 3rd light dragoons charged and took some of the most formidable batteries, yet the enemy remained in possession of a considerable portion of the great quadrangle, whilst our troops, intermingled with theirs, kept possession of the remainder, and finally bivouacked upon it, exhausted by their gallant efforts, greatly reduced in numbers, and suffering extremely from thirst, yet animated by an indomitable spirit. In this state of things the long night wore away.

"Near the middle of it one of their heavy guns was advanced, and played with deadly effect upon our troops. Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Hardinge immediately formed her Majesty's 80th foot and the 1st European light infantry. They were led to the attack by their commanding officers, and animated in their exertions by Lieut.-Colonel Wood (aide-de camp to the lieut.-general), who was wounded in the onset. The 80th captured the gun, and the enemy, dismayed by this counter-check, did not venture to press on further. During the whole night, however, they continued to harass

our troops by fire of artillery, wherever moonlight discovered our position.

"But with daylight of the 22nd came retribution. Our infantry formed line, supported on both flanks by horse artillery, whilst a fire was opened from our centre by such of our heavy guns as remained effective, aided by a flight of rockets. A masked battery played with great effect upon this point, dismounting our pieces, and blowing up our tumbrils. At this moment, Lieut.-General Sir Henry Hardinge placed himself at the head of the left, whilst I rode at the head of the right wing.

"Our line advanced, and, unchecked by the enemy's fire, drove them rapidly out of the village of Ferozeshah and their encampment; then, changing front to its left, on its centre, our force continued to sweep the camp, bearing down all opposition, and dislodged the enemy from their whole position. The line then halted, as if on a day of manœuvre, receiving its two leaders as they rode along its front with a gratifying cheer, and displaying the captured standards of the Khalsa army. We had taken upwards of seventy-three pieces of cannon, and were masters of the whole field.

"The force assumed a position on the ground which it had won, but even here its labours were not to cease. In the course of two hours, Sirdar Tej Singh, who had commanded in the last great battle, brought up from the vicinity of Ferozepore fresh battalions and a large field of artillery, supported by 30,000 Ghorepurras, hitherto encamped near the river.*

* A staff-officer, whose intellects were unsettled, had ridden back, as soon as he saw that the enemy's camp was won, and directed the artillery and cavalry to retire upon Ferozepore, in order that men and horses might refresh themselves. Not a gun, therefore, was with Sir Hugh Gough; when Tej Singh with his army of reserve advanced against him, and the murderous fire of round shot and shell which the latter threw into the village where the British infantry stood met no reply. Moreover, to advance from the village would necessarily expose the men to almost certain destruction, because a powerful cavalry was ready to fall upon the columns, while to remain as they were could accomplish nothing, seeing that the enemy would never close with them; battles of artillery being under all circumstances their favourites. But if an accident brought the British infantry into the scrape, another accident relieved them. The cavalry and artillery, moved as they had been directed to do, after having suffered severely from the superior fire of the

He drove in our cavalry parties, and made strenuous efforts to regain the position at Ferozeshah; this attempt was defeated; but its failure had scarcely become manifest, when the sirdar renewed the contest with more troops and a large artillery. He commenced by a combination against our left flank; and when this was frustrated, made such a demonstration against the captured villages as compelled us to change our whole front to the right. His guns during this manœuvre maintained an incessant fire, whilst our artillery ammunition being completely expended in these protracted combats, we were unable to answer him with a single shot.

"I now directed our almost exhausted cavalry to threaten both flanks at once, preparing the infantry to advance in support, which apparently caused him suddenly to cease his fire, and abandon the field.

"For twenty-four hours not a Sikh has appeared in our front. The remains of the Khalsa army are said to be in full retreat across the Sutlej, at Nuggurputhur and Tella, or marching up its left bank towards Hurreekeeputhur, in the greatest confusion and dismay. Of their chiefs, Bahadur Singh is killed; Lal Singh said to be wounded; Mehtab Singh, Adjoodhia Pershad, and Tej Singh, the late governor of Peshawur, have fled with precipitation. Their camp is the scene of the most awful carnage, and they have abandoned large stores of grain, camp equipage, and ammunition.

"Thus has apparently terminated this unprovoked and criminal invasion of the peaceful provinces under British protection.

"On the conclusion of such a narrative as I have given, it is surely superfluous in me to say, that I am, and shall be to the last moment of my existence, proud of the army which I had to command on the 21st and 22nd instant. To their gallant exertions I owe the satisfaction of seeing such a victory achieved, and the glory of having my own name associated with it.

Sikhs, which took them in flank, while the infantry were advancing to the charge. Now, under the persuasion that a general retreat was ordered, they pursued their course towards Ferozepore. The movement brought them round the flank of the Sikhs, who, mistaking the object of it, suddenly abandoned their guns and fled.

"The loss of this army has been heavy;* how could a hope be formed that it should be otherwise? Within thirty hours this force stormed an intrenched camp, fought a general action, and sustained two considerable combats with the enemy. Within four days it has dislodged from their positions, on the left bank of the Sutlej, 60,000 Sikh soldiers, supported by upwards of 150 pieces of cannon, 108 of which the enemy acknowledge to have lost, and 91 of which are in our possession.

"In addition to our losses in the battle, the captured camp was found to be everywhere protected by charged mines, by the successive springing of which many brave officers and men have been destroyed."†

These glorious battles were within a month followed up by that of Aliwal—as sanguinary an affair as either of its predecessors, and, in a military point of view, decidedly more scientific in arrangement and execution. In one operation, it seemed a pendant to the beautiful movement on the retreat from Burgos, when Wellington carried his army bodily round Souham's, and placed the French general in the afternoon, in the same unfavourable position in which he, Wellington, had found himself that morning. The action had not been expected—for the service required had been effected without resistance.

"Though the treaty which held the English and Sikh

* Killed.—European officers, 37; native ditto, 17; non-commissioned, drummers, rank and file, 630; syces, drivers, &c., 10. Total, 694.

Wounded.—European officers, 78; native ditto, 18; non-commissioned, drummers, rank and file, 1,610; syces, drivers, &c., 12; warrant officers, 3. Total, 1,721.

Grand total of all ranks, killed and wounded, 2,415.

Return of ordnance captured during the action of the 21st and 22nd instant. Total, 73. Many of these guns have long Persian inscriptions on them, and very old dates; some are highly ornamented, carriages in good repair, and closely assimilating to those in use with the Bengal artillery the whole well fitted for post guns; the metal in these guns is much heavier than those of a similar calibre in use in the Bengal artillery.

Two more guns were discovered at Sooltan-Khan Wallah, of which no return has yet been received.

† Sir Hugh Gough's Despatch.—Camp Ferozeshah, 22nd December, 1845.

governments in amity provided that the Sikhs should send no troops across the Sutlej, they were permitted to retain certain jaghires, or feudal possessions, on the left bank, one of which comprised the town and fort of Dheerrumcote. Here the enemy had established a magazine of grain; and a small garrison, consisting of mercenaries, chiefly Rohillas and Affghans, were thrown into the place for its protection. But besides that the grain was needed in the British lines, the presence of a hostile garrison on his own side of the stream was an eyesore and an annoyance to the British general,—and Major-General Sir Harry Smith was directed, with a brigade of infantry and a few guns, to reduce it. He accomplished the service on the 18th of January without loss, or, indeed, sustaining a serious resistance; and was on his way back to camp, when tidings reached the commander-in-chief of a nature not to be dealt lightly with, far less neglected. It was ascertained that the enemy had detached 20,000 men from their camp at Sobraon against Loodiana. Their objects were represented to be, not only the seizure of that place, but the interruption of the British communications with the rear, and, perhaps, the capture of the battering-train, which was advancing by Bussecan; and Sir Harry Smith, being reinforced to the amount of 8,000 men, received instructions to counterwork the project. His business was to form a junction with Colonel Godby, who, with one regiment of cavalry and four of infantry, occupied Loodiana; and then, and not till then, to push the Sikhs, and drive them, if possible, back upon their own country."*

Here, again, the school in which he had been taught his trade was evidenced in the conduct of the commander, who proved in his hour of trial that Peninsular instruction had not been thrown away. The Sikhs had already shut the garrison of Loodiana in—burned a new barrack, and ravaged the surrounding country—a creeping commander now would have been found wanting—but Smith was a man of different metal—and, pushing rapidly on, a clean march brought him within twenty-five miles of Loodiana—and with the *réveil* he resumed his movement next morning.

* "The Sikhs and the Campaign."

At Buddewal the enemy shewed himself, occupying a connected line of villages in front, and covered by a powerful artillery. To gain his object, and reach Loodiana, it was necessary for Sir Harry Smith to change his order of march—and while the Sikhs, who had already outflanked him, opened a fire of forty guns on the advancing columns, Smith massed his weak artillery, and under its concentrated and well-directed cannonade, broke into *échelons*, and threatened the Sikh front, the while making a flank movement by his right, protected *en échelon* by the cavalry. Nothing could be more beautifully and successfully executed than this delicate manœuvre. Sir Harry carried his guns and baggage round the enemy—a small portion only of the latter passing into the temporary possession of the Sikhs.

"Colonel Godby, who commanded the invested garrison, having seen the cloud of dust, moved from Loodiana; and marching parallel to the direction which it seemed to take, found himself in due time connected by his patrols with Smith's advanced guard. Both corps upon this placed themselves with Loodiana in their rear, and the enemy before them; the latter being so circumstanced, that the British army lay, as it were, upon one of its flanks. But Smith, though he had thus relieved the town, was unwilling to strike a blow till he could make it decisive. He, therefore, encamped in an attitude of watchfulness, waiting till another brigade should arrive, which, under the command of Colonel Wheeler, was marching from head-quarters to reinforce him."

Colonel Wheeler's march seems to have been conducted with equal diligence and care. He heard of the encounter of the 21st, and of its results; whereupon he abandoned the direct road to Loodiana, and following a circuitous route, went round the enemy's position, without once coming under fire. He reached Sir Harry Smith's camp in safety; and, on the 26th, Smith made his preparations to fight a great battle. But it was found, ere the columns were put in motion, that the enemy had abandoned their position at Buddewal, and were withdrawn to an intrenched camp nearer to the river, of which the village of Aliwal was the key, covering the ford by which they had crossed, and on which they depended, in the event of a reverse, as a line of retreat. Operations were

accordingly suspended, and such further arrangements set going as the altered state of affairs seemed to require.

On the 27th, Runjoor Singh having been reinforced by Avitabile's brigade, 4,000 Sikh regulars, some cavalry and twelve guns, found himself, as he had reason to believe, in a condition to deliver battle—and to intercept the Anglo-Indian communications, he advanced towards Ingraon—where early on the 28th, Sir Harry Smith found him in position. His right rested on a height, his left on a field intrenchment, while his centre held ground in the immediate front of the village of Aliwal (or Ulleéwal). The Anglo-Indian army amounted to some 12,000 men of all arms—the Sikhs doubled them in numerical strength, and that too was composed of the flower of their army.

The subsequent details of this glorious action may be rapidly described. Smith boldly advanced against the Sikh position, under a heavy cannonade, while the right brigades were getting into line. The advance was splendid — the British cavalry driving the Sikh horsemen on their infantry, forced the left back, capturing several guns, while on the left of the British line, the Ayeen brigade (Avitabile's) were deforced—and the village of Bhoondi, where the right of the Sikhs endeavoured to make a stand, was carried with the bayonet. A general rout ensued—the enemy pressing in confused masses towards the ford, while every attempt they made to rally was anticipated by a charge, and the destruction of the flower of the Sikh army was completed.

"The firing began about ten in the morning; by one o'clock in the day the Sikh army was broken and routed, the ground covered with its wreck, and the Sutlej choked with the dead and the dying. The whole of the artillery, fifty-seven guns, fell into the hands of the victors, and the booty was immense; but the victors had neither time nor inclination to dwell upon their triumphs. There was no further danger to be apprehended here. Of the 24,000 men who, in the morning, threatened Loodiana, scarcely as many hundreds held together; and these, after a brief show of rally on the opposite bank, melted away and disappeared entirely. Having bivouacked that night, therefore, on the field which he had won, and sent in the wounded, with the captured guns,

under sufficient escort, to Loodiana, Sir Harry Smith, with the bulk of his division, took the road to head-quarters; and, in the afternoon of the 8th of February, came into position on the right of the main army, which was his established post."*

In this most glorious battle, the Anglo-Indian army had 151 men killed, 413 wounded, and 25 missing,—a loss comparatively small.

The immediate consequences of the victory of Aliwal, was the evacuation of the left bank of the Sutlej by the enemy. The Sikhs had sustained three terrible defeats; they had lost an enormous quantity of military *matériel*, 150 guns, and none could presume to estimate the number of their best and bravest troops who had been placed *hors de combat*. In hundreds, the slaughtered and drowned victims at Aliwal floated to Sobraon with the stream; but still with a *tête de pont* to secure their bridge-communications with the right bank and the reserve there, formidable intrenchments, armed with seventy heavy guns, and 30,000 of their best troops (the Khalsa), they determined to defend them, boldly held their ground, and dared another battle.

On being rejoined by Sir Harry Smith's division, and having received his siege-train and a supply of ammunition from Delhi, the commander-in-chief and the governor-general determined to force the Sikh position. Unopposed, they gained possession of Little Sobraon and Kodeewalla—and both the field batteries and heavy guns were planted to throw a concentrated fire upon the intrenchments occupied by the enemy. Close to the river bank, Dick's division was stationed to assault the Sikh right—while another brigade was held in reserve behind the village of Kodeewalla. In the centre, Gilbert's division was formed, either for attack or support, its right flank *appuied* on the village of Little Sobraon. Smith's division took ground near the village of Guttah, with its right inclining towards the Sutlej—Cureton's brigade observed the ford at Hurree, and held Lal Singh's horsemen in check—the remainder of the cavalry, under Major-General Thackwell, acting in reserve. The British batteries opened a lively cannonade soon after sun-

* "The Sikhs and the Campaign."

rise—but guns, in field position, have little chance of silencing artillery covered by strong redoubts. At nine, the attack commenced by Stacy's brigade of Dick's division, advancing against the enemy's intrenchments. The crushing fire of the Sikh guns would have arrested the advance of any but most daring regiments—but the brigadier pressed gallantly on—and while the British bayonet met the Mussulman sabre, the camp was carried. The sappers broke openings in the intrenching mounds, through which, although in single files, the cavalry pushed, reformed, and charged. The Sikh gunners were sabred in their batteries—while the entire of the infantry, and every disposal gun—were promptly brought into action by Sir Hugh Gough. The Sikh fire became more feeble—their best battalions unsteady—and the British pressed boldly on. Wavering troops rarely withstand a struggle, when the bayonet comes into play—and the Khalsas broke entirely, and hurried from the field to the river and bridge. But the hour of retributive vengeance had arrived — and the waters of the Sutlej offered small protection to the fugitives. The stream had risen—the fords were unsafe—and flying from the fire of the horse-artillery, which had opened on the mobbed fugitives with grape shot, hundreds fell under this murderous cannonade, while thousands found a grave in the no longer friendly waters of their native river—until it almost excited the compassion of an irritated enemy.*

At Sobraon, the final blow which extinguished the military power of the Sikhs, was delivered. Sixty-seven pieces of artillery, two hundred camel-guns, standards, tumbrils, am-

* At every point the intrenchments were carried. The horse-artillery galloped through, and both they and the batteries opened such a fire upon the broken enemy as swept them away by ranks. "The fire of the Sikhs," says the commander-in-chief, "first slackened, and then nearly ceased; and the victors then pressing them on every side, precipitated them over the bridge into the Sutlej, which a sudden rise of seven inches had rendered hardly fordable. The awful slaughter, confusion, and dismay were such as would have excited compassion in the hearts of their conquerors, if the Khalsa troops had not, in the early part of the action, sullied their gallantry by slaughtering and barbarously mangling every wounded soldier whom, in the vicissitudes of attack, the fortune of war left at their mercy."—*The Sikhs and the Campaign.*

munition, camp equipage—in a word, all that forms the *matériel* of an army in the field, fell into the hands of the victors. In native armies, no regular returns of the killed and wounded are made out—but the Sikh losses were computed at 8,000 men—and the amount was not exaggerated.

On the bloody height of Sobraon, the Sikh war virtually terminated—for, on that evening, the Anglo-Indian army commenced their march upon Lahore. Frightfully defeated, and humbled to the dust, the once haughty chiefs sent vakeels to implore mercy from the conqueror. The ambassadors, however, were refused an audience—and it was intimated that the British generals would condescend to treat with none except the maha-rajah in person. Trembling for his capital, which nothing but abject submission now could save, the youthful monarch, attended by Rajah Goolab Singh, repaired to the British camp. Stringent terms were most justly exacted—and while the rich district between the Sutlej and the Beeas, and what were termed "the Protected States," were ceded for ever to Britain, a million and a half sterling was agreed to by the Sikh durbar, as compensation for the expenditure of the war, while the Punjaub should remain in military occupation, until the full amount should be discharged.

Even the Peninsular campaigns did not open under gloomier auspices and close more gloriously, than that beyond the Indus—and Maienee, Dubba, Moodkee, Ferozepore, Aliwal, and Sobraon, were destined to close for the present the glorious roll of—BRITISH VICTORIES.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

STORMING OF SAN SEBASTIAN.

THE engineer officer* who led the column to assault the breach was badly wounded; and after witnessing the retreat of the assailants, thus describes the subsequent events:—

"My attention," he says, "a short time afterwards, was aroused by an exclamation from the soldier lying next to me, —'Oh, they are murdering us all!' Upon looking, up, I perceived a number of French grenadiers, under a heavy fire of grape, sword in hand, stepping over the dead, and stabbing the wounded; my companion was treated in the same manner; the sword withdrawn from his body, and reeking with his blood, was raised to give me the *coup de grace*, when fortunately the uplifted arm was arrested by a smart little man, a serjeant, who cried out, '*Oh, mon Colonel, êtes-vous blessé!*" and immediately ordered some of his men to remove me into the town. They raised me in their arms, and carried me, without the slightest difficulty, up the breach on to the ramparts of the right flanking tower; here we were stopped by a captain of the grenadiers, who asked some questions, then kissed me, and desired the party to proceed to the hospital. On passing the embrasures of the high curtain, we were exposed to a very sharp musketry fire from the trenches; and here it was that we met the governor and his staff in full-dress uniforms, hurrying to the breach. He asked me if I was badly wounded, and directed that proper care should be taken of me."

A fortunate mistake thus saved the gallant subaltern,—and

* Lieut.-Colonel Harvey Jones, R.E.

a blue uniform and gold bullion epaulette, indirectly became the means of his preservation.

Treated coarsely by a drunken officer, who tore his sword and belt away, Colonel Jones was carried to the hospital. A French soldier was instantly turned out of bed to accommodate the prisoner. He was dressed skilfully by the surgeons, visited by the governor, and received generally the kindest treatment. His wounds were speedily convalescent, and in a few days he was enabled to move into the gallery running round the court-yard of the hospital, which was a house of considerable size, built in the usual Spanish style, having a court-yard in the centre, with a large entrance-door from the street—galleries from each story running round it, into which all the doors and windows of the rooms respectively opened, excepting on the side of the street.

From the height of the buildings the prospect was almost limited to the sky,—while within, the convalescent had scenes presented which generally are not obtruded on those who have themselves been sufferers.

"One day, whilst sitting in the gallery, I observed a table placed in the one below me, and on the opposite side of the court-yard; immediately afterwards, an unfortunate French gunner was laid upon it, and both his arms amputated, his hands having been blown off by an accident in one of the batteries. In the course of the morning, whilst conversing with the surgeon who had performed the operation, he told me that he acted contrary to his instructions, which were, never to amputate, but to cure if possible. And upon asking the reason for such an inhuman order having been issued, his reply was the emperor did not wish that numbers of mutilated men should be sent back to France, as it would make a bad impression upon the people. I replied, 'You must be a bold man to act in opposition to this order.' He said, 'Affairs are beginning to change, and, moreover, circumstances make it necessary that the soldiers should know they will be taken proper care of in the event of being wounded, and not left to die like dogs; we send as many as we can at night to Bayonne by the boats—thus we clear out the hospitals, and are relieved from a great deal of labour.'"

In the course of Colonel Jones's conversation with French

officers, many facts which transpired shewed the terrific outrages on moral principle involved in Napoleon's theory of making "war support war." One example illustrates the practice.

"In discoursing about the expeditions that detachments of their troops frequently made from the great stations, for a period of eighteen or twenty days, I inquired how they managed to provision them for so long a time. The answer was, 'Our biscuits are made with a hole in the centre, and each biscuit is the ration for a day; sometimes twenty are delivered to each individual, who is given to understand that he has no claims upon the commissariat for the number of days corresponding with the number of biscuits he receives.' I observed it was not possible for the soldier to carry them. 'We know that very well; but then he has no claim upon the government for that period, and we do not inquire how he lives in the interim!'"

Now mark the consequences of this infernal system, as it was gathered from the same authorities. "They detailed acts committed by their soldiers in Spain, so revolting to human nature, that I dare not commit them to paper; the reader would be disgusted with the recital, and my veracity impeached; and equally incredulous should I have been, had not the narrators declared they had witnessed the scenes which they had described."

It is certain that during the conduct of the Peninsular campaign, the espionage employed on both sides was most extensive,—and like melo-dramatic farce, occasionally diversified the more serious business of the piece enacting. In the humblest individuals the most effective agents were sometimes found. A barber and a priest enabled Lord Wellington to cross the Douro; and as humble an individual might have opened the entrance into San Sebastian, sealed as it was against a victorious army and means never exceeded by any general who had ever sat down before a fortress,—had fortune only permitted another barber's agency to have been carried into effect. "From my first entrance into the hospital, I had been attended by a Spanish barber, in whose house a French officer was billeted. As I could speak Spanish fluently, we had a great deal of conversation. He used to communicate

to me all he heard and saw of what was passing both inside and outside the fortress. When he learnt that I was an engineer, he offered to bring me a plan of all the under-ground drains and aqueducts for bringing water into the town. Monsieur Joliffe, our attendant, although a good-natured man, kept a sharp eye on the barber; and in consequence, it was difficult for him to give me any thing without being detected. At last, one morning, when preparing for the operation of shaving me, he succeeded in shoving a plan under the bed-clothes. I anxiously seized the earliest opportunity of examining it; and, from the knowledge I had previously acquired of the place, soon became acquainted with the directions of the drains, &c. From that moment my whole attention was fixed on the means of making my escape. I knew that the hospital was situated in the principal street, the ends of which terminated upon the fortifications bounding the harbour or the sea. If once I could gain the street, I had only to turn to the right or left to gain the ramparts, and to make my escape from the town in the best manner I could. One evening just at dusk, when the medical men took leave of us for the night, one of them left his cocked hat on my bed. As soon as I made the discovery, I put it on my head, hurried down stairs, and made direct for the great door. I found it so completely blocked up by the guard, that unless by pushing them aside, it was not possible to pass without being discovered; I therefore retreated up stairs in despair, and threw the hat down on the bed. Scarcely had I done so, when in rushed the doctor, inquiring for his lost *chapeau.*"

As I have alluded to the unscrupulous means resorted to to obtain information, I may apprize you here, that it was a matter of surprise to all who were not aware of the extensive espionage employed on both sides, how accurately Lord Wellington and the French marshals to whom he was opposed were acquainted with the objects and the capabilities of each other. At Lisbon, many persons in immediate connection with the Regency were more than suspected of holding a correspondence with the French; and their treachery was encouraged by the culpable misconduct of the Portuguese government in not punishing criminals whose treasons had been established beyond a question. The English newspapers were regularly

transmitted from Paris by Napoleon; and they teemed with intelligence mischievously correct, and that too, from the head-quarters of the Allied army;—and though a circumstance of rare occurrence—if an intimation of what he intended to attempt escaped from Lord Wellington's lips to the Spaniards with whom he was in communication, through the indiscretion of these individuals it was sure to reach the enemy. He says, writing to his brother,—"I apprized ——— of my intention and plan for attacking Ciudad Rodrigo, and him alone, the success of which depends principally upon the length of time during which I can keep it concealed from the enemy. Some Spanish women at Portalegre were apprized of the plan by him, and it must reach the enemy!!! Yet —— is one of the best of them."

Through the correspondence intercepted by the guerillas, Lord Wellington constantly obtained the most valuable information. This was generally contained in letters from the French generals themselves, intended to direct the movements of their colleagues. Although their despatches were written in cipher, the Allied leader generally contrived to find out the key which unveiled their contents; and his own secret espionage was even more extensive than the enemy's. "He had a number of spies amongst the Spaniards who were living within the French lines; a British officer in disguise constantly visited the French armies in the field; a Spanish state-counsellor, living at the head-quarters of the first corps, gave intelligence from that side; and a guitar-player of celebrity, named Fuentes, repeatedly making his way to Madrid, brought advice from thence. Mr. Stuart, under cover of vessels licensed to fetch corn from France, kept *chasse-marées* constantly plying along the Biscay coast, by which he not only acquired direct information, but facilitated the transmission of intelligence from the land spies, amongst whom the most remarkable was a cobbler, living in a little hutch at the end of the bridge of Irun. This man, while plying his trade, continued for years, without being suspected, to count every French soldier that passed in or out of Spain by that passage, and transmitted their numbers by the *chasse-marées* to Lisbon."*

* Napier.

But to return to Colonel Jones's interesting recollections :—

" It appeared that there was a very great difference in the accuracy of firing by the troops in the trenches. The chief of the staff, Monsieur Songeon, inquired what description of troops we had that fired so well. He said, ' Some days I can look over the parapets without the slightest molestation ; on other days it is not possible to shew my nose, without the certainty of being shot.' "

The extensive preparations for opening the Allied fire upon the place naturally caused much uneasiness to the garrison.

" One morning, a captain of artillery, whom I had never before seen, came into the ward, and commenced conversing about the siege, addressing himself particularly to me ; he observed that the whole second parallel was one entire battery ; and if there were as many guns as there were embrasures, he said, ' we shall be terribly mauled.' My reply was, ' Most assuredly you will ; depend upon it there are as many guns as embrasures , it is not our fashion to make batteries, and stick logs of wood into them in the hopes of frightening an enemy. He made a grimace, and with a shrug of his shoulders walked out of the ward. The following morning the surgeon came, as usual, to dress our wounds ; this was about half-past seven ; all was still, and he joyously exclaimed, as he entered, So we have another day's reprieve !' In about half an hour afterwards, and whilst I was under his hands, the first salvo from the breaching batteries was fired ; several shots rattled through the hospital, and disturbed the tranquillity of the inmates ; the instrument dropped from the surgeon's hands, and he exclaimed, *Le jeu sera bientôt fini !* and then very composedly went on with his work.

" After the breaching batteries had opened their fire, I was asked by a French officer whether I thought that the prisoners would remain quiet when an assault of the breach should take place ; and he added, if they were to make any attempts, they would all be shot. I replied, ' You may depend upon it that, if any opportunity offers, they will not be backward in taking advantage of it ; do not fancy you have a flock of sheep penned within these walls ; and happen what may, shoot us or not, you will be required to give a satisfactory account of us when the castle is taken.' "

On the morning of the storm (the 21st of August), the roll of musketry announced that the trial had begun,—and the intermediate space of time, until the fall of San Sebastian had been ascertained, was one of painful solicitude to the prisoners in the keep.

"From the commencement of the assault, until the rush into the castle upon the capture of the town, not the slightest information could we obtain as to the state of affairs at the breach. The period that intervened was one of the most anxious and painful suspense: at last the tale was told, and who can describe the spectacle the interior of the hospital presented. In an instant the ward was crowded with the wounded and maimed; the amputation-table again brought into play; and until nearly daylight the following morning, the surgeons were unceasingly at work. To have such a scene passing at the foot of my bed, was sufficiently painful; added to this, the agonizing shrieks and groans, and the appearance of the grenadiers and sappers, who had been blown up by the explosion of the breach—their uniforms nearly burnt off, and their skins blackened and scorched by gunpowder—was truly appalling, the recollection of which can never be effaced from the memories of those whose ill fate compelled them to witness it. The appearance of these men resembled anything but human beings: death soon put an end to their sufferings, and relieved us from these most distressing sights. Of all wounds, whether of fractured limbs or otherwise, those occasioned by burns from gunpowder appeared to be accompanied with the most excruciating pain and constant suffering."

Nor did the sufferings of the wounded end with their removal from the breach; for one sad visitation of war followed fast upon the other.

"After the capture of the town, a heavy bombardment of the castle took place, by salvos of shells from upwards of sixty pieces of artillery; the short interval of time which elapsed between the report of the discharge of the guns and mortars, and the noise of the descent of the shells, was that of a few seconds only. The effect of these salvos by day, terrific and destructive as they proved, was little heeded in comparison with the nightly discharges. Those of the wounded and mutilated who were fortunate enough to have found temporary

relief from their sufferings by sleep, were awakened to all the horrors and misery of their situation by the crash of ten or a dozen shells falling upon and around the building, and whose fuzes threw a lurid light into the interior of the ward; the silence within, unbroken save by the hissing of the burning composition; the agonizing feelings of the wounded during these few moments of suspense are not to be described. No one could feel assured of escaping the destruction which was a certain attendant upon the explosion, to be immediately succeeded by the cries and groans of those who were again wounded.

"Many an unfortunate soldier was brought to the amputation-table to undergo a second operation; and in the discharge of this painful duty the medical men were engaged nearly the entire night. As to rest, none could be obtained or expected with such scenes passing around a person's bed. The legs and arms, as soon as amputated, were carried out, and thrown away on the rocks. It was a novel, and by no means an agreeable sight, but one which I was daily compelled to witness."

The tremendous effects produced by the British projectiles are vividly described, and it is hard to decide whether the shrapnel or common shell was most destructive.

"The effects of the vertical fire in the interior of the castle immediately after the capture of the town were so destructive and annoying, that, had it been continued six hours longer, the garrison, I have no doubt, would have surrendered at discretion. The officers were loud in their complaints at the obstinacy of the governor, as they said, in uselessly sacrificing the lives of the soldiers. They had lost all hope, or nearly so, that Soult could make any successful attempt for their relief. During this period everybody sought shelter where best he could among the rocks; still no nook or corner appeared to be a protection from the shrapnel-shells. A sergeant of the Royals, standing at the foot of my bedstead, was killed by a ball from a shrapnel-shell, and fell dead upon me. An Italian soldier, who had been appointed to attend upon the wounded prisoners, whilst endeavouring, close to the hospital door, to prepare some *bouillon* for our dinner, was, with his *marmite*, blown into the air; and so ended, for the day, all hopes of ob-

taining a little nourishment. Life and bustle had disappeared; scarcely an individual was to be seen moving about.

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"The shriek of the bullets from the shrapnel-shell is very different from the whistle of a musket-ball; and oft repeated was the exclamation, *Ah! ces sacrés boulets creux!*

"It may not be unworthy of remark, that the bullets discharged from a shrapnel-shell assume the form of a polygonal prism. A French officer showed me one that had just been extracted from a wounded man; he anxiously inquired whether they were of that form when put into the shell. I afterwards observed the same in many others, which, at my request, were handed to me by the operating surgeons.

"The excellence of the British artillery is well known. Nothing could surpass the precision with which the shells were thrown, and the accuracy with which the fuzes were cut. It is only those who have had the opportunity of witnessing their fire, and comparing it with that of the French, that can speak of its superiority. During the siege, we little heeded the lazy French shells thrown into the batteries or trenches. From the length of the fuzes, sufficient time was almost always allowed, before bursting, to put ourselves under cover; and, when they did burst, the splinters flew lazily around. On the contrary, when the sound of an English shell was heard in the castle, or when the man stationed in the donjon cried, *Garde la bombe*, everybody was on the alert. The velocity of its flight far exceeded that of the French. Touching the ground and bursting were almost simultaneous; and then the havoc and destruction caused by the splinters were tremendous.

"None but those who have been exposed to the effects of shrapnel-shells can fully appreciate the advantages of possessing such a terrific and destructive missile. It appeared to be of little avail where a man placed himself for protection. No place was secure from them; and many a soldier was wounded without having been aware that any shell had exploded in his neighbourhood."

With an episode in which the fair sex are introduced, and where French gallantry does not appear advantageously, I shall close my observations on the sieges—

"There were," says Colonel Jones, "three French ladies in the garrison—the widow and two daughters of a French commissary-general who had died in Spain: they were on their way to France when the investment took place. These ladies were permitted to enter the hospital, and were allowed a small place at one end of the wooden bedstead, where they remained for several days and nights; the only water they could obtain to wash since the island of Santa Clare had been in the possession of the besiegers, was the same that we had,—sea-water, which the attendants contrived to procure by descending the rocks at the back of the castle. The small quantity of fresh water obtained from the tank during the night was reserved for cookery or drinking, which was greatly needed by the troops during the fatigue and heat to which they were exposed at this very hot season of the year. As the number of the wounded increased, so the accommodation in the hospital became more restricted. Some of the officers who were lying upon the floor were loud in their complaints, that Madame and her daughters were occupying the space which properly belonged to them; they succeeded in getting the ladies turned out to find shelter from shot and shell where they best could! The day the castle capitulated, I went in search of my fair companions, and found them nearly smoke-dried, under a small projecting rock. One of the young ladies was extremely pretty, and shortly after the siege was married to the English commissary appointed to attend on the garrison until they embarked for England. The change from the hospital to the naked rock, however, relieved them from witnessing many a painful scene, as the amputating-table was placed at the bottom of the bedstead in that part of the room allotted to their use."

No. II.

NARRATIVE OF NAPOLEON'S ADVENTURES, FROM HIS ESCAPE FROM ELBA UNTIL HIS ARRIVAL AT THE TUILLERIES.

(Abridged from the *Moniteur* of the 26th of March, 1815.)

On the 26th of February, at five in the evening, he embarked on board a brig, carrying 26 guns, with 400 men of his guard. Three other vessels which happened to be in the port, and which were seized, received 200 infantry, 100 Polish light horse, and the battalion of flankers of 200 men. The wind was south, and appeared favourable; Captain Chaubard was in hopes that before break of day the isle of Capraia would be doubled, and that he should be out of the track of the French and English cruisers who watched the coast. This hope was disappointed. He had scarcely doubled Cape St. Andre, in the isle of Elba, when the wind fell, and the sea became calm; at break of day he had only made six leagues, and was still between the isle of Capraia and the isle of Elba, in sight of the cruisers.—The peril appeared imminent; several of the mariners were for returning to Porto Ferrajo. The Emperor ordered the voyage to be continued, having for a resource, in the last resort, to seize the French cruisers. They consisted of two frigates and a brig, but all that was known of the attachment of the crews to the national glory would not admit of a doubt that they would have hoisted the tri-coloured flag and ranged themselves on our side. Towards noon the wind freshened a little. At four in the afternoon we were off the heights of Leghorn; a frigate appeared five leagues to windward, another was on the coast of Corsica, and farther off a vessel of war was coming right before the wind, in the track of the brig. At six o'clock in the evening, the brig, which had on board the Emperor, met with a brig which was recognised to be Le Zéphir, commanded by Captain Andrieux, an officer distinguished as much by his talents as by his true patriotism. It was proposed to speak the brig, and cause it to hoist the tri-coloured flag. The Emperor, however, gave orders to the soldiers of the guard to take off their caps, and conceal themselves on the deck, preferring to pass the brig

without being recognised, and reserving to himself the measure of causing the flag to be changed, if obliged to have recourse to it. The two brigs passed side by side. The Lieutenant de Vaisseau Taillade, an officer of the French marine, was well acquainted with Captain Andrieux, and from this circumstance was disposed to speak him. He asked Captain Andrieux if he had any commissions for Genoa; some pleasantries were exchanged, and the two brigs going contrary ways, were soon out of sight of each other, without Captain Andrieux having the least knowledge of who was on board this frail vessel.

During the night between the 27th and 28th, the wind continued fresh. At break of day we observed a 74-gun ship, which seemed to be making for Saint Florent or Sardinia. We did not fail to perceive that this vessel took no notice of the brig.

The 28th, at seven in the morning, we discovered the coast of Noli; at noon, Antibes; at three on the 1st of March we entered the Gulf of Juan. The Emperor ordered that a captain of the guard, with twenty-five men, should disembark before the troops in the brig, to secure the battery on the coast, if any one was there. This captain took into his head the idea of causing to be changed the cockade of the battalion which was at Antibes. He imprudently threw himself into the place; the officer who commanded for the king caused the drawbridges to be drawn up, and shut the gates; his troops took arms, but they respected these old soldiers, and the cockade which they cherished. The operation, however, of the captain failed, and his men remained prisoners at Antibes. At five in the afternoon the disembarkation in the Gulf of Juan was effected. We established a bivouac on the seashore until the moon rose.

At eleven at night the Emperor placed himself at the head of his handful of brave men, to whose fate were attached such high destinies. He proceeded to Cannes, from thence to Grasse, and by Saint Vallier; he arrived on the evening of the 2nd at the village of Cerenon, having advanced twenty leagues in the course of the first day. The people of Cannes received the Emperor with sentiments which were the first presage of the success of the enterprise.

The 3rd the Emperor slept at Bareme; the 4th he dined at Digne. From Castellane to Digne, and throughout the department of the Lower Alps, the peasants, informed of the march of the Emperor, assembled from all sides on the route, and manifested their sentiments with an energy that left no longer any doubt. The 5th, General Cambronne, with an advanced guard of forty grenadiers, seized the bridge and the fortress of Sisteron. The same day, the Emperor slept at Gap, with ten men on horseback and forty grenadiers. The enthusiasm which the presence of the Emperor inspired amongst the inhabitants of the Lower Alps, the hatred which they evinced to the noblesse, sufficiently proved what was the general wish of the province of Dauphine.—At two in the afternoon of the 6th the Emperor set out from Gap, accompanied by the whole population of the town. At Saint Bonnet the inhabitants, seeing the small number of his troop, had fears, and proposed to the Emperor to sound the tocsin to assemble the villages, and accompany him *en masse*:—"No," said the Emperor, "your sentiments convince me that I am not deceived. They are to me a sure guarantee of the sentiments of my soldiers. Those whom I shall meet will range themselves on my side; the more there is of them the more my success will be secured. Remain, therefore, tranquil at home."—At Gap were printed several thousand proclamations, addressed by the Emperor to the army and to the people, and from the soldiers of the Guards to their comrades. These proclamations were spread with the rapidity of lightning throughout Dauphine.

The same day the Emperor came to sleep at Gorp. The forty men of the advanced guard of General Cambronne went to sleep at Mure. They fell in with the advanced guard of a division of 6,000 men, troops of the line, who had come from Grenoble to arrest their march. General Cambronne wished to speak with the advanced posts. He was answered that they were prohibited from communicating with him. This advanced guard, however, of the division of Grenoble, fell back three leagues, and took a position between the lakes at the village of ———.

The Emperor, being informed of this circumstance, went to the place, and found there a battalion of the 5th of the

line; a company of sappers, a company of miners; in all from seven to eight hundred men. He sent an officer of ordnance, the chef d'escadron Roul, to make known to these troops the intelligence of his arrival; but that officer could not obtain a hearing, the prohibition being still urged against having any communication. The Emperor alighted and went to the right of the battalion, followed by the guard with their arms reversed. He made himself known, and said that the first soldier who wished to kill his Emperor might do it: an unanimous cry of *Vive l'Empereur* was their answer. This brave regiment had been under the orders of the Emperor from his first campaign in Italy. The guard and the soldiers embraced. The soldiers of the 5th immediately tore off their cockade, and requested, with enthusiasm and tears in their eyes, the tri-coloured cockade. When they were arranged in order of battle, the Emperor said to them—"I come with a handful of brave men, because I reckon on the people and on you—the throne of the Bourbons is illegitimate, because it has not been raised by the nation; it is contrary to the national will, because it is contrary to the interests of our country, and exists only for the interests of a few families. Ask your fathers, ask all the inhabitants who arrive here from the environs, and you will learn from their own mouths the true situation of affairs; they are menaced with the return of tithes, of privileges, of feudal rights, and of all the abuses from which your successes had delivered them. Is it not true, peasants?"—"Yes, Sire," answered all of them with an unanimous cry, "they wish to chain us to the soil—you come as the angel of the Lord to save us!"

The brave soldiers of the battalion of the 5th demanded to march the foremost in the division that covered Grenoble. They commenced their march in the midst of a crowd of inhabitants, which augmented every moment. Vizille distinguished itself by its enthusiasm. "It was here that the Revolution was born," said these brave people. "It was we who were the first that ventured to claim the privileges of men; it is again here that French liberty is resuscitated, and that France recovers her honour and her independence."

Fatigued as the Emperor was, he wished to enter Grenoble the same evening. Between Vizille and Grenoble, the young

adjutant-major of the 7th of the line, came to announce that Colonel Labedoyere, deeply disgusted with the dishonour which covered France, and actuated by the noblest sentiments, had detached himself from the division of Grenoble, and had come with the regiment, by a forced march, to meet the Emperor. Half an hour afterwards this brave regiment doubled the force of the imperial troops. At nine o'clock in the evening the Emperor made his entry into the Faubourg de——.

The troops had re-entered Grenoble, and the gates of the city were shut. The ramparts which defended the city were covered by the 3rd regiment of engineers; consisting of 2,000 sappers, all old soldiers covered with honourable wounds; by the 4th of artillery of the line, the same regiment in which, twenty-five years before, the Emperor had been a captain; by the two other battalions of the 5th of the line, by the 11th of the line, and the faithful hussars of the 4th.—The national guard and the whole population of Grenoble were placed in the rear of the garrison, and made all the air ring with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur.* They opened the gates, and at ten at night the Emperor entered Grenoble, in the midst of an army and a people animated by the most lively enthusiasm.

The next day the Emperor was addressed by the municipality and all the departmental authorities. The military chiefs and the magistrates were unanimous in their sentiments. All said that princes imposed by a foreign force were not legitimate princes, and that they were not bound by any engagement to princes for whom the nation had no wish. At two the Emperor reviewed the troops, in the midst of the population of the whole department, shouting *A bas les Bourbons! A bas les ennemis du peuple! Vive l'Empereur, et un gouvernement de notre choix.* The garrison of Grenoble immediately afterwards put itself in a forced march to advance upon Lyons. It is a remark that has not escaped observers, that every one of these 6,000 men were provided with a national cockade, and each with an old and used cockade, for, in discontinuing their tri-coloured cockade, they had hidden it at the bottom of their knapsacks; not one was purchased, at least in Grenoble. It is the same, said they in

passing before the Emperor, it is the same that we wore at Austerlitz. This, said the others, we had at Marengo.

The 9th the Emperor slept at Bourgoin. The crowd, and the enthusiasm with it, if possible increased. "We have expected you a long time," said these brave people to the Emperor; "you have at length arrived to deliver France from the insolence of the noblesse, the pretensions of the priests, and the shame of a foreign yoke." From Grenoble to Lyons the march of the Emperor was nothing but a triumph. The Emperor, fatigued, was in his carriage, going at a slow pace, surrounded by a crowd of peasants, singing songs which expressed to all the noblesse the sentiments of the brave Dauphinois. "Ah," said the Emperor, "I find here the sentiments which for twenty years induced me to greet France with the name of the Grand Nation; yes, you are still the Grand Nation, and you shall always be so."

The Count d'Artois, the Duc d'Orléans, and several marshals, had arrived at Lyons. Money had been distributed to the troops, and promises to the officers. They wished to break down the bridge de la Guillotière and the bridge Moraud. The Emperor smiled at these ridiculous preparations. He could have no doubt of the disposition of the Lyonnois, still less of the disposition of the soldiers. He gave orders, however, to General Bertrand to assemble the boats at Misbel, with the intention of passing in the night, and intercepting the roads of Moulins and of Macon to the prince who wished to prevent him from passing the Rhone. At four a reconnaissance of the 4th hussars arrived at la Guillotière, and were received with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur!* by the immense population of a faubourg which is still distinguished by its attachment to the country. The passage of Misbel was countermanded, and the Emperor advanced at a gallop upon Lyons, at the head of the troops which were to have defended it against him. The Count d'Artois had done everything to secure the troops. He was ignorant that nothing is possible in France to an agent of a foreign power, and one who is not on the side of national honour and the cause of the people. Passing in front of the 13th regiment of dragoons, he said to a brave soldier covered with scars, and decorated with three chevrons, "Let us march, comrade;

shout, therefore, *Vive le Roi!*" "No, monsieur," replied this brave dragoon, "no soldier will fight against his father. I can only answer you by crying *Vive l'Empereur!*" The Count d'Artois mounted his carriage and quitted Lyons, escorted by a single gendarme. At nine o'clock at night the Emperor traversed the Guillotiere almost alone, but surrounded by an immense population.

The following day, the 11th, he reviewed the whole division of Lyons, and the brave General Brayer, at their head, put them in march to advance upon the capital. The sentiments which the inhabitants of this great city and the peasants of the vicinity, during the space of two hours, evinced towards the Emperor, so touched him, that it was impossible for him to express his feelings otherwise than by saying, "People of Lyons, I love you." This was the second time that the acclamations of this city had been the presage of new destinies reserved for France.

On the 13th, at three in the afternoon, the Emperor arrived at Villefranche, a little town of 4,000 souls, which included at that moment more than 60,000. He stopped at the *hôtel de ville*. A great number of wounded soldiers were presented to him. He entered Macon at seven o'clock in the evening, always surrounded by the people of the neighbouring districts. He expressed his astonishment to the natives of Macon at the slight efforts they made in the last war to defend themselves against the enemy, and support the honour of Burgundy.—"Sire, why did you appoint a bad mayor?"

At Tournies the Emperor had only praises to bestow upon the inhabitants, for their excellent behaviour and patriotism, which under the same circumstances have distinguished Tournies, Chalons, and St. Jean-de-Lone. At Chalons, which during forty days resisted the force of the enemy, and defended the passage of the Saone, the Emperor took notice of all the instances of valour; and not being able to visit St. Jean-de-Lone, he sent the decoration of the Legion of Honour to the worthy mayor of that city. On that occasion the Emperor exclaimed, "It is for you, brave people, that I have instituted the Legion of Honour, and not for emigrants pensioned by our enemies."

The Emperor received at Chalons the deputation of the

town of Dijon, who came to drive from among them the prefect and the wicked mayor, who, during the last campaign, had dishonoured Dijon and its inhabitants. The Emperor removed this mayor and appointed another, confiding the command of the division to the brave General Devaux.

On the 15th the Emperor slept at Autun, and from Autun he went to Avallon, and slept there on the night of the 16th. He found upon this road the same sentiments as among the mountains of Dauphiny. He re-established in their office all the functionaries who had been deprived for having united to defend their country against foreigners. The inhabitants of Chiffey had been peculiarly the object of persecution by an upstart sub-prefect at Semur, for having taken up arms against the enemies of our country. The Emperor gave orders to a brigadier of gendarmerie to arrest this sub-prefect, and to conduct him to the prison of Avallon.

On the 17th, the Emperor breakfasted at Vermanton, and went to Auxerre, where the prefect remained faithful to his post. The noble 14th had trampled under foot the white cockade. The Emperor likewise heard that the 6th regiment of lancers had likewise mounted the tri-coloured cockade, and was gone to Montereau to protect that point against a detachment of the body-guard who wished to pass it. The young men of this body-guard, unaccustomed to the effects of lancers, took flight on the first appearance of this corps, which made two prisoners. At Auxerre, Count Bertrand, major-general, gave orders to collect all the boats to embark the army, which was already four divisions strong, and to convey them the same night to Fossard, so that they would be able to arrive at one o'clock in the morning at Fontainbleau. Before he left Auxerre the Emperor was rejoined by the Prince of Moskwa. This marshal had mounted the tri-coloured cockade among all the troops under his command.

The Emperor reached Fontainbleau on the 20th, at four o'clock in the morning. At seven o'clock he learned that the Bourbons had left Paris, and that the capital was free. He immediately set off thither, and at nine o'clock at night he entered the Tuilleries, at the moment when he was least expected.

No. III.

GENERAL FOY'S OBSERVATIONS ON THE CHARACTER AND COMPOSITION OF THE FRENCH, BRITISH, AND SPANISH ARMIES.

War, considered as a technical science, has made constant but slow advances, from the first employment of gunpowder to the revival of the equal step in marching, and to the improved system of firing of the Prussian armies. It will now, probably, remain stationary till some capital discovery shall produce a revolution in the arts. In fact, twenty-four years of battles fought by the French with nearly the whole world, have not suggested any alteration in the principal weapon of the moderns, — the musket provided with the bayonet; and the science of tactics has not materially advanced beyond the combinations devised by the great Frederick.

The Imperial army of France was more scientifically regulated, more plentifully supplied with money, clothing, arms, and ammunition, than the armies of the Republic had ever been.

After the Revolution the general officers of the French army exchanged the vague denomination of lieutenant-general, and maréchal de camp, for those of general of division and general of brigade, as more precise and significant. Bodies of infantry, consisting of three battalions, were then called demi-brigades; but Napoleon afterwards restored the name of regiment, and gave the rank of colonel to its chief. A regiment usually consisted of three battalions (though in the Peninsular war they were formed into five battalions of six companies each), and possessed but one eagle, which usually accompanied the first battalion. The battalion of infantry consisted of nine companies, including one of grenadiers. Napoleon subsequently added a picked company called *voltigeurs*, composed of men of small stature, but intelligent and active.

These *voltigeurs* constituted the light infantry of the

French armies, and habitually performed the service of *tirailleurs*. An action always commenced with swarms of tirailleurs on foot and on horseback: this species of fighting favoured the development of individual faculties, and was eminently suited to the restless spirit and courage in attack peculiar to the French. This mode of combat was an innovation upon the old system of tactics, and foreigners ascribed the first successes of the French armies to the prodigal use of light troops. The tirailleurs harassed the enemy, escaped from his masses by their velocity, and from his artillery by their dispersion. No army has its flanks wholly impregnable; there will always be found gaps that favour the assailant—into these the tirailleurs rushed by inspiration; a weak point once discovered, all vied in their efforts against it. The flying artillery—another innovation upon the old school, dashed up at a gallop, and discharged their pieces in the very teeth of the enemy. The main army moved in the direction thus pointed out to it; the infantry in columns; the cavalry interposed by regiments or in squadrons, ready for every emergency that the battle might present. To withstand the shock of French troops thus brought into action, the German armies, apathetic in the cause for which they were contending, and commanded by sexagenarian generals, were manifestly inefficient. It satisfied their ideas of the art of war if the flanks were turned or merely passed; their cumbrous masses, drawn up laboriously in right lines, then quickly broke. The French foot-soldiers of five feet high brought in the giants of Germany and Croatia as prisoners by hundreds; the horse-chasseurs made themselves masters of the enemies' guns and their ill-appointed trains; and the fugitives owed their safety to the firmness of their heavy cavalry, which was at first superior to the French. The regulations for the infantry manœuvres were constantly varied in their practical application by the most intelligent commanders, to suit the exigencies of modern warfare. In this manner was adopted the practice of facing and fighting with the third rank as well as the first; movements were also frequently made upon two ranks to shew that the third is only a reserve intended to support the other two; the square, which the Arabs had taught the French to adopt in Egypt, became a fundamental

formation for infantry. The successive firing by ranks was found the most suitable to employ against cavalry, from its not having the defenceless intervals of the battalion fire, and also from its not interfering so much with the use of the bayonet.

Cavalry cannot be organized upon the same plan of uniformity as infantry; it requires different arms, equipments, and horses, according to the peculiar purposes for which they are required. Napoleon endeavoured to render the varied character of the cavalry more distinct. The heavy cavalry (cuirassiers) was reduced to the number indispensable for its employment in pitched battles. The dragoons, an amphibious creation of an age when fire-arms were not brought to perfection, were nearly disorganized preparatory to the intended expedition to England: part of them were dismounted; this change furnished, instead of good cavalry, a small increase of indifferent and expensive infantry. When afterwards remounted, they supplied almost exclusively the whole service of the cavalry in the Peninsular war. During the latter years of the Imperial Government, several regiments of dragoons were converted into lancers. Montecuculli calls the lance, "*la reine des armes blanches:*" this weapon, from its reaching farther than any other, is indeed the most formidable employed by cavalry.

The horse-chasseurs and the hussars, who differ only in certain modifications of their uniform, were the easiest to mount, recruit, and train, and were found to be of the most service in war; Napoleon, accordingly, increased their number. The cavalry of the line consisted, in 1807, of two regiments of carabineers, twelve of cuirassiers, thirty of dragoons, twenty-four of chasseurs, and ten of hussars, making a total of seventy-eight regiments.

The cavalry retained the monarchical physiognomy longer than the infantry. The Revolution had not improved their quality; during the first campaigns they could, therefore, scarcely cope with the German cuirassiers, the Walloon dragoons, and the Hungarian hussars. Large bodies of French cavalry were then seldom employed together, and when brought into the field in masses were most frequently worsted. The French are not naturally good horsemen, a

great part of the soil being cultivated with the aid of oxen; and, from the restless vivacity of the national character, they find it difficult to identify themselves with the horse.

With these defects, it was to be apprehended that the cavalry would decline. The contrary happened eventually, and may be partly accounted for by the facilities that conquest afforded in furnishing remounts, and in introducing finer breeds of horses. The horse-soldiers, moreover, sustained less loss than the infantry, and the old regiments, by means of provisional augmentation, constantly adding to their force, acquired an abundance of veteran soldiers. Young men of family, mostly impatient of the austere discipline of the infantry, readily furnished active, ardent, and well-mounted horsemen. The principal cause of the unhoped-for improvement in the French cavalry, however, must be ascribed to the system adopted by Napoleon for the conduct of that arm in war.

It was no sooner better instructed and better mounted than it became more terrible to its adversaries, and its employment was not confined, as it used to be, to the completion of the victory. It entered the lists against unbroken masses of infantry and cavalry, and its ardour sometimes decided the fate of battles.

Officers of cavalry, like the Neys and the Richepanses, were thinly strewed in the armies of the Republic. But at the head of the Imperial squadrons were seen Murat, Lasalle, Kellermann, Montbrun, and other men, who excelled in the art of regulating and directing vast "hurricanes of cavalry." The decision so requisite in a commander-in-chief should also be possessed by the general of cavalry. With a *coup d'œil*, as rapid as lightning, he must combine the vigour of youth, a powerful voice, and the agility and address of a centaur. Above all, it is requisite that he should be prodigally endowed with that precious faculty which no other can replace, and which is more rare than is generally supposed,—unflinching bravery.

The French artillery, previously to the Revolution, had the reputation of being the first in Europe. It was in the regiment of La Fère, the first of that arm, that Buonaparte commenced his military career. The artillery participated in

the enthusiasm of the Revolution, but its discipline scarcely suffered. It took an active part in the defence of the country, and in the offensive movements of the armies in 1792 and 1793. At that time great numbers of cannon were employed in battle. The four-pounders were attached to battalions of infantry; the howitzers, the eight, the twelve, and even the sixteen-pounders, particularly appropriated to sieges, then formed batteries of six to twelve guns, called batteries of position. An improvement suited to French impetuosity had recently been borrowed from the Prussians, for the field-service. It consisted in mounting on horseback a certain number of gunners, who, by that means, arrived on the ground as quickly as the best-horsed pieces, were always at hand to work them, and could readily avoid being attacked. This kind of artillery kept up the cannonade longer and closer. The horse artillery was composed, on its first formation, of the nimblest artillery-men, and was afterwards recruited with the *élite* of the grenadiers, and performed prodigies of valour and service. In the campaigns in Germany, mere captains of that arm were seen to acquire the reputation of generals. It was not long before the generals would not have any other artillery, as from being more moveable and more efficient, less of it was required, and the columns of the train were lightened in proportion.

It was frequently proposed to Napoleon to unite the artillery and the engineers; he had not the imprudence to try the experiment, but he collected the pupils of both arms in an institution, to which the Polytechnic School served as a nursery. This school, after having been a focus of light to France and Europe, was re-constructed on a narrower and less liberal plan. The profession of arms took the preference of all others in the mind of Napoleon. He transformed a nursery of savans into a seminary for warriors.

In the rear of the *corps d'armée* of Napoleon marched a reserve, which never had its equal. The Imperial Guard represented the glory of the army, and the majesty of the empire. Its officers and men were selected from among those whom the brave had designated as the bravest; all of them were covered with scars. Bred amid dangers, they had lived much in a few years; and the name of THE OLD GUARD was

appropriately given to a corps, the oldest members of which had not reached the age of forty. Though loaded with favours by the Emperor, yet their recompense was always inferior to their service. Carried to fields of battle on foot by forced marches, in boats, or in carriages, the news of their arrival on the scene of action always struck terror into the hearts of their enemies. By successive augmentations the Emperor raised the effective of his guard to sixty-eight battalions, thirty-one squadrons, and eighty pieces of artillery. In the days of his prosperity he employed it only in detached portions; fifteen years it remained standing amidst the vicissitudes of the empire, solid as a *pillar of granite*. One day it succumbed: on the tombs of these heroes our descendants will inscribe these words, which were uttered during the heat of that fatal conflict:—"The Guards may perish, but will never surrender!"

The English were looked upon by the French as sea-wolves, unskilful, perplexed, and powerless, the moment they set their foot on land. If their national pride appealed to the victories of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, they were reminded that the armies of Edward III. and of Henry V. were composed of Normans, of the people of Poitou, and of Gascons. There were, for all that, among the conquerors, a goodly number of native Englishmen, and certainly, the blows which they dealt were not the weakest. The Black Prince and Talbot were born in Albion. Nearer our own times, Marlborough and his twelve thousand soldiers were not the least formidable enemies of Louis XIV. The celebrated column of British infantry at Fontenoy had suggested to a second Bossuet the image of a tower repairing its own breaches.

Even since the *éclat* of French glory had thrown into shade both ancient and modern history, there had been remarked in the British troops employed in Flanders, and in Holland, though feebly commanded, repeated instances of vigour and audacity. The French soldiers, who had returned from Egypt, talked to their comrades of the indomitable valour of the English; moreover, it was easy to suppose that enterprise, capacity, and courage render the possessors fit for other purposes than the duties of the sea service. Their skill and intre-

pidity in braving the dangers of the ocean have always been unrivalled. Their restless disposition, and fondness for travelling fit them for the wandering life of the soldier; and they possess that most valuable of all qualities in the field of battle —coolness in their strife.

The glory of the British army is based principally upon its excellent discipline, and upon the cool and sturdy courage of the people. Indeed we know of no other troops so well disciplined. The principal cause of their pre-eminence in this respect, would, if applied to the French army, most likely produce an effect diametrically opposite. Varieties of character and condition, require the employment of different means to obtain the same end.

The English non-commissioned officers are excellent; but their courage and their talent are not encouraged by promotion to higher grades. They are nominated by the commander of the regiment, and cannot be broke but by the sentence of a court-martial. Their authority is extensive, comprehending the minute details of inspection, of discipline, and of daily instruction,—duties which, in other armies, would not be committed to them.

In the British army will not be found either the strong sympathy between the leaders and the soldiers, the paternal care of the captains, the simple manners of the subalterns, nor the affectionate fellow-feeling in danger and suffering which constituted the strength of the revolutionary armies of France; but unshaken patriotism, and tried and steady bravery, are to be met with everywhere amongst them.

The infantry, when in active service, is distributed into brigades of two, three, and even four regiments, according to the number and strength of the battalions. The grenadiers are not distinguished among the other soldiers for the *éclat* and pre-eminence so striking in the French and Hungarian grenadiers; and it is not customary to unite them into separate corps, in order to attempt bold strokes. The light companies of different regiments are sometimes formed into provisional battalions,—a practice directly in opposition to the purpose for which that species of troops was originally instituted.

Several regiments of the line, such as the forty-third, the fifty-first, the fifty-second &c., are called *light infantry regi-*

ments. These corps, as well as the light companies of the battalions, have nothing light about them but the name; for they are armed, and, with the exception of some slight change in the decorations, clothed like the rest of the infantry. It was considered that the English soldier did not possess sufficient intelligence and address to combine with the regular duty of the line the service of inspiration of the sharp-shooter. When the necessity of a special light infantry began to be felt, the best marksmen of different corps were at first selected; but it was afterwards found expedient to devote exclusively to the office of sharp-shooters the eight battalions of the sixtieth, the three of the ninety-fifth, and some of the foreign corps. These troops are armed with the rifle. During the last war, companies of these riflemen were always attached to the different brigades. The echoing sound of their horns answered the twofold purpose, of directing their own movements, and of communicating such manœuvres of the enemy as would otherwise be unobserved by the general in command.

The English, the Scotch, and the Irish are usually mixed together in the regiments. Ireland supplies more soldiers, in proportion to its population, than the other two kingdoms. It might be supposed that the general character which we have attributed to the English troops would be altered by this mixture; but the English discipline is like the bed of Procrustes to all who come within its sphere,—the minds as well as the bodies of their fellow-subjects obey their law as the ruling people. Four Highland regiments, consisting of nine battalions, are, however, recruited almost exclusively from the mountains of Scotland, and their officers are selected in preference from natives of that country. The Highlanders wear their national *kilt* instead of smallclothes; this neither harmonizes with the rest of their dress nor is it convenient for war; but this is of little moment compared with the moral advantages gained by adopting the national costume; a distinction which has its source in popular feeling and custom, generally imposes the performance of additional duty: there are no troops in the British service more steady in battle than the Scotch regiments.

The infantry is the best portion of the British army. It is the *robur peditum*,—the expression applied by the Romans to

the *triarii* of their legions. The English do not scale mountains, or scour the plain, with the suppleness and rapidity of the French; but they are more silent, more orderly, and more obedient, and for these reasons their fire is better directed, and more destructive. Though not so resigned under a heavy fire as the Russians, they draw together with less confusion, and preserve their original formation better. Their composition exhibits something of the German mechanism, combined with more activity and energy. The system of manœuvres which they have adopted since the year 1798, is borrowed from the Prussians. The infantry, although on system formed three deep, like the other armies of Europe, is more frequently drawn up in two ranks; but when making or receiving a charge, it is frequently formed four deep. Sometimes it has made offensive movements, and even charged columns, when in open order. In a retreat it stands firm, and commences its fire by volleys from the battalions, followed by a well-supported file-firing. It turns round coolly to check the enemy hanging on its rear; and while marching, it fires without separating.

The English infantry does not hesitate to charge with the bayonet; the leader, however, who would wish to employ British infantry to advantage, should move it seldom and cautiously, and reckon more upon its fire than upon its manœuvres.

The pains bestowed by the English on their horses, and the superior qualities of their native breeds, at first gave a more favourable idea of their cavalry than the experience of war has justified. The horses are badly trained for fighting. They have narrow shoulders and a hard mouth, and neither know how to turn or to halt. Cropping their tails is a serious inconvenience in hot climates. The luxurious attentions which are lavished upon them, render them quite unfit to support fatigue, scarcity of food, or the exposure of the bivouac. The men are, however, excellent grooms.

The heaviest English cavalry is far from possessing the uniformity and the firm seat of the French and Austrian cuirassiers; and their light-horse is still more inferior in intelligence and activity to the Hungarian hussar and the Cossack. They have no idea of the artifices of partisan warfare, and they know as little how to charge *en masse*. When the fray

commences, you see them equally vulnerable and offensive, cutting instead of thrusting, and chopping with more fury than effect at the faces of their enemies.

During the war in the Peninsula, the French soldiers were so struck with the elegant dresses of the light dragoons, their shining helmets, and the graceful shapes of the men and horses, that they gave them the name of *Lindors*. In 1813, this dress, which was peculiar to the British troops, was exchanged for the head-dress and jacket of the German light cavalry. The Polish lances at Albuera, and the French cuirasses at Waterloo, have induced the English to add these modes of arming and equipment to their cavalry.

In cavalry service it is not sufficient for the soldiers to be brave, and the horses good ; there must also be science and unity. More than once, in the Peninsular war, weak detachments of British cavalry have charged French battalions through and through, but in disorder ; the squadrons could not be again re-formed ; there were no others at hand to finish the work ; thus the bold stroke passed away, without producing any advantage.

The artillery holds the first rank in the army ; it is better paid, its recruits are more carefully selected, and its period of enlistment is limited to twelve years. The gunners are distinguished from other soldiers by their excellent spirit. In battle they display judicious activity, a perfect *coup d'œil*, and stoical bravery.

The English got the start of the French in the formation of the artillery-train : the first trials of it were made in 1793, under the auspices of the Duke of Richmond, then Master-general of the Ordnance. The corps of *Royal Artillery Drivers* is organized as soldiers. Very high prices are paid for the horses employed to draw the guns, and they are, consequently, extremely good. The harness is as good as that used in French carriages. No nation can rival the English in the equipments and the speed of their conveyances.

English troops take few pieces into the field with them ; the most that Lord Wellington ever had in the Peninsula, barely amounted to two for every thousand men. Frames, caissons, barrels, and bullets, powder, and every part of the equipage, are remarkable for the goodness of the materials, as

well as excellent workmanship. In battles, the artillery made most copious and effective use of a kind of hollow bullet, called *Shrapnell's spherical case-shot*, from the name of the inventor.

In conclusion it may be said, that the English army surpasses other armies in discipline, and in some particulars of internal management; it proceeds slowly in the career of improvement, but it never retrogrades; and no limits can be affixed to the power of organization to which a free and intelligent people may attain.

The military profession is quite in accordance with the contemplative character and innate indolence of the Spaniards; yet they manifested an extreme repugnance to military service, and especially to that of the infantry. Voluntary enlistment was almost entirely confined to the towns, and was supplied from the vicious and reckless portion of society. A long peace, the insulated position of the country, and the lethargy of the Government, had almost extinguished the old warlike spirit of Spain. While the din of arms resounded throughout the rest of Europe, even the shadow of war was rarely to be seen in Spain. The sovereign never appeared in the garb of a soldier; the nobility had forgotten at what price their grandeur and titles had been purchased by their ancestors; arms had scarcely the dignity of a profession. There were no camps for the performance of manœuvres, none of those large garrisons, in which regiments learn to know each other and to act together. In the neglected state of the Spanish army, even the sacredness of the point of honour had fallen into a state of relaxation.

Nature has endowed the Spaniard with most of the qualities required to form a good soldier. He is religious, calm, and attached to order and justice, he is naturally disposed to subordination, and is capable of great devotion to an able leader. His patience is inexhaustible, he is always sober, and so temperate that he can live upon a pilchard, or a bit of bread rubbed with garlic; a bed is a superfluity to him, as he

is accustomed to sleep in the open air. Next to the French, the Spaniards are the best for long marches, and climbing mountains. The Spanish soldier is less intelligent than the French, but more so than the German and English soldier. He ardently loves his country, and has but one anti-military fault, a disregard of cleanliness, and indolent habits,—a frequent source of disease and inefficiency. The Spanish army was deficient in discipline; its non-commissioned officers were but little respected; one-third of the officers were taken from among them: the remaining two-thirds were filled up from the cadets.

The Spanish infantry consisted of thirty-nine regiments, of three battalions each, including four foreign regiments. Several of these corps were established prior to the accession of the Bourbons; some of them were even raised by Charles V.; the oldest of all bore the name of Immemorial del Rey, from the remote antiquity of its creation. Twelve battalions of light infantry, armed like the infantry of the line, differed from it only in the colour of the jacket, which was blue, while that of the national infantry was white. Most of these battalions were raised subsequently to the French Revolution. Each regiment of infantry of the line had a colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, a commandant, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and a major (*sarjento-mayor*). Each battalion of light infantry had only two superior officers, a commandant, and a major. The battalions of the line were of four companies, two companies of the first battalion being grenadiers.

In war time, forty-two regiments of militia formed a body of infantry, more national, more brave, more calculated for great things than the regular infantry. The State armed, clothed, and equipped them, and allowed pay to the officers. In time of peace they were called out only for one month in the year, when they received pay. These militia regiments consisted of only one battalion, commanded by a colonel,—a man of consideration in the country, and a major—generally a superior officer of the regular army. There were but two companies in the battalion, one of grenadiers, and one of chasseurs. In war time, the companies of grenadiers and of chasseurs of the same province, were united. In this manner

were formed the four divisions of provincial grenadiers of old and new Castile, Andalusia, and Galicia—the best soldiers in the nation, preferable even to the household regiments. History has consecrated the plains of Rocroi as the grave of the Spanish infantry.

The cavalry preserved its ancient renown till the close of the war of the Succession; it has lost it since then. Spain, which in the time of Charles V. could supply a hundred thousand horses for war, now has breeding establishments in only one of her provinces. The Andalusian horses, though mettlesome, docile, and finely-formed, have something of the rodomontade of that province, which is the Gascony of Spain. They want the bottom, and the muscular power which are requisite for the charging shock of heavy cavalry, and have not the robustness and capacity for enduring fatigue, which is necessary for the light cavalry service. The multiplication of mules has probably caused the degeneracy of the Spanish horses.

The whole cavalry of Spain amounted to twelve thousand men, in twenty-four regiments, each of five squadrons, which were never complete. Each regiment is commanded by a colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, and a major. The cavalry was composed of dragoons, chasseurs, and hussars; but distinguished from each other rather by the colour of their uniform than by the mode in which they were armed and equipped. The carabineers, which formed part of the King's household, consisted of six squadrons, four of heavy, and two of light horse, and numbered about six hundred men. They were recruited from the whole of the cavalry, among the old soldiers, and those of the best character; they enlisted for life, and renounced marriage: this was the finest body of horse in Spain. The Spanish cavalry was badly trained, and was very inferior to the infantry.

Philip V. employed La Valliere, the most distinguished French officer of artillery of his time, to organize the Spanish artillery on the same footing as that of Louis XIV. It has since followed the changes and improvements adopted by the French. Its force consisted of four regiments, of ten companies each; out of these forty companies, six were of

horse artillery. Besides these, there were sixty-four companies of militia cannoneers without officers or serjeants, being merely supplementary to the regular artillery. There was no artillery train organized in a military manner; in time of war, it was supplied by contracts with the muleteers, or by requisitions of oxen. Godoy organized the engineer corps in 1803, on a similar plan to the artillery, based upon the regulations of the French service, and instituted a school of engineering at Alcala de Henares.

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